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THE NEW YORKER

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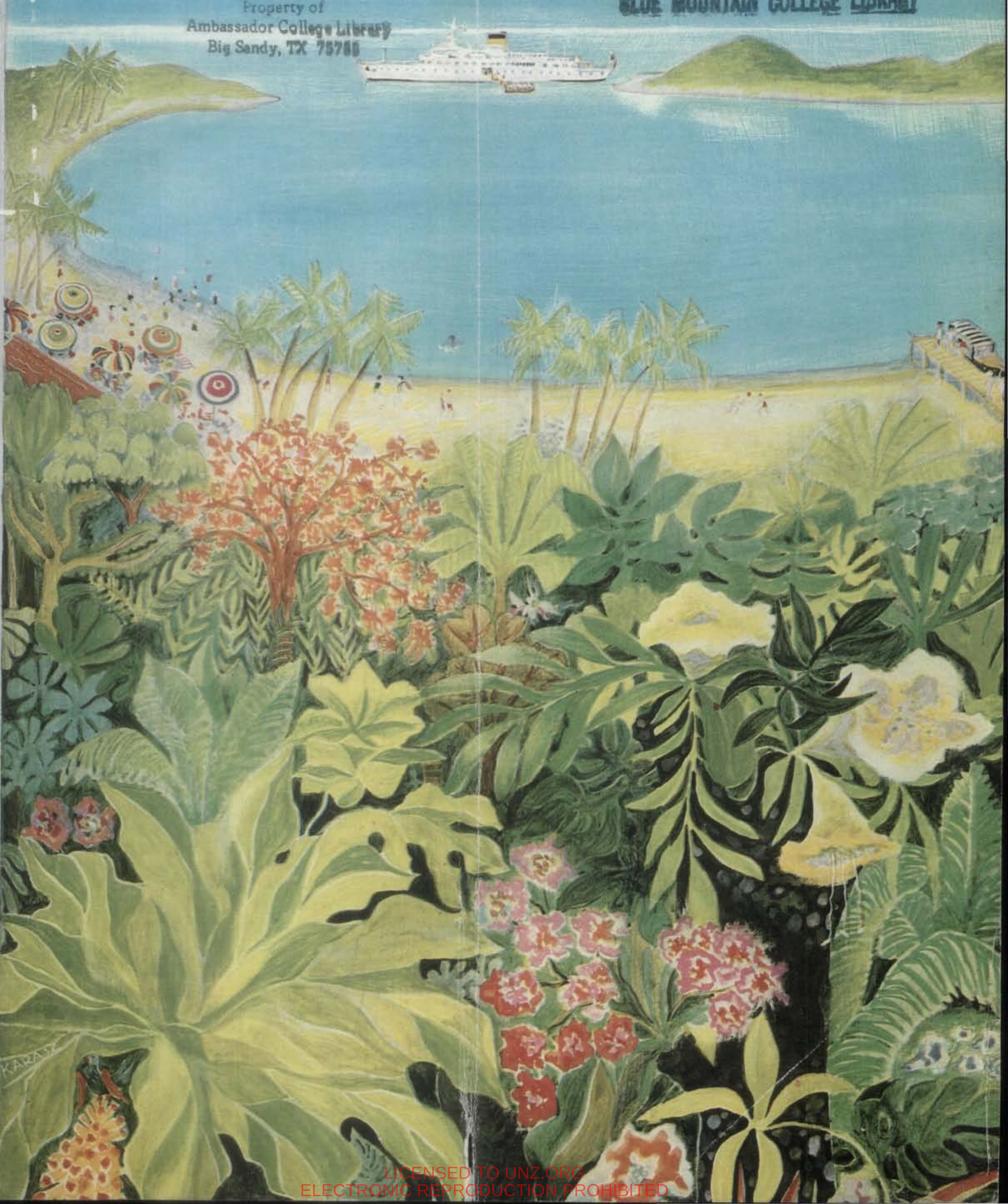

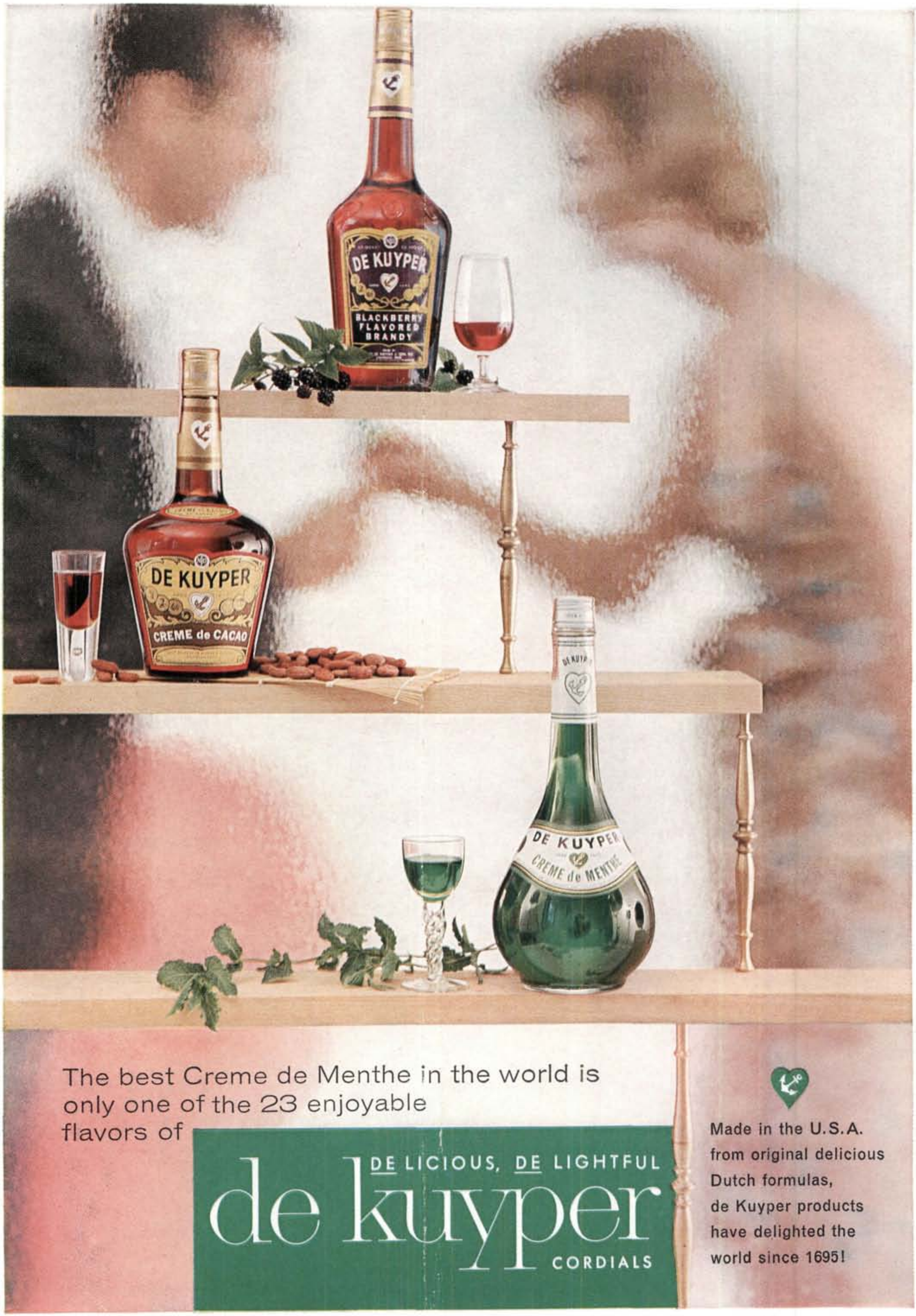
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes; so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE ASPERN PAPERS—Maybe there isn't too much substance in Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's story about a publisher trying to lay hands on the manuscripts of a defunct American poet—the papers now presumably being in the possession of the poet's mistress, a centenarian resident of Venice—but the acting, by Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and, most particularly, Wendy Hiller, is a joy to behold. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

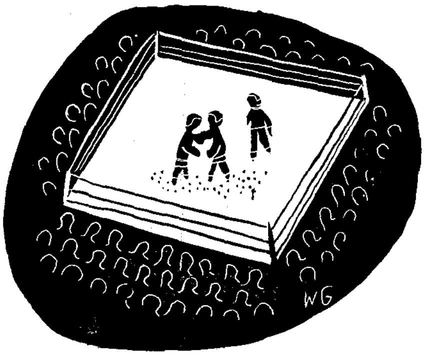
THE CARETAKER—Donald Pleasence, Alex Davion, and Robert Shaw are the entire remarkable cast of Harold Pinter's London hit about a bum and two young brothers. The play, by turns mysterious, frightening, and comic, is altogether remarkable, too. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

GIDEON—Fredric March and Douglas Campbell make an entertaining team as they portray God and Gideon, respectively, in this Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky, but their colloquies are not magnetic enough to hold one's attention through two acts and five scenes. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, who has assembled a strong cast to help the principals along. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A distinguished play and a distinguished actor in happy conjunction. Paul Scofield is the actor, and his interpretation of Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, as re-created by the playwright Robert Bolt, is sympathetic, amusing, exciting, and convincing. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 18.)

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OLD VIC—A six-week repertory of Shakespeare and Shaw, presented by S. Hurok. The schedule through Feb. 25: "Romeo and Juliet," with John Stride and Joanna Dunham, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 8:15, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 17-18, at 2 and 8:15. . . . ¶ "Saint Joan," with Barbara Jefford and John Clements, Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 21-23, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 24-25, at 2 and 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 18.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

A PASSAGE TO INDIA—Santha Rama Rau has done a fairly ingenious job of dramatizing E. M. Forster's masterpiece, but now and then the expository passages become just a bit too lengthy. Nevertheless, the drama of the difficulties the British and Indians had trying to understand each other's cultures back in the twenties is quite worthwhile. In the cast, Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham are conspicuously effective. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PURLIE VICTORIOUS—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

ROMULUS—Cyril Ritchard is very amusing as the last emperor of ancient Rome, but the play itself, adapted by Gore Vidal from a work by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, meanders quite a bit before it finds its comic stride. Cathleen Nesbitt and Howard Da Silva support Mr. Ritchard in style. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

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ROSS—Terence Rattigan's portrait of T. E. Lawrence occasionally highlights some aspects of the original desert fox but it never gives us a really plausible image of a very difficult and confusing character. John Mills is first-rate as Lawrence (who used the name Ross when he enlisted in the British Air Force after the First World War) and John Williams is excellent as General Allenby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

A SHOT IN THE DARK—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama, which Harry Kurnitz adapted from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard, doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate, and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK—Old-hat notions about whether a girl should surrender her all before the wedding bells ring out are tossed about relentlessly during a good part of this comedy by Norman Krasna. For a moment in the second act, however, he churns up a measure of lively comedy in one of those mistaken-identity scenes. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee do what they can to animate the play. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

WRITE ME A MURDER—It is doubtful whether Frederick Knott's tale of intricately plotted homicide in an old English manor house will have you biting your nails in suspense, but in its lethal and simple-minded fashion it is not without its interesting effects. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies head up a highly capable cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** The plot of this Jean Kerr comedy concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. With Nancy Olson (substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes), Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Family Affair—A wearisome squabble, set to music of no particular consequence, about an uncle who doesn't like the wedding arrangements being made by the family of his niece's intended. Shelley Berman and Eileen Heckart participate, along with Morris Carnovsky. (*Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

The Gay Life—Old-fashioned Viennese schmalz presented in very delicious settings by Oliver Smith and offering as its pièce de résistance the lovely and talented Barbara Cook. Sad to relate, Mr. Smith and Miss Cook make the only arresting contributions to the show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—All the Horatio Alger ground rules for getting ahead in business are broken in this saga of a young egomaniac who skims to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. A jolly piece of spoofing, which owes much to Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows, and a couple of other collaborators. The best performances are those by Robert Morse, who plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée, who plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The ladies aren't always the most diverting company in the world, but there is dancing galore, and the songs, by Jerry Herman, are rendered amiably by a cast led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

New Faces of '62—The faces may be new in this revue, but the material is old and gray and full of sleep. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—Noël Coward's musical about a bunch of Americans aboard a cruise ship is not as effervescent as one would expect of Mr. C., but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are some sprightly songs and dances, and the comic performance of Alice Pearce as a lady novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved. But the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** Will bimetallism ever come back? William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)... **carnival:** Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in

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love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) ... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Evans now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)... **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Gift of Time—*Henry Fonda and Olivia de* Havilland in Garson Kanin's dramatization of the Lael Tucker Wertenbaker book "Death of a Man." Staged by Mr. Kanin and produced by William Hammerstein, in association with David Shaber and William Snyder, Jr. Opens Thursday, Feb. 22. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at *32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays* at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's Surrealist play about the death and subsequent return to life of a mad drunk in a coffeehouse is shocking, funny, sickening, and altogether fascinating. Judith Malina's direction and Julian Beck's set are imaginative and effective, and so are the performances by most of the actors. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Banker's Daughter—Helena Scott sings and acts with high spirit in the title role of this musical based on Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of New York," and she is ably supported by, among others, Lloyd Gough, as her prosperous, crooked father, and Phil Leeds, as his former clerk, out for blackmail and laughs. Sol Kaplan's score is pleasant; Edward Eliscu's words are bright enough; and the sets and costumes, by Kim Swados and Peter Joseph, respectively, are exceptionally good. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cantilevered Terrace—Mildred Dunnock in a play by William Archibald. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—Joseph Buloff in three Chekhov stories adapted by Luba Kadison and Helen Waren. Opens Thursday, Feb. 15. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. *MU 6-9630. Opening-night curtain at* 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday, at 2.)

Creditors—A revival of Strindberg's awkward but intermittently effective play about a man who sets out, for reasons of his own, to ruin a woman by revealing her wickedness to her husband. Donald Davis is properly crafty as the destroyer, James Ray is properly innocent and pathetic as the husband, and Rae Allen is every inch the representative of the playwright's notion of the unfair sex. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

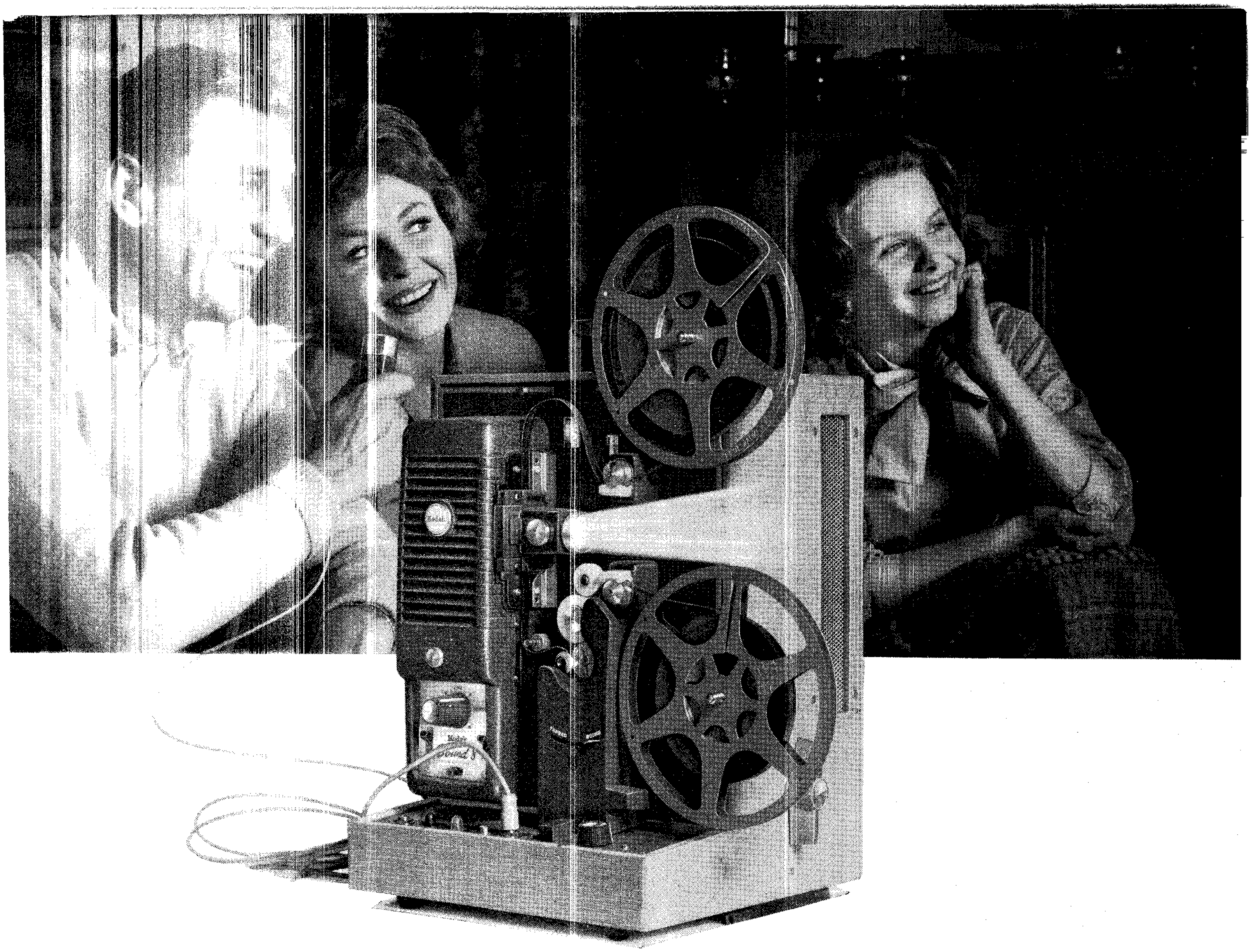
Dumbell People in a Barbell World—A comedy by Dan Blue. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tues-



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The Hostage—A splendid revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland and Alan Nunn lead the cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

The Merchant of Venice—A production that is well cut and modulated to fit a small theatre, that moves along at a clip, and that is a model of clarity and ingenuity, if not of eloquence. Boris Tumarin doubles successfully as Shylock and director, but Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, who designed the settings, and Budd Hill, who designed the costumes, are the real stars of the piece. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games, and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—It is the edged wit and originality of Will Holt, as both writer and performer, that set the tone of this deft little revue, but he is also well supported by the two other members of the cast—Dolly Jonah and Robert Barend. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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The Theatre of the Absurd—A four-week repertory. Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" and Kenneth Koch's "Bertha": Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:40; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, at 7:30 and 10:30; Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:40; and Friday, Feb. 23, at 7:30 and 10:30. . . . ¶ Jack Richardson's "Gallows Humor" and Edward Albee's "The Sandbox": Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20-21, at 8:40; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 and 10:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Through Sunday, March 11.)

Who'll Save the Plowboy?—A play by Frank D. Gilroy. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—William Packard's poetic drama "In the First Place," presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The captains and the kings in their favorite counting house. Their work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of the music by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's pruned version of Jerome Kern's sweetly flowing "Music in the Air" concentrates on the play-within-a-play sequence, which is beneficial to both operetta and cast. Wilbur Evans and Harry Snow are superb in it, and Marthe Errolle and a child named Phyllis Arick are quite all right. Stanley Melba's band and Phil Wayne's trio do dance music the evening through. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the place is closed. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where there's always something—usually Stanley Worth's little dance band—going on from apéritifs to curfew night after night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room affords two nighttime vistas, at dinner and supper, of the matinée-idol Johnny Desmond, who gives his all to a violins-and-harp recital of ballads. Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty (except Mondays) and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is populated by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's big, dreamy dance band is musing every night but Sunday in the big but not necessarily dreamy Grill.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Charles Trenet, a Gallic composer who is as adroit at infusing heady light wine into a ballad as are his compatriots Prévert and Poulenc, is giving the author's version of how his lyrics should be done. He leaves on Wednesday, Feb. 21; next evening's arrival is Joan Regan, an English nightingale. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which has been turning out social-occasion dance tunes for a couple of lifetimes, is still at it, and Chiquito's rumba trio is also present. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, an Italian villa by moonlight, is conveniently situated right on the verge of a promenade commanded by Gunnar Hansen's bubbling band, to which one may listen from seven to eight-thirty and then dance. A set of Latin scholars spells the Hansens after nine. At dinner and supper, there are appearances by Monique Lemaire, of whom it can be said that she is twenty-four years old, French, and a singer. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends his evenings from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance. Closed Sundays.

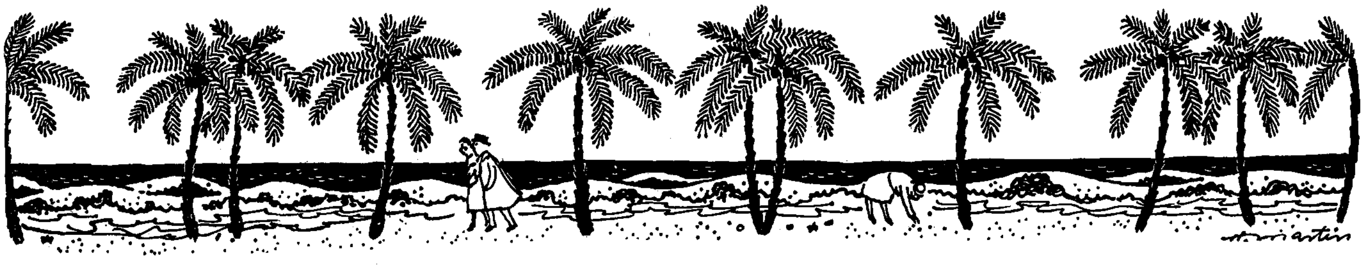
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The easiest way to reëstablish town-house life on Park Avenue is to buy into the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's big band plays marches and Roger Steele's orchestra plays pretty from eight-thirty to two), or into the little gazebo called the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's soft-spoken violin sets to at eight. Both enterprises are shut on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey may be, as she keeps singing, tired of it all, but she's not too tired to perk up the staid old Empire Room twice a night with her reminiscenses of a remarkably full life. Dance music issues until after one from the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, Peacock Alley sounds much more like its old self, now that Sam Hamilton and George Cory do single and tandem stands at the piano.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The cliff dwellers of Manhattan playing at grown-up boys-and-girls-together, in tune (after eight) to Paul Sears' piano. Warning: Mondays are now Twist nights. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A brand-new locale for this little old schoolhouse. The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, and the pied pipers operate like this: Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. After midnight, these two



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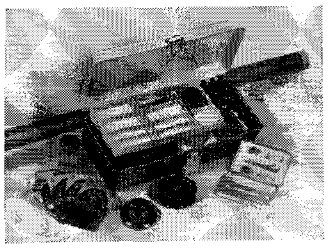

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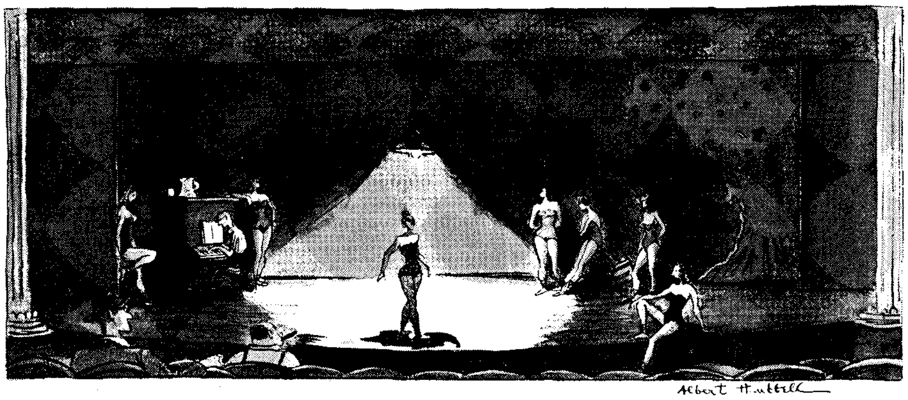
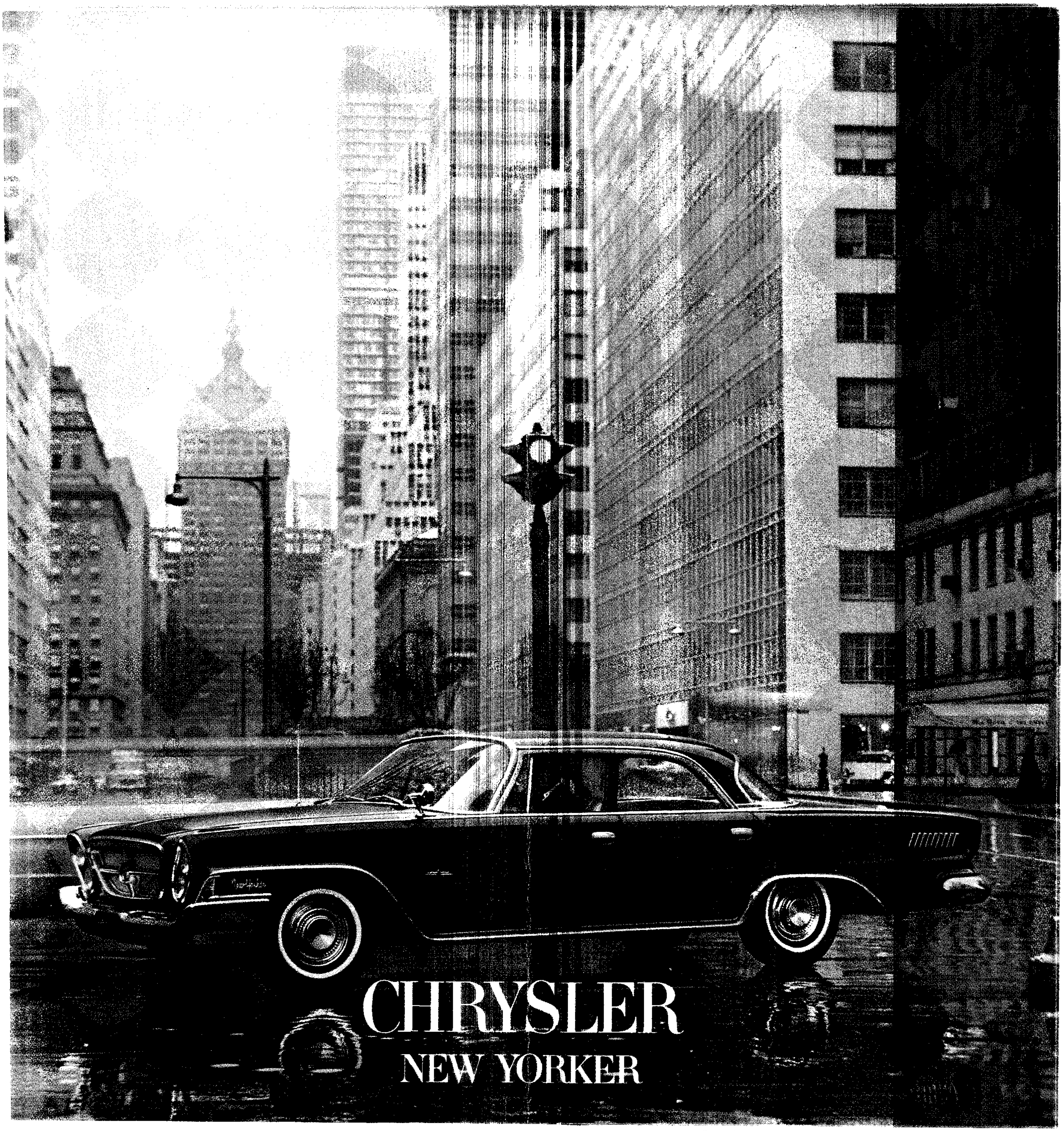
get around to real double-or-nothing work. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes the stand on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the main roads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florence that blooms in the spring, tra-la, and spring is eternal here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi, the major-domo, and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A kindred knighthood-in-flower enterprise, whose décor reflects the King's progress on his way South for the winter Crusades. A violinist and a tenor make their own romantic progress from room to room every evening but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The spirit of this inn is *Alpenhütte*, and the cuisine is Wien, Wien. From six to ten, a zither is in charge; thereafter, Greta Keller (who is probably more Wien, Wien than anyone else in the world) sings the appropriate notes with the help of an indigenous trio. Her bedtime is two. On Monday, Feb. 19, Miss Keller will give way to Erik Rhodes, who appears to be equipped with a baritone. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. A trio run by Eddie Lane plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): So this is Vienna? Well, not exactly, but people who like to cry into their wine at the sound of Danubian waltzes and songs seem not to mind, especially when Fernanda Montel uncorks a Gallic aria. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry, the latter composed of Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart and the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An outlet for artistic temperament (*vide* the oils on the walls) and (after ten) for musicians mostly new to the city. Right now, there's Ronnell Bright's trio, which is new-school, but in moderation, and Chris Rayburn, a mere slip of a pretty girl, who chirrups some special songs in tune with it. Andy Hamon's voice and piano are also front and center. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) the piano of George Feyer, which can be as nebulous as a customers' man's advice. On Monday, Feb. 19, Mr. Feyer will be replaced by Karl Inwald. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Latin America quietly wrapped up in itself, except when a flamenco group ascends the podium with fire in its eye. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. In addition, on Sundays, there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This segment of the St. Moritz houses the trio of Jimmy Lyons, who puts on an airy little music festival from dinner through supper every night but Monday and an equivalent celebration on Sundays from two until eight.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of valorous young ladies, so devoted to their art (whatever it is) that they are willing to show up for work in their bare essentials. Interwoven with their hearty but innocent gambollings are Rafael de Cordova's troupe of furious flamenco balletomanes, the Wallenda troupe's loop-the-loop gymnastics in midair, and Dave Barry's reasonably viable humor. Mr. Barry moves out on Wednesday, Feb. 21. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This coliseum is dominated by Dick Haymes,





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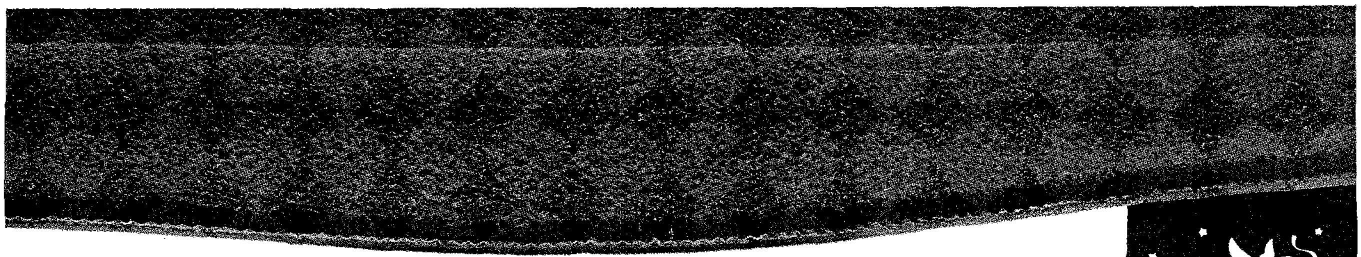

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who (when he has a mind to) can give a pop tune the bantering encouragement that brings out whatever best is in it, and by Fran Jeffries, the unquestionably ornamental Mrs. H., who's a student singer. Their attendants are a set of eight ballerinas, all just old enough to be released by the game warden. Prancing for the customers as well.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A civil, or uncivil, war goes on between populace and performer whenever Jack E. Leonard takes the stand; Leon Bibb wanders down our lesser-known folkways with a clear and molten voice. The pianos of Otis Clements and Peter Daniels make up the background for all this. . . . ¶ In the lounge, every night but Saturday, in between the back-room charivaris and from two o'clock on, Bobby Short restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Sundays, he adds a five-to-eight preamble. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of why civilization simply had to go. Its mourners (all of them most professional) are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the precocious pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier example of the Julius Monk revue. Its inhabitants are Freddie Weber, a one-girl gallimaufry; Lovelady Powell, a glowing brunette with a sly eye; and their mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias, a well-populated Spanish village, puts forth a fiesta that would make an excellent rite of spring. Pupi Campo's fiery band plays for the customers' magnificent maneuvers, which reach a crescendo during the Sunday tea dances. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): An optical (and often aural) illusion: that one has driven up in a growler to a Victorian music hall with a fair lady and is taking in London night life of 1900. A set of expert mummers from the Players Theatre of London is now enacting the second edition of this extravaganza, which is a lot more amusing than the trial balloon. Fred Stone, the master of the revels, is unvarying perfection; Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are hot in pursuit of Mr. S.'s laurels. On Fridays and Saturdays, there are dinner and supper parades; the rest of the week the parade occurs only at dinner. In the bar adjoining the stage, there's piano from seven to nine and from ten-thirty until curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): "Seacoast of Bohemia" is the name given by the "Second City" troupe—Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, and Howard Alk—to its new venture into the revue form, but these gifted performers get far inland to some astonishing little byways and byplay. They set off at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays; at seven, nine-thirty, and midnight Saturdays; and at seven and nine-thirty Sundays. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's modest but moving clarinet is sounding this version of Tara's hall, closely followed by a quartet and, now and then, Mr. Condon's guitar. Sundays are disorganized by Twist parties. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan's quartet is a brightly illuminated manuscript on the subject of present-day music; Bobby Timmons' trio is also at play. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Billy Daniels, said to have discovered perpetual motion, is belting away at an old and honored songbook, and Shecky Greene, a standup comedian, is belting away at the ringside customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's new piano divides its time between representation without taxation (of the mind) and glittering spurts into the blue yonder. He has two sidemen on tap. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): On the bandstand are the quintet led by Gene Krupa, who can give a set of drums the hiding of their life, and the five-man band of Charlie Shavers. They will call it a night on Saturday, Feb. 17; on Monday, Feb. 19, the staff will be headed by the quintet of Dizzy Gillespie, a man of infinite wisdom and wit. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays the Twist goes on upstairs in the hayloft. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, Feb. 21, is the closing time for Clara Ward's Gospel Singers, John Coltrane's explosive quintet, and the blithe trio of Bill Evans. The replacements, due next evening, will include Sonny Stitt's quartet and the fivesome of Philly Joe Jones. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rest of the world seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Sonny Stitt's quartet, which can go far away and far out on its own power, holds the podium. On Tuesday, Feb. 20, there'll be a change of cast—a quintet run by Gene Quill and Phil Woods. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The spareribs and the conversation they induce are more than matched by the quartet of Red Allen, which is good-old-days, and the trio of Meade Lux Lewis, Chicago's most energetic piano mover. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk in New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist, and on Mondays Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join him to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A trumpet too hot to handle by almost anyone but Wild Bill Davison is making it very warm for February. Mr. D. has a crew of fellow-thinkers in attendance. Dancing, by the way, has been resumed after an absence of just about twenty years. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The eminent Dizzy Gillespie, who still considers music to be a public service rather than a private joke, is governing (with a loose rein) a quintet; Oscar Brown, Jr., a poet of the people, is singing his psalms, homilies, and good humors; Mal Waldron's threesome is its usual industrious self. On Tuesday, Feb. 20, a new state of affairs: Thelonious Monk's quartet and the songbird named Aretha Franklin. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Life here is indeed all beer and skittles during the extremely offhand courses in Early Americana. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, the faculty should consist of Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Buck Clayton, Johnny Letman, Pee Wee Russell, Tyree Glenn, Marty Napoleon, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The proceedings are in the hands of the Jazztet, which is the justifiable pride and joy of Art Farmer and Benny Golson, its leaders, and Horace Silver's nervous set of five. On Mondays drop-in artists have their say. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The most prominent member of this individualist community, not a very dressy resort, is Donald

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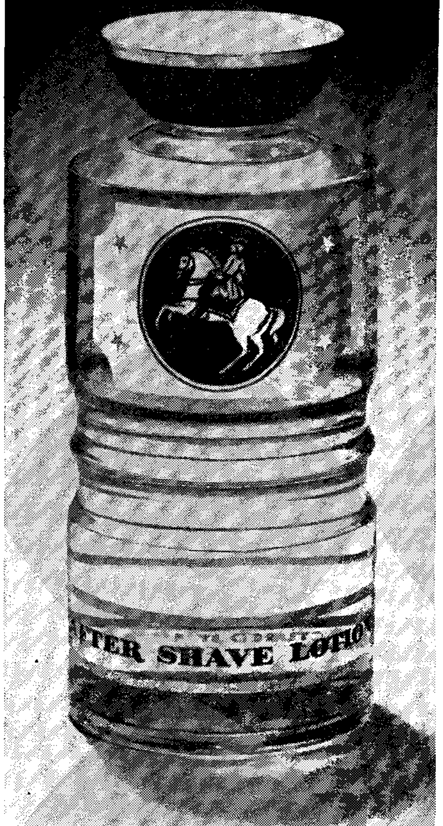

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Byrd, whose trumpet directs a modernist quintet. His particular group stays home Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

OLIVER O'CONNOR BARRETT—A retrospective made up of a dozen large relief carvings and a group of bronze and terra-cotta sculptures in the round; through March 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOSÉ BARTOLI—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 3. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Landscapes mostly, a number of them done during a stay in Italy a year ago; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Oils (1923-39); through March 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MORRIS BROSE—Abstract bronze sculptures; through March 10. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

PAUL BURLIN—Recent (1960-61) large abstractions in an exhibit that coincides with his show at the Whitney Museum; through March 3. (Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Bronzes by an Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through March 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LINDSEY DECKER—Abstract metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

RAOUL DUFY—A large survey of his oils, water colors, and drawings, dating from 1900 almost to his death, in 1953; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

JARED FRENCH—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A comprehensive show of paintings (1929-48), the majority of them Abstract Expressionist in style; through March 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A group of drawings (1929-34) and the oil painting in which they culminated; through March 1. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER AND ATELIER 17—Graphics made in Hayter's studios, here and in Paris, by Hayter himself and by Giacometti, Tanguy, Seong Moy, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

JACQUES HNIZDOVSKY—Drawings and water colors of landscapes and nature; through March 3. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

ROBERT JACOBSEN—Welded-metal sculptures and reliefs by a Danish artist. First one-man show in New York; through March 3. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN KACERE—Abstractions; through March 3. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

MORRIS KANTOR—Semi-abstract paintings; through March 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

ALEX KATZ—Figure paintings; through March 1. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Representational paintings and bronze sculptures; through March 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

FRANZ KUPKA—Pastels, gouaches, and water colors (1904-28) by this Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist, who died in 1957; through March 10. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER LANYON—Breezy, colorful abstractions by the British painter; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

LEONID—Paintings of Ireland and other European and Far Eastern countries, plus New England scenes; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Comic-strip and poster-type paintings; through March 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

EUGENE LUDINS—Impressionistic landscapes, seascapes, and figurative oils, and a selection of drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

HERMAN MARIL—Paintings of shoreside and other scenes, primarily done in Provincetown this past summer; through March 13. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Early (1938-48) terra-cotta figure and animal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

YUTAKA OHASHI, RICHARD HUNT, AND NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Collages by Ohashi, sculptures by Hunt, and paintings by Oliveira; through March 3. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GEORGE ORTMAN—Abstractions; through March 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through March 7. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through March 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

PIERRE SICARD—Still-lifes and landscapes, including night scenes painted in Russia, Greece, Italy, and France; through Feb. 28. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MAURICE STERNE (1878-1957)—A joint retrospective exhibition of landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Hirschl & Adler and Milch, both at 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—A new series of his gouaches; through Feb. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oil paintings by Vlaminck, against a background of one painting each by his friends and contemporaries in the School of Paris—Braque, Modigliani, and Utrillo (to name a few); through March 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX WEBER—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and woodcuts; through Sunday, Feb. 18. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

WOLS—Non-objective aquarelles by this German painter, who died in 1951; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

KARL ZERBE—Figure paintings done in 1961, in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—Their twenty-sixth annual, with works by fifty-seven painters and sculptors, among them Nassos Daphnis, George L. K. Morris, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closes Saturdays at 4. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces dating from 1880 to 1961 by Rodin, Gauguin, Lipchitz, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—A mid-season retrospective show of paintings and sculptures by Hollis Holbrook, Jeannette M. Genius, Stuart J. Davis, and other artists sponsored by the gallery; through Friday, Feb. 23. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CHASE**, 31 E. 64th St.: Paintings by such artists as Mané-Katz, Antoni Clavé, and Anthony Thieme; through Saturday, Feb. 17. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works in various mediums by Bourdelle, Carles, Davies, Delaunay, Kupka, and Picasso; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Expressionists—Lovis

Corinth, Egon Schiele, and Marvin Meisels, among others, including some rarities in the field; through Saturday, Feb. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately sixty recent additions to the collection of European drawings, with examples by Boucher, Rubens, and Veronese; through March 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions of paintings and sculptures from twenty-three countries. Among the artists are Jean Dubuffet, Raphael Soyer, and John Chamberlain. Through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Washington's Birthday, until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics from the period of Southern Sung China (1127-1279); through April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Three exhibitions: Mystical Expressionist paintings by the late Jan Müller, sculptures from the Museum's collection, and 1961 acquisitions; through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of paintings by Paul Burlin and Karl Zerbe; through March 11. Good complements to these are the Burlin showing at the Gallery Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St., and the Zerbe showing at the Nordness Gallery, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . ¶ "Masters of American Watercolor," an exhibition surveying the growth of water-color painting in the United States during the past seventy-five years. Winslow Homer, Lyonel Feininger, and Morris Graves are three of the artists represented in it. Through March 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

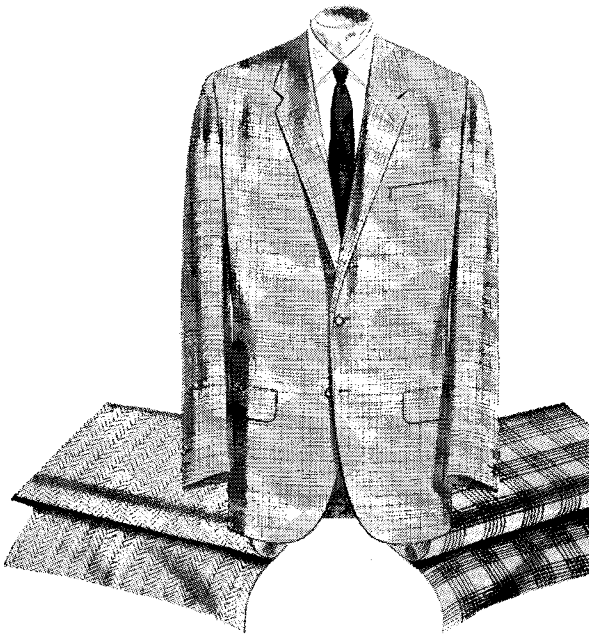
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Laurel Hurley, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Aïda," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2:30: "Salome," with Brenda Lewis, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, Lorenzo Testi, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Barry Morell, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Margherita Roberti, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Eugenio Fernandi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Salome," with Jane Rhodes, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Morley Meredith, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Giorgio Tozzi, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Anselmo Colzani, Carlo Bergonzi, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley.

Juilliard Opera Theatre—The first performances of Vittorio Giannini's opera "Rehearsal Call," based on "Out of the Frying Pan," a play by Francis Swann, who, with Robert A. Simon, also wrote the libretto. Staged by Frederic Cohen and conducted by Frederic



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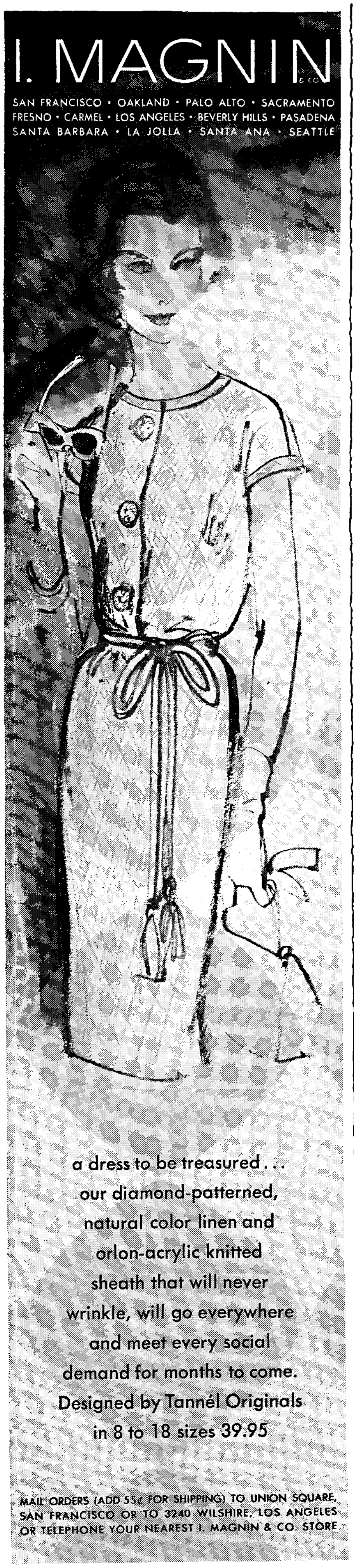
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Waldman. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Nadia Boulanger directing on Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 16, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3 (all with Reri Grist, soprano; Marguerite Pâquet, mezzo-soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Robert Eckert, tenor; Vernon de Tar, organ; and the Choral Art Society). . . . ¶ Alfred Wallenstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3 (no soloists).

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last in a series of concerts, with Tamás Vásáry, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:15, with André Navarra, cello. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30, with André Navarra, cello.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a Bach-Handel program, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society and vocal and instrumental soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting the fourth in a series of seven concerts presenting a Beethoven cycle of orchestral works, this one with Emil Gilels, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Town Hall Festival of Music—Rafael Puyana in a harpsichord concert. The first in a series of three concerts. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Duo Cassadó—Gaspar Cassadó, cello, and Chieko Hara de Cassadó, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Chamber Soloists, with Charles Bressler, tenor. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

John Corigliano and Heida Hermanns—Violin and piano, assisted by Bjoern Andreasson, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Hanna Ahroni—Israeli singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano-guitarist. A benefit for the Roadstead Foundation, Fish Creek, Door County, Wisconsin. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Ania Dorfmann and Raya Garbousova—Piano and cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Clarion Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Claude Monteux and Walter Trampler—Flute and viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Jean Casadesus—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Ferruccio Tagliavini—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Arnold Steinhardt—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

New York Philharmonic Woodwind Quintet—With Isidore Freeman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Claremont Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Note—William Masselos will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 19, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—The Dave Brubeck Quartet. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 17: Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 19, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Fencing—International Invitation Tournament—Friday, Feb. 16, at 11 and 8: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 11 and 8: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 18, at 11 and 5:30. Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, March 27.

Track Meets—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:15.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. For tickets, call CI 5-1540 Mondays through Fridays, noon to 1.) . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 6:30.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 24-25, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting "Aïda," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the American Theatre for Children: "The Inside Out Adventure." (One

Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturday, Feb. 17, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Adventures of Highjump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Washington's Birthday at 11.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 3.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "The Candy Princess" and "The Circus Revue." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and paper mosaics by children of Jordan; through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Design of the Universe," explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Washington's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 21, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb 16-17, at 1:45: English furniture, silver, Chinese lamps and other decorative art, Old Masters and nineteenth-century genre paintings, tapestries, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Lillian B. Barry and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 1:45: Chinese jades and other Oriental art, Indian and other sculptures, Rajput miniatures, ivories, and Tibetan Buddhistic scroll paintings; from several collectors, among them Nathan Bushell. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 17.

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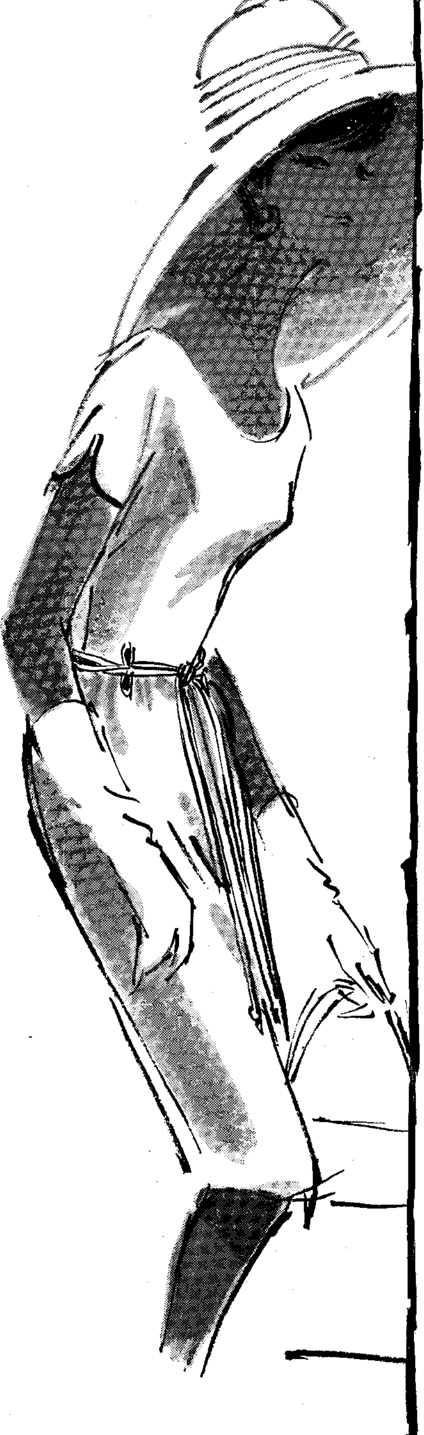

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—If you feel that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 17.)

La Belle Américaine—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this handsome picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Lower Depths—An extraordinarily powerful and sometimes heartbreaking adaptation, in Japanese, of the grim old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

The Mark—An Anglo-American production, starring Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. A man in this thirties discovers, to his horror, that he is attracted to little girls, and is enabled by means of psychoanalysis to uncover the origins of his sickness, and slowly, painfully, overcome it. The picture itself is often painful; luckily, there are light moments along with the dark, and the three principals are superb. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 20, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 21, tentative.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Night Affair—Murder in Paris, but what matters is that Jean Gabin is the dogged detective and two of his suspects are Nadja Tiller and Danielle Darrieux. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 17.)

No Love for Johnnie—A flawed but continuously exciting English picture, in which Peter Finch shows how to succeed in politics by double-crossing everyone, even himself. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Feb. 18.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Outsider—Tony Curtis gives an affecting performance as a young Indian who joins the Marines, gains accidental fame, takes to drink, and dies in disgrace. The picture is said to be based on the career of Ira Hamilton Hayes, who helped raise that famous flag on Iwo Jima. Sad, but well worth seeing. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Paris Blues—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Diahann Carroll, and Sidney Poitier meet and quarrel and make up against the enchanting backdrop of a cold, gray Paris and to the sound of the loudest possible trumpets and trombones. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 20.)

A Summer to Remember—What it feels like to be five years old and gain a new father and a new brother and fear to lose one's mother and then almost lose all three is shown in, and through, the eyes of a Russian child-actor named Borya Barkhatov. A beautiful picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 21, tentative.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A wartime French melodrama full of derring-do but also oddly and convincingly concerned with such ordinary, crucial matters as enemies' meeting and becoming friends. Starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière and directed by the formidable André Cayatte. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 20.)

A View from the Bridge—Grim but enthralling family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and splendidly acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 16-19.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Jean Renoir's film that originally made up a third of "Ways of Love." (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 20, tentative.)

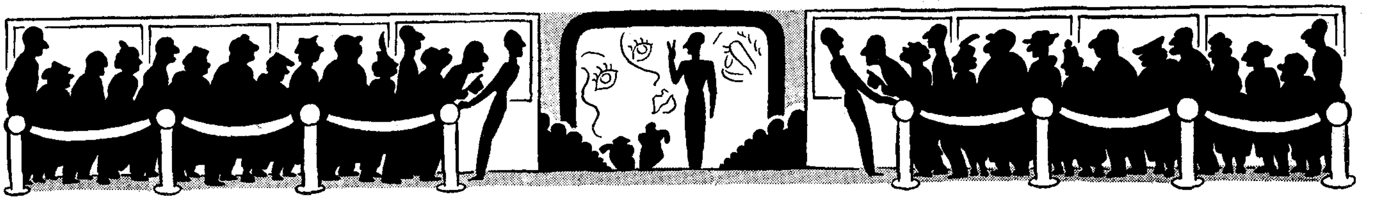
Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 21, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 16-19).

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of Italian films directed by Roberto Rossellini—Through Feb. 17: "Paisan" (1946).... ¶ Starting Feb. 18: An excerpt from "L'Amore" (1947), with Anna Magnani, no English titles; and "Envy", an excerpt from "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1952). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 20: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart.
From Feb. 21: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Lover Come Back," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Feb. 20: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.
From Feb. 21: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 21 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 20: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.
From Feb. 21: "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands; and "Ten Who Dared," Brian Keith, John Beal.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders; and "The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.
From Feb. 21 (tentative): **THE MARK.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Feb. 20: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From Feb. 21: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE OUTSIDER.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 17: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.
Feb. 18-20: "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis; and "The Explosive Generation," William Shatner, Patty McCormack.
From Feb. 21: "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands; and "Ten Who Dared," Brian Keith, John Beal.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 19: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.
From Feb. 20: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MURDER SHE SAID.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 20: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian).
From Feb. 21: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 20: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.
From Feb. 21: "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands; and "Ten Who Dared," Brian Keith, John Beal.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 20: "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis; and "The Explosive Generation," William Shatner, Patty McCormack.
From Feb. 21: "Blue Hawaii," Elvis Presley; and "Brushfire!," John Ireland, Everett Sloane.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
THE LOWER DEPTHS (in Japanese).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and **NIGHT AFFAIR** (in French).
Feb. 18-20: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Cry for Happy," revival, Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.
From Feb. 21: "Rhapsody," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "Executive Suite," revival, William Holden, June Allyson.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival; and "The Ninth Circle" (in Yugoslav).
From Feb. 21 (tentative): **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From Feb. 21 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 20: "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis; and "The Explosive Generation," William Shatner, Patty McCormack.
From Feb. 21: "Blue Hawaii," Elvis Presley; and "Brushfire!," John Ireland, Everett Sloane.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders; and "The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.
From Feb. 21 (tentative): **THE MARK.**

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bernadette of Lourdes," Danièle Ajoret.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Feb. 18: **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**
From Feb. 19: "The Night" (in Italian), Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 17: "Executive Suite," revival, William Holden, June Allyson; and "Until They Sail," revival, Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine.
Feb. 18-20: "The Cobweb," revival, Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall; and "The Catered Affair," revival, Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.
From Feb. 21: "Blue Hawaii," Elvis Presley; and "Brushfire!," John Ireland, Everett Sloane.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Cocoanuts," revival, the Marx Brothers; and "She Done Him Wrong," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 20: **PARIS BLUES**; and "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Feb. 21: "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands; and "Ten Who Dared," Brian Keith, John Beal.

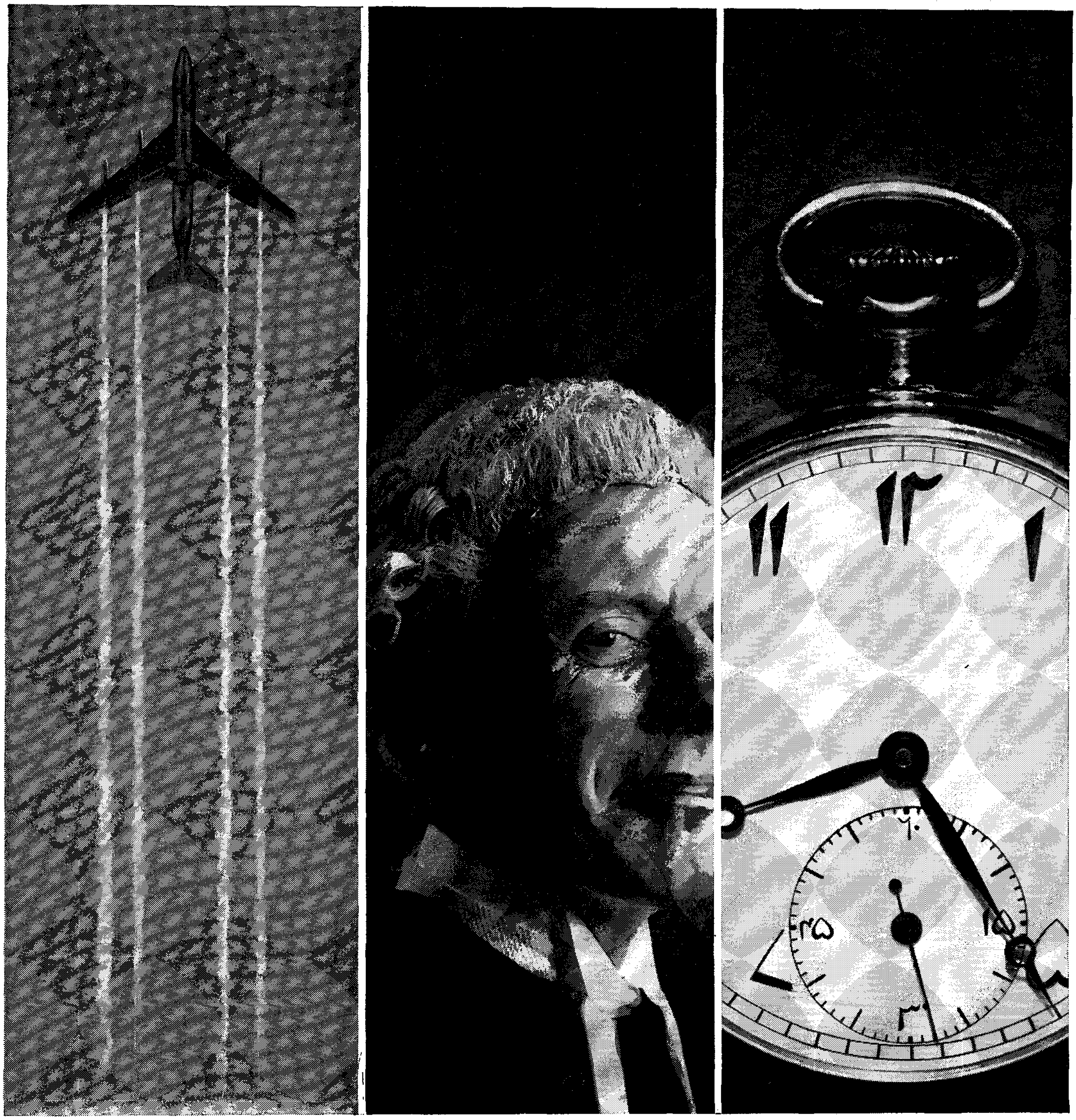
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 15: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Feb. 16-19: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.
From Feb. 20: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 20 (tentative): "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders; and "The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.
From Feb. 21 (tentative): **THE MARK.**

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 17: "Executive Suite," revival, William Holden, June Allyson; and "Until They Sail," revival, Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine.
Feb. 18-20: "The Cobweb," revival, Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall; and "The Catered Affair," revival, Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.
From Feb. 21: "Blue Hawaii," Elvis Presley; and "Brushfire!," John Ireland, Everett Sloane.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 20: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.
From Feb. 21: "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands; and "Ten Who Dared," Brian Keith, John Beal.



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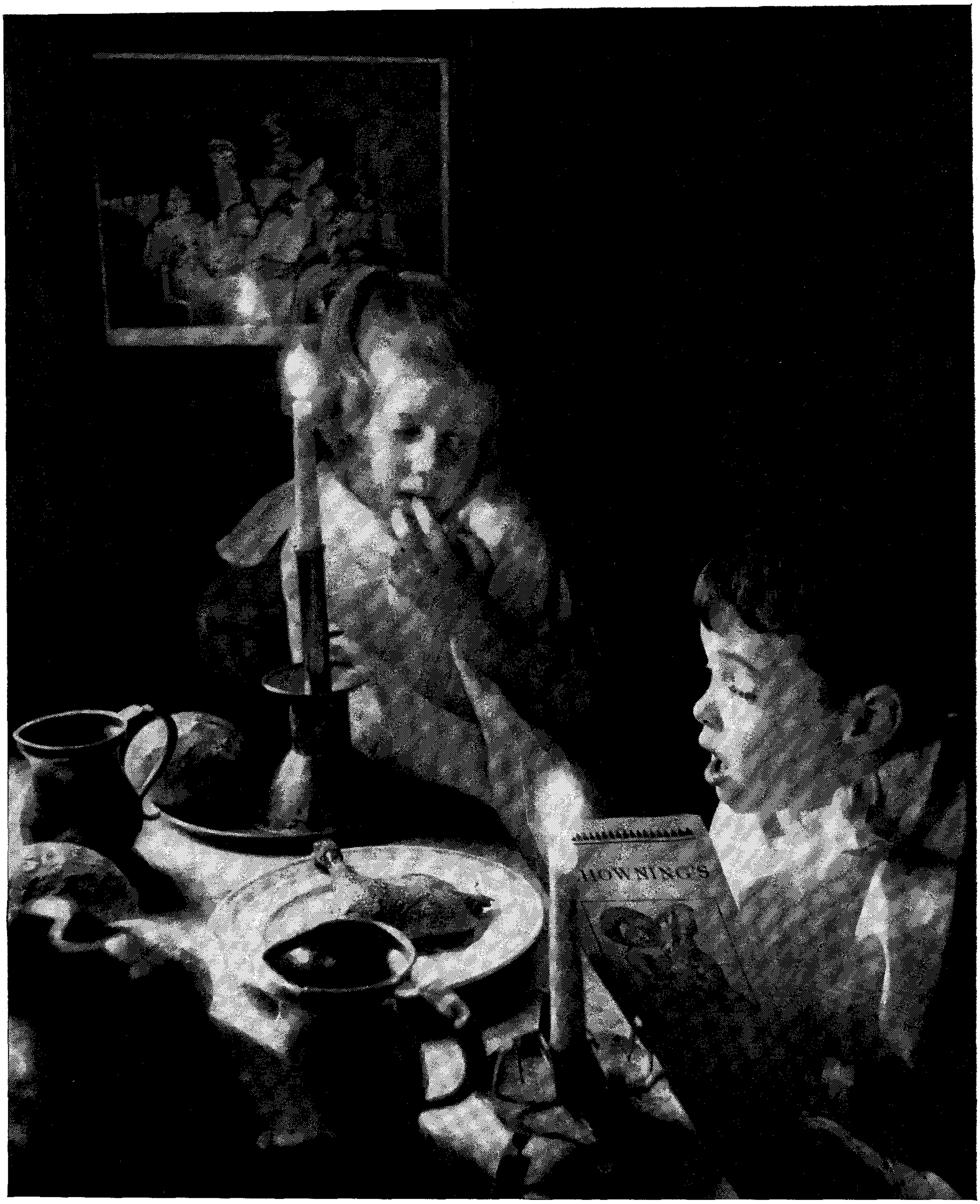

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II FROM "ADVENTURE IN WILLIAMSBURG"

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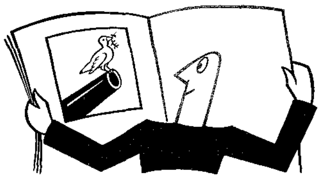
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE shy neutrino has always been one of our favorite atomic particles. Weightless, and bearing no electrical charge whatever, it rarely reacts with anything in its busy microcosm. In fact, we have never been quite sure how scientists got into contact with the neutrino in the first place, but some things must be taken on faith. Now a scientist with impressive Yale and N.A.S.A. credentials has propounded the theory that the neutrino lies at the foundation of our entire universe of matter and energy, and will outlast it. It may be, the *Times* recently quoted him as saying, that "from the neutrino we came and to the neutrino we will return." With all respect to the diffident neutrino, we must take exception to this revision of Genesis 3:19. If we have to acknowledge our transience here (and who would presume to doubt it?), we far prefer the original version. Rather than believe that we will vanish into utter neutrinal oblivion, we like to think we will leave behind some trace, like the grains of unsweepable sand in the corner of an abandoned summer house.

THE great and restful beauty of the newspapers is, of course, their predictability. All the alarming novelty of the world is expressed in phrases one has often read before, and one greets as an old friend the cartoon dove called Peace who perches on the very mouth of the great black cannon inscribed with the crisis of the moment. This soothing familiarity is never so apparent, and never so welcome, as on a Sunday morning. With utterly untrembling fingers, one turns the pages of, say, the *Times Magazine* to "Israel, Fourteen Years After Independence," or "Africa, a Sleeping Giant Stirs," or "Israel, Fourteen Years and Three Months After Independence." One sleepily reads and sleepily relishes. One knows where one is. One has been there before.



A Sunday or two ago, however, we received a nasty shock as we made our way through "The Forum" of the *Herald Tribune*. After noting, with perfect Sabbath equanimity, a "Stamp News" headline to the effect that an Indonesia Dance Issue was Out, we turned to an item titled, with deceptive familiarity, "Barnacles on the City Schools." It began with an epigraph:

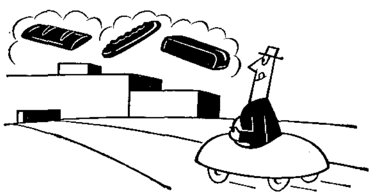
> It shall be unlawful for a schoolhouse to be constructed in the City of New York without an open-air playground attached to or used in connection with the same. —*State Education Law, Section 2556, Subdivision 5.*

"This prohibition," observed Miss Terry Ferrer, the writer of the piece, "is one of the countless barnacles which have attached themselves to the weedy hull of the New York City school system over the years. This particular section, passed by the Legislature in 1895, has been widely and openly violated in the city, where some schools do not have any playground, let alone one in the open air."

Despite a faint misgiving at the peculiar language used, we confidently awaited the author's indignation at this flouting of a beneficent law, and prepared to toast her in another cup of coffee. However, to the complete annihilation of our Sunday calm, she went on to note, with evident approval, a move afoot in the state legislature whose purpose was to "scrape off these useless legal accumulations." Here is news indeed. As we understand the matter, an old law requiring playgrounds for schoolchildren is to be abolished because it has not been obeyed. When one's initial surprise wears off, one can see that the argument is logical enough; if there is no law, obviously there can be no difficulty about lawbreakers. But why should this dazzling new juridical notion be applied only to corporate organs, like the Board of Education? Fair shares for all, we say. It can be argued, with equal vehemence and equal point, that parents who earnestly want their children to enjoy the benefits of a school playground should not be prosecuted for dynamiting any buildings that interfere with the necessary open space. In fact, the whole situation might result in a fruitful new formulation of Andrew Fletcher's dictum on lawmaking. We devoted the remnant of our shattered Sunday to the task, with, we believe, some little success. "I care not who makes a country's laws," runs our amended credo, "so long as I need not obey them."

Bars

IT'S always pleasant when we get a chance to eat what we're writing about, and it's particularly pleasant when our topic is one that gratifies our sweet tooth. We had that kind of good fortune last spring, when we visited the Good Humor Corporation's plant in Brooklyn, and now we've had another confectionary ramble to the city's outskirts—this time to the American head-quarters of the Nestlé Company, in White Plains. In addition to such products as Nescafé, Instant Nestea, and Major Grey's Chutney, the firm has been putting out a line of five chocolate bars, and when we learned that it had just issued a sixth bar, the Triple Decker, and that two more, the Butter Crisp and the Cream Bar, were to follow, we



felt that the situation was well worth looking into. Accordingly, we presented ourself at the office of Mr. Clinton Shepperd, assistant to the president, and asked him to unveil—or unwrap—some prototype bars for us and, incidentally, fill us in on the big chocolate picture.

Mr. Shepperd, a tall, gray-haired, and (for somebody in the chocolate business) unusually spare man, obligingly told us that chocolate derives from a New World bean, the cacao. Columbus took some cacao beans back to the court of King Ferdinand, but the uses of cacao were not properly appreciated by Europe until 1519, when Cortes sipped *chocolatl*, the Aztec royal drink, with Montezuma. Chocolate quickly became an aristocratic drink in Spain, and the method of its preparation was kept a secret for a hundred years. In 1657, the first chocolate house opened in England. The first North American chocolate factory (discounting any Aztec enterprises) opened in New England in 1765. Nestlé's, Mr. Shepperd went on, began as a maker and seller of baby food and milk in Vevey, Switzerland, in 1867, next door to a chocolate factory owned by a man named Daniel Peter. Probably as the result of an over-the-fence conversation between two workmen, someone blended Nestlé's milk with Peter's chocolate, producing the world's first milk chocolate. Nestlé's eventually merged with Peter's and went into the milk-chocolate business, and today, with its headquarters still in Vevey, it is the fifth-largest industrial firm outside the United States; it has branches in thirty-five countries. The American branch, said Mr. Shepperd, adding the final brushstroke to the big picture, was incorporated in 1912.

"We receive about a hundred and fifty new types of Nestlé bars every year, from Nestlé firms all over the world, for consideration as possible new products to bring out in this country," Mr. Shepperd continued. "Of course, most of them are suitable only for the countries where they originated, but every now and then we find one that works here." With that, he led us down a corridor, past a huge mural depicting a sort of apotheosis of the cacao bean, and into the office of Mr. Edward A. Taylor, manager of the New Products Department. Mr. Taylor, fortyish and of (for somebody in the chocolate business) average girth, was shaking his head over several dozen colorfully wrapped bars set out on a table. "The Germans have just sent a mocha-and-rum bar I wouldn't dare try out here," he said. "Americans don't like alcohol flavoring in their chocolate. In Europe, chocolate bars are an experience to share with your friends. Here, they're something you wolf down or give to Johnny to keep him quiet. Europeans are more venturesome with chocolate."

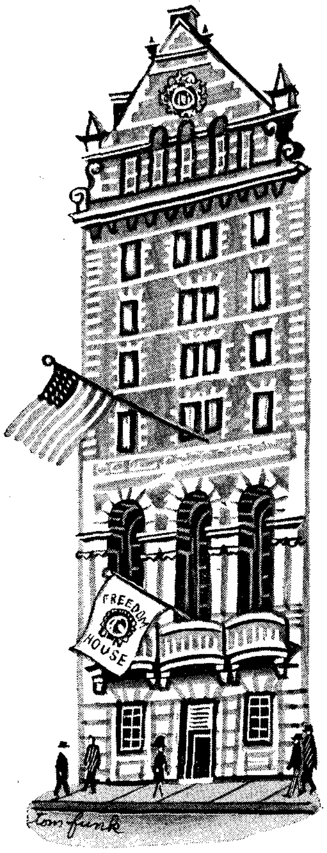
We asked for a rundown of the tastes of different countries.

"The English like a sweet chocolate—too sweet by our standards," Mr. Taylor began. "The Swiss like a firmer, smoother, creamier texture than we do. Some Americans feel that Swiss chocolate coats the inside of the mouth. The Swiss, of course, like it because it leaves a lingering taste." He shucked a Swiss tripleheader for us, called a Cailler (a Nestlé trade name) Mangalor and identified on the wrapper as "*Milchschokolade gefüllt mit Mandelcreme, Krokant, Haselnusscreme*," and directed us to eat a *Haselnusscreme* section. We complied with alacrity. "The Belgians are much like the Swiss, but their bars have a sharper, more pungent taste," he went on.

"You can always tell a Belgian bar," interjected Mr. Shepperd, munching on one.

"Of course, some countries are too experimental," Mr. Taylor resumed. "South Africa, for instance, has come up with Nestlé's Pink-O-Bar. It has a taffy center and a pink chocolate coating. It would never make the grade here, and probably not in any European country, either."

"Our three new bars are all adaptations of foreign bars," Mr. Shepperd said. "We don't put foreign bars out the way they come to us; we work them over to suit the American taste. The factory we use for this purpose may turn out as many as a hundred and twenty models of a new bar before we hit on the right one."



"South Africa provided the basis for our new Butter Crisp Bar," Mr. Taylor said, making up for his remarks about the Pink-O-Bar. "They sent along their Nestlé's Butter Crunch, which had a mixture of chopped hazelnuts, sugar, and butter distributed through a chocolate mass. We substituted our own chocolate and tried out forty or fifty different formulations. We had to change the hazelnuts to peanuts—hazelnuts don't go over here—before we finally got the bar we wanted. Our new Nestlé Cream Bars were derived in similar fashion from a Swiss bar. The easiest to adapt was the new Triple Decker Bar, which we borrowed from our English firm. All we changed was the chocolate."

"Other countries borrow from *us* a good deal, too," said Mr. Shepperd, licking a chocolaty finger. "For instance, we developed the very first crunch bar, which has been taken over by South Africa, Australia, and several other countries." He started in on a Bang, a bar from England. "A very good bar, though I think the name is undignified," he said.

"We do a lot of eating here," Mr. Taylor said. "Fortunately, chocolate is good for you. Lindbergh carried chocolate bars aboard the Spirit of St. Louis, and Hillary toted several Nestlé products up Mount Everest."

He thereupon handed us a sackful to tote back to New York.

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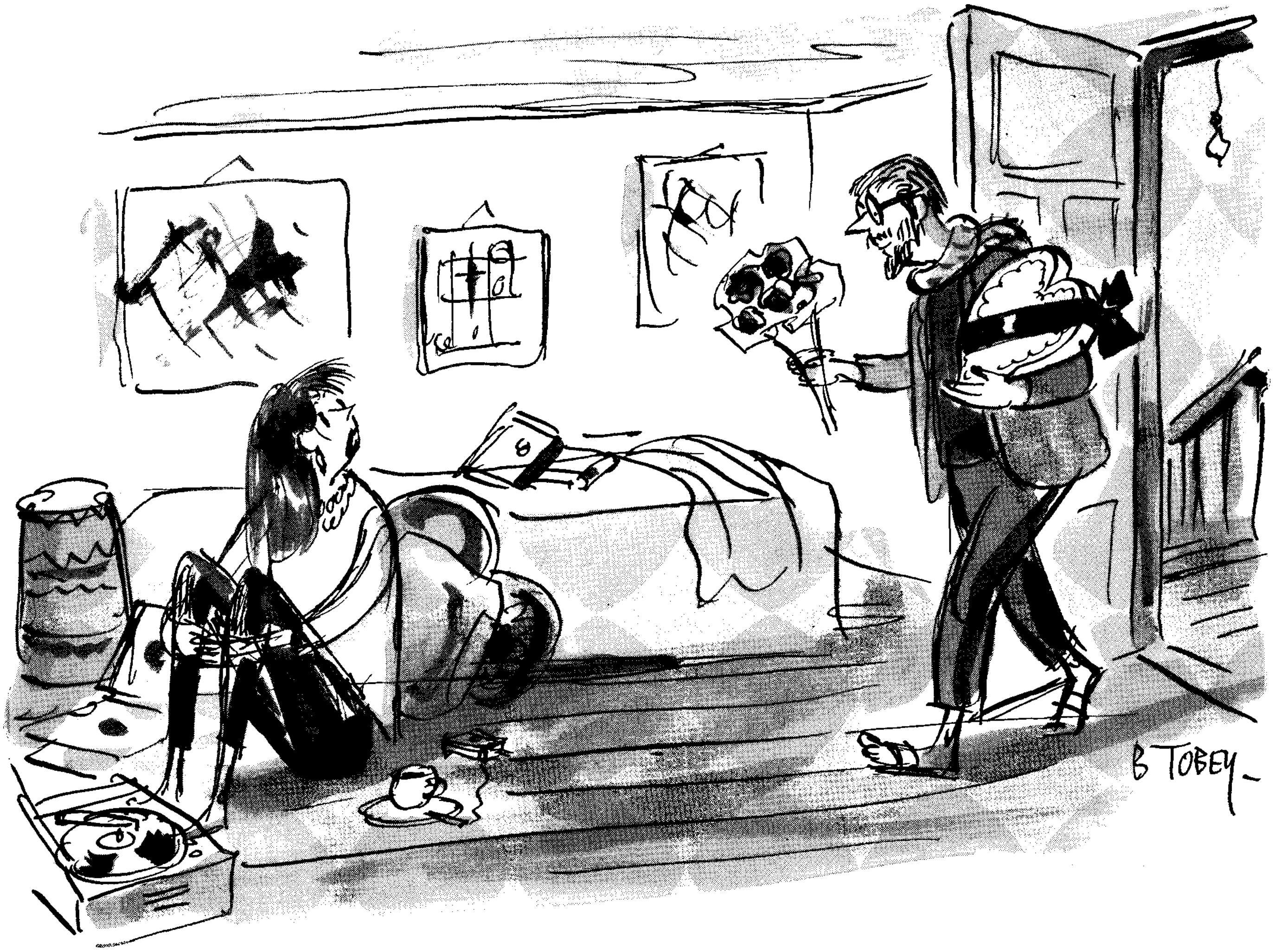
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (FECUND FENESTRATION DIVISION): The Southern Venetian Blind Company, of North Miami, Florida, advertises Procreative Window Styling.

Appreciation

A CIVIC-MINDED suburban housewife we know volunteered last month to drive a group of children from the local grammar school to a nearby Audubon Center. Under solemn orders from their teacher, the children wrote thank-you notes to our friend, who has kindly forwarded one to us. It reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. K——:

Thank you for driving our group to the Audubon Center. It wasn't very bad sitting in the dogs place going to the Audubon



"Stanley! What's happened to you?"

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Center. I hope I enjoyed the trip. I think you're the first person to enjoy a trip with me in your group.

Sincerely yours,
SANDY

Project 9

THE police of the Ninth Precinct are to be congratulated on making use of what we believe to be a brand-new weapon in keeping the peace—a newsletter. Over the past several weeks, patrolmen throughout the area have distributed, free of charge and with the assistance of food stores and civic groups, fifty thousand copies of the first issue of a four-page English-Spanish publication bearing the no-nonsense title of *Ninth Precinct Newsletter*. Its purpose is, of course, to improve the rapport between the police and some of the more volatile citizens of the area, which has long been rather shaky. Among the three or four so-called problem precincts in the city, the Ninth is exceptional in having undertaken a long-range crime-prevention program, of which the newsletter is at once the boldest and the most subtle item. The Ninth is also exceptional in its difficulties, which have been piling up for at least a century.

Approximately a mile square and containing something over a hundred thousand people, the Ninth, which has been rather prankishly christened "the upper lower East Side," is bounded by Fourteenth Street, on the north; Houston Street, on the south; Broadway, on the west; and the East River, on the, naturally, east. It is a district of aging tenements, cracked pavements, and littered streets, into which is jammed one of the most heterogeneous collections of ethnic groups to be found anywhere on earth. From one generation to the next, it has served as the first American home of perhaps a million immigrants—Irish, Germans, Italians, and Chinese before the turn of the century, and Poles, Russians, Rumanians, and Serbians in the early nineteen-hundreds. In recent years, as the older stocks have died or moved away, their places have been taken by Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The latest wave of colonists consists of people who have moved east from Greenwich Village in pursuit of low rents. This group is harmless; the threat of trouble comes from the Puerto Ricans—some thirty thousand of them—who now live in the Ninth, and many of whom speak little or no English and traditionally regard all policemen as their enemies. Although the teen-age gangs in the Ninth—there are four major ones, known as the Untouchables, the Young Knights, the Dragons, and the Sportsmen—have been kept pretty well under control, the neighborhood erupted into violence last summer often enough to worry both the police and the Lower East Side Neighborhood Association, the latter being a group of social agencies, called LENA for short, that is working to develop a sense of community spirit among the local residents, who are notoriously suspicious of all "foreigners" except themselves. Stones, roof tiles, and bottles mysteriously rained down off tenement roofs, injuring a couple of patrolmen and on one occasion killing an innocent bystander, and more than once it happened that patrolmen answering a call for assistance found themselves suddenly surrounded by a hostile mob, which seemed to materialize at the slightest hint of a disturbance.

To keep this uneasy situation from getting any worse, the police have created something called Project 9, which consists of an informal committee of local citizens, LENA representatives, and police officers, and is the power back of the newsletter. The first issue contained articles on law enforcement, a list of telephone numbers useful in emergencies ("Comisión de Control de Alquileres," "Departamento de Salud," and the like), and an announcement that anyone with "complaints or suggestions regarding police service" should get in touch with Captain John Keenan, the precinct commander, or one of his lieutenants.

The other day, not with complaints or suggestions but in order to obtain more information, we sought out Captain Keenan, and we found him surprisingly hopeful about the future of the Ninth. "I have a rough average of fifty men on duty at a time," he said. "That's one man for every two thousand people. It's obvious that the people must like and respect that man if he is to exercise any sort of control over them. The language barrier greatly increases our problem. We have only a few patrolmen who can speak even high-school Spanish and only two detectives who are really fluent in the language. We decided last fall that we had to convince these people that we are here to serve them—that this is both our duty and our wish. We realized we had to appeal to them in their own language, and the newsletter seemed the best way to accomplish this. If it catches on, we hope it will help them to see us as individuals, not as an army of anonymous and unpopular intruders. The newsletter is only a start. It is a statement of good faith on our part. It is a promise of friendship. When the first heat wave strikes this summer, we'll be able to tell how much good it has done."

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SIGN observed in the window of a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment on Madison Avenue:

> Suits Hand Pressed—$1
> Strictly Hand Pressed—$1.50

An Enclave

RECENTLY, at nine o'clock on an inclement morning, with sleep and snowflakes in our eyes, we made our way to the operations office of Lincoln Center, at 10 Columbus Circle, to call on the Center's new president, William Schuman, who, at fifty-one, is also president emeritus of the Juilliard School of Music, past director of publications for the musical firm of G. Schirmer, and composer of seven symphonies, not to mention numerous chamber and choral works. When we entered his office—a very businesslike place, with a couple of water colors of Philharmonic Hall as the only decoration—Mr. Schuman, a rather tall, slender man with a narrow face, was sitting in his chair looking thoughtfully out of a window beside his desk. He was beautifully turned out in a light-gray suit and dark-gray tie, and there was a shining fountain pen in his breast pocket. As he turned to greet us, we got a strong impression of sincerity and diligence and hail-fellow-well-met.

We sat down across from him, but before we could speak he said, "I know the sort of things you would like to know."

We decided to let him do the talking.

"The work at Lincoln Center is extremely demanding, but I like it," he said, at a good clip. "The more work the better; that is, if you have my feeling for *organization*. Take my organization of this day. I sprang out of bed at six-thirty, rushed down to the swimming pool in the basement of my house, in New Rochelle (in summer I swim in an open-air pool in my back yard), swam a hundred yards in tepid water, went back upstairs, shaved, took a hot shower, finished it off with an icy spray, read the *Times* from beginning to end—editorials, obituaries, personal ads, real-estate ads, everything—and then drove to the office, in exactly fifty minutes, composing a little along the way. I arrived here at eight-fifteen, and after you"—he glanced at his desk pad—"I'll be seeing Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan, co-producers of our repertory theatre, who are bringing in Robert Lewis, the Broadway director, for a talk. After them there will be Louis B. Ames, from the New York World's Fair, and Reginald Allen, our executive director for operations. Then I must attend a reception at the Met, following which, with luck, I may be able to stop in at a small apartment I've just taken across the street from the office and freshen up a bit and rest before going on to a concert or something, which my wife is sure to have planned. Somewhere along the line, I will have to slip in a couple of hours of composing; I never let a year pass without spending six hundred hours composing. You see, you are seeing my public self, but this couldn't exist without composing—my private self."

We asked Mr. Schuman how he goes about composing.

"Like every composer, I have a mind's ear," he said. "When I read a piece of music—I used to go through five thousand manuscripts a year at Schirmer's—I can hear all the sounds in my mind's ear: timpani, bass, violin, oboe. Like all composers, I carry this mind's ear with me everywhere, and if I can't find time to sit down with a blank piece of paper in front of me, I rehearse the music in my mind. As I was driving through the lovely snow today, I was singing to myself." He started singing, in a fine tenor, "Dee-ree-ree-dee-ree-ree-dee . . ."

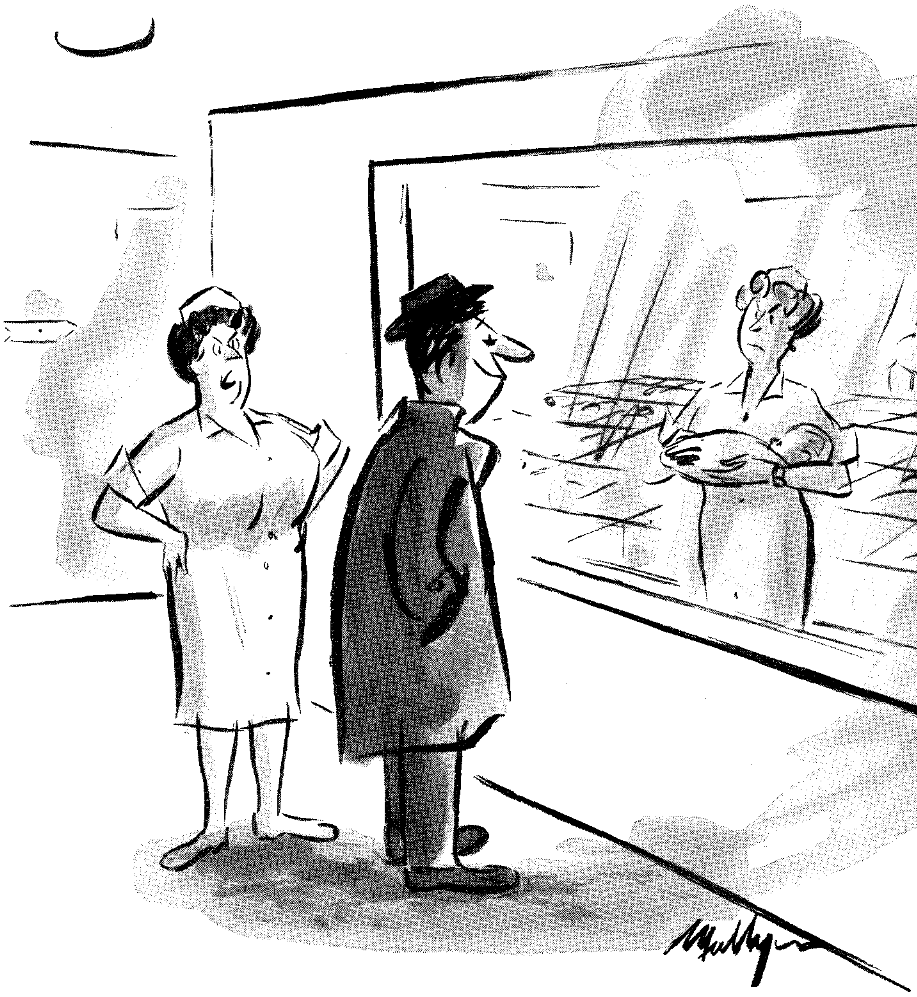
Having finished his embryonic theme, Mr. Schuman went on energetically, "I don't compose all the time, but then no one can compose all the time. So, instead of wasting my time, I administer. I am not one of those introspective artists, and, as it happens, both my artistic and my administrative talents are well suited to the work at Lincoln Center. You are wondering how I fit all this in. Well, I don't socialize unless it's a part of my job. I don't drink, except perhaps a cocktail before dinner, and I never smoke. And, to tell the truth, if I take more than a month off during the year I get bored, no matter where I am—in Athens or Paris or just in Westchester."

Mr. Schuman beckoned us to his side and, waving a hand toward the Empire State Building, in the distance, said, "What a vista! But this side of America is too well known to the world. I want the Center to represent our *other* side."

We returned to our chair.

"My mind seethes with ideas and projects," Mr. Schuman continued. "I can see them flowing past in my mind. I think of the Center as a *gigantic* project to present the positive side of America. It's an enclave on Manhattan Island. This enclave is fourteen acres square and it covers all the ground between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues from Sixty-second to Sixty-fifth Streets, along with half a block of Sixty-sixth Street. Incidentally, we got the land cheap, under the federal slum-clearance law."

Mr. Schuman talked excitedly about the buildings that are going up or are about to go up in the enclave. There is Philharmonic Hall, which will open next September, perhaps with President Kennedy attending (former President Eisenhower broke the ground for it); there is the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, for repertory, which may one day leaven the cultural bread of Broadway; there is the Library-Museum, which will be put up by the city; there is the New York State Theatre, for dance and operetta, which will be built by the state and will eventually be transferred to the city; there is the new Juilliard School of Music; and there is the new Metropolitan Opera House, which will at last make available to the company adequate facilities for staging operas. "I don't mean that during 'Aïda' we will have elephants onstage," Schuman said, with a laugh. "But the sets will be just great. The most mir*ac*ulous thing I haven't told you yet. When the Center is finished, the federal, state, and city governments will all have participated and still the American tradition of private patronage of the arts will have been preserved. You see, to keep the Center alive with performing arts, we are raising, through private contributions, a special fund of ten million dollars, more than half of which is already in our hands. Of course, you understand that all the groups active at the Center will be autonomous bodies, but, with our special fund, we hope to



"I must say you're setting a fine example for your son."

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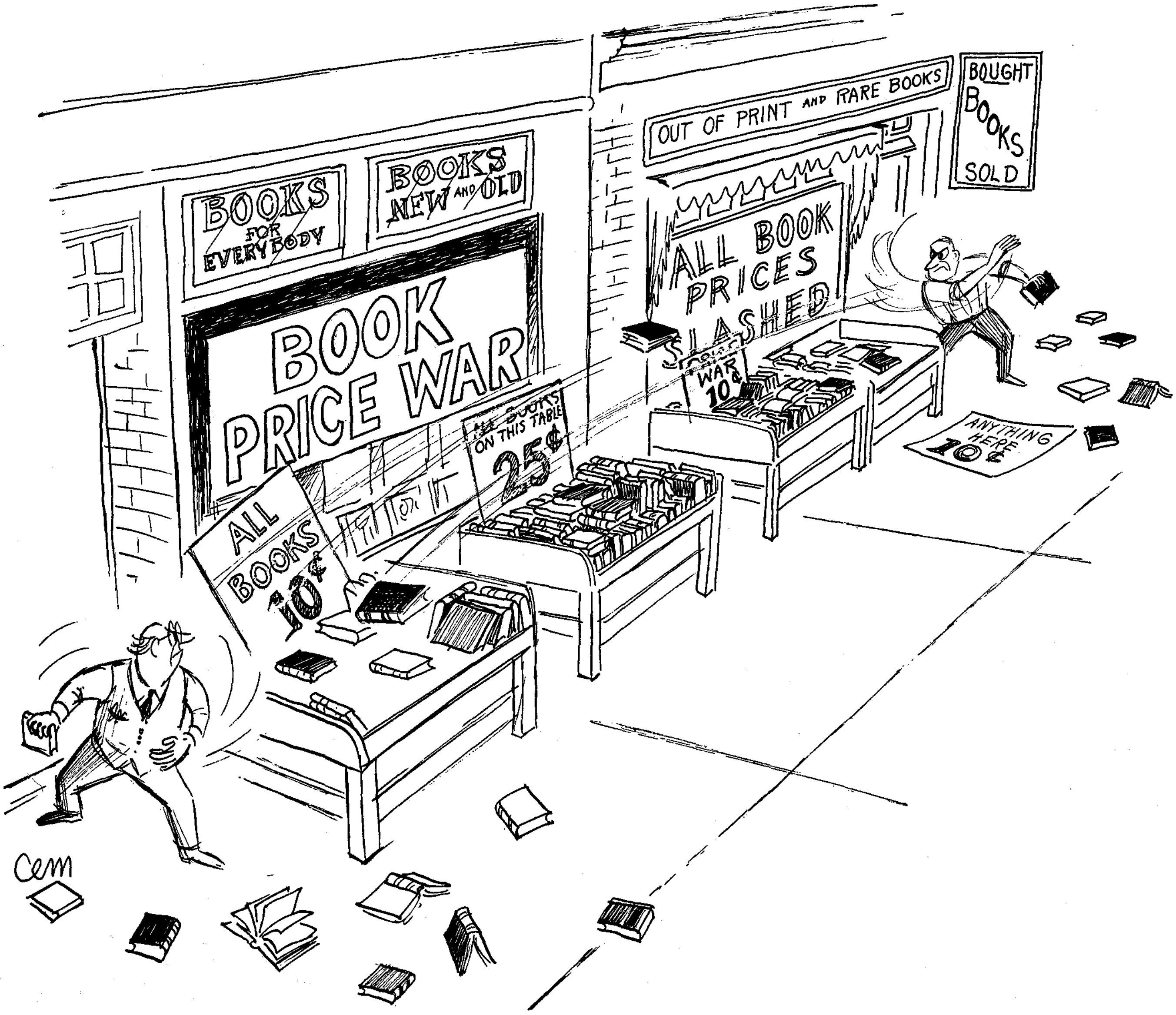

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be much more than coördinators and landlords. But the even more important things, perhaps the most important things of *all*"—he talked like a rhetorician who has carefully planned the sequence of his thoughts from soup to brandy—"I haven't told you about. I organize them in my mind as *projects*. There is no better word. Shall I list a few for you? The *first* is Festival '66. We will commission playwrights, musicians, and other artists to create works expressly for the Festival, and this great cultural event will take place in June and July of 1966. The second is Secondary Teachers. We will get from four hundred to six hundred teachers to come here for two summers in succession, not to learn how to produce art but to participate in art. They will learn to dance at the feet of a Martha Graham, they will learn to play in symphonies under a Bernstein, they will learn to act under a Kazan or a Clurman. (I have to say 'a,' because otherwise I would have theatrical managers breathing down my neck.) In this way, we hope in ten years' time to reach millions of children, not with theories about how to dance, play music, act but just with *it*. The third project is Choral Groups Over Christmas or Easter or Both. We will invite choral groups from all across the country, and we will organize them in such a way that they will all prepare the same work in advance—say, a 'Messiah' or a B-Minor Mass. And the day before the concert we will combine all our nation's best choirs under a Robert Shaw. The fourth project is After-Work Concerts. We will get an Isaac Stern to play for days in succession—say, between five-thirty and seven-thirty, just when people have left work. In this way, we will give the artist a chance to perform his whole repertory—something that's hardly ever possible now—and give all types of people a chance to listen to their hearts' content. Project Five is Children's Theatre. We will invite children to come and act out, in one of our smaller theatres, a 'Hamlet,' a 'Macbeth,' a 'Tempest.' "

We asked him how he had become interested in the work of the Center.

"A few years ago, I was lunching with John D. Rockefeller III," he said reflectively. "Over coffee, he remarked that fifty years ago a philanthropist's great service to society was to help fight tuberculosis or malaria. Today, the philanthropist has to help fulfill the creative needs of society. I was immediately drawn to this idea, and I have stayed with it, in one capacity or another. What better instrument is there than an enclave of performing arts to fulfill the creative needs of our society?"

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DIALOGUE overheard on a Fifth Avenue bus:

FIRST WOMAN: "She's terribly clever, isn't she?"

SECOND WOMAN: "Yes. I've never liked her."

THE LAST REPOSITORY

Of the mental exercises, or fantasies, I indulge in to keep myself awake when I cannot sleep, perhaps the most useless runs as follows: I am the last adult left on earth, in charge of a huddle of children who will be the fathers and mothers of all future mankind. We are in some sort of safe place and have no immediate problems about survival or keeping out the rain. I don't know how we got there and I don't care, any more than I concern myself with the details of our daily life. I am too old now to picture myself as the kind of man who could carve fish-hooks out of bones in an emergency. All that side of life is somehow provided for; nor am I answerable to anyone for a full explanation. If I were cooking up an imaginative novel, it would be different; fiction is sacred, fantasy is free. So, also, I am not compelled to account to myself for the fact that all knowledge has disappeared along with my contemporaries. All books, all instruments and apparatus, all drugs, vehicles, weapons, factories, pots, pans, and other relics of civilization have been destroyed or buried irretrievably under a thick layer of radioactive dust. I am the sole repository of the accumulated wisdom and experience of man, from pre-Sumerian times to the holocaust.

I feel the responsibility acutely, and often have to turn my pillow over to keep a cool head when I reflect that whatever I fail to pass on to my little band of orphans tumbling about so happily in the sun will be lost forever—or at best will have to be rediscovered by the slow and painful process of trial and error. It seems to me a terrible thing that the human race should have to wait another seven thousand years before safety matches are available again. I cannot bear to contemplate the repetition of the myriad ingenious fallacies and misapprehensions that have bedevilled the course of human history. It was some five thousand years after the dawn of civilization (which I take leave to date around the sixth millennium) before Empedocles produced the notion that earth, air, fire, and water were the four elements of which everything was composed, and got considerable credit for this error. More than two thousand years later, imponderables like phlogiston, caloric, and ether were still supposed to be at large in the universe, accounting for things. We do not want to plow our way through all that stuff again. And only I, tossing and turning in my lonely bed, can prevent it.

I must try to put my toddlers on the right lines about protons and neutrons, which is bound to involve some preliminary talk about electricity. And this again reminds me that I may not be spared long enough for their tiny minds to be ready for instruction about even so elementary a matter as winding wire around a magnetized iron core. I may be suffering from a touch of strontium 90, which could be a serious thing at my age. In case anything irremediable happens to me in the meantime, I ought to write these things down. I have paper and pencils in this fantasy, for I really cannot be bothered to improvise clay tablets at half past one in the morning. But what shall I write? Where shall I begin my task? The phrase "something irremediable" that came into my head just now is a pleasant Grecism for death and reminds me that the achievement of ancient Athens will be lost forever unless I put it down on paper. It is a question of time and evaluation. I find it extraordinarily difficult to decide whether Sophocles or safety matches should come first.

"Safety matches are a simple means of producing fire and are made by dipping thin pieces of wood into a brown mixture containing phosphorus," I see myself jotting down for posterity. "When the brown end is rubbed against some more of this brown stuff, a flame results and the piece of wood burns. Phosphorus is found in bones, if I remember rightly, and you will just have

"*Mine* was a crime of passion."

to keep on trying until you learn how to extract it."

This, to my surprise, is the best note I can write about the manufacture of matches without getting out of bed and consulting an encyclopedia. I should be sounder on Sophocles, I think, but it is hard to believe that a people still at the stage of rubbing sticks together would have time for Greek tragedy. I am constantly up against this problem of priorities. I desperately want, for instance, to give them a glimmering about airplanes, not caring to think about lives uselessly thrown away two thousand years hence in experiments with canvas frameworks attached to the arms. But it would be a long business, and at the end of it I doubt whether a machine made to my instructions would be stable in a high wind. How is it to be powered? I daresay I could set down the principle of the internal combustion engine in terms that would save time for these youngsters, once they had found out how to make steel, and I could add a footnote about jet propulsion for later on. It is the thought of the fuel that depresses me. When the whole human race is numbered in tens, or even in thousands, how does one present to them in an attractive light, as a worthwhile operation, the process of drilling tremendously deep holes in the earth on the off chance of finding a substance that is useless until you have cracked it?

I am up against much the same difficulty over drip-dry shirts. The truth seems to be that you have to have a population running into millions before anyone will take the trouble to make machines capable of producing millions of shirts. This is the kind of hard economic fact one comes up against around 3 A.M., when it begins to look as if the first essential step to be taken by my little group of survivors on the road back to civilization is to multiply as rapidly as possible. I do not feel, however, that I need give them any guidance about that.

SOMETIMES, at about this point in my fantasy, I half decide to concentrate on culture, eked out with a few simple conveniences made of wood. Aristotle's definition of tragedy; whatever of Shakespeare I have by heart; the principle of the lever; the golden section, if I can be sure of it; a rough sketch of a wheelbarrow—that would not be a contemptible contribution to the future of the race. I could add an appendix stating a few scientific facts (the sun is ninety-three million miles away; water boils at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit) for them to make what they liked of. But I can't be satisfied with it. There is a sense of waste, of irreparable loss. Before long I am stuck again with the old desire to give them *all* I know, convinced anew that I must take the long-term view, that in the long run the merest hint—a shadowy clue about the possibility of refrigeration, pneumatic tires, anesthetics, the telephone, dried milk—is better than the endless silence of the tomb. Am I to lie here like a hog, sheltering behind the lateness of the hour, and deprive millions yet unborn of the knowledge that trees cut up fine, boiled into a mash, and rolled out thin can be written on with ink?

I am now face to face with the appalling truth that I have no idea how ink is made. Is it conceivable that it is still harvested from deliberately frightened cuttlefish on extensive squid farms? If so, I shall never touch it again.

The danger of setting down information for a too distant posterity is that it may be disregarded in the meantime—even lost—or its purpose may be misconceived. I foresee, as the cocks begin to crow, the possibility that my notebooks, with their fragments of Tennyson's "Ulysses," their squiggled representations of sewing machines and teapots, the brave attempt at the binomial theorem, will within a few generations assume the status of legend, become the corpus of a world mythology. My notebooks may, though I rather hope not, found a new religion. My description of the random behavior of molecules in an expanded gas may be read out on feast days by some uncomprehending priest while the multitude prostrates itself in awe and terror.

This is a risk that I am prepared to take. Justice will in the end be done. Some Schliemann of the future, filled with burning faith, will unearth with his primitive spade the proof that my writings are as true as Homer's. "I have gazed," he will report in a dramatic smoke signal, "upon the veritable egg whisk of the Notebooks." This will cause a proper stir. The knowledge that the Notebooks are not Myth but Manual is bound to change the course of history. The tribe or clan that owns them, with the secret of the spoked wheel safe in its grasp, must inevitably predominate. My book will become the Book of Power—closely guarded, eagerly sought, probably fought for. The thought that my patient labor may well become the cause of World War IV sometimes, though not invariably, sends me to sleep. —H. F. ELLIS

HUMAN THINGS

When the sun gets low, in winter,
The lapstreaked side of a red barn
Can put so flat a stop to its light
You'd think everything was finished.

Each dent, fray, scratch, or splinter,
Any gray weathering where the paint
Has scaled off, is a healed scar
Grown harder with the wounds of light.

Only a tree's trembling shadow
Crosses that ruined composure; even
Nail holes look deep enough to swallow
Whatever light has left to give.

And after sundown, when the wall
Slowly surrenders its color, the rest
Remains, its high, obstinate
Hulk more shadowy than the night.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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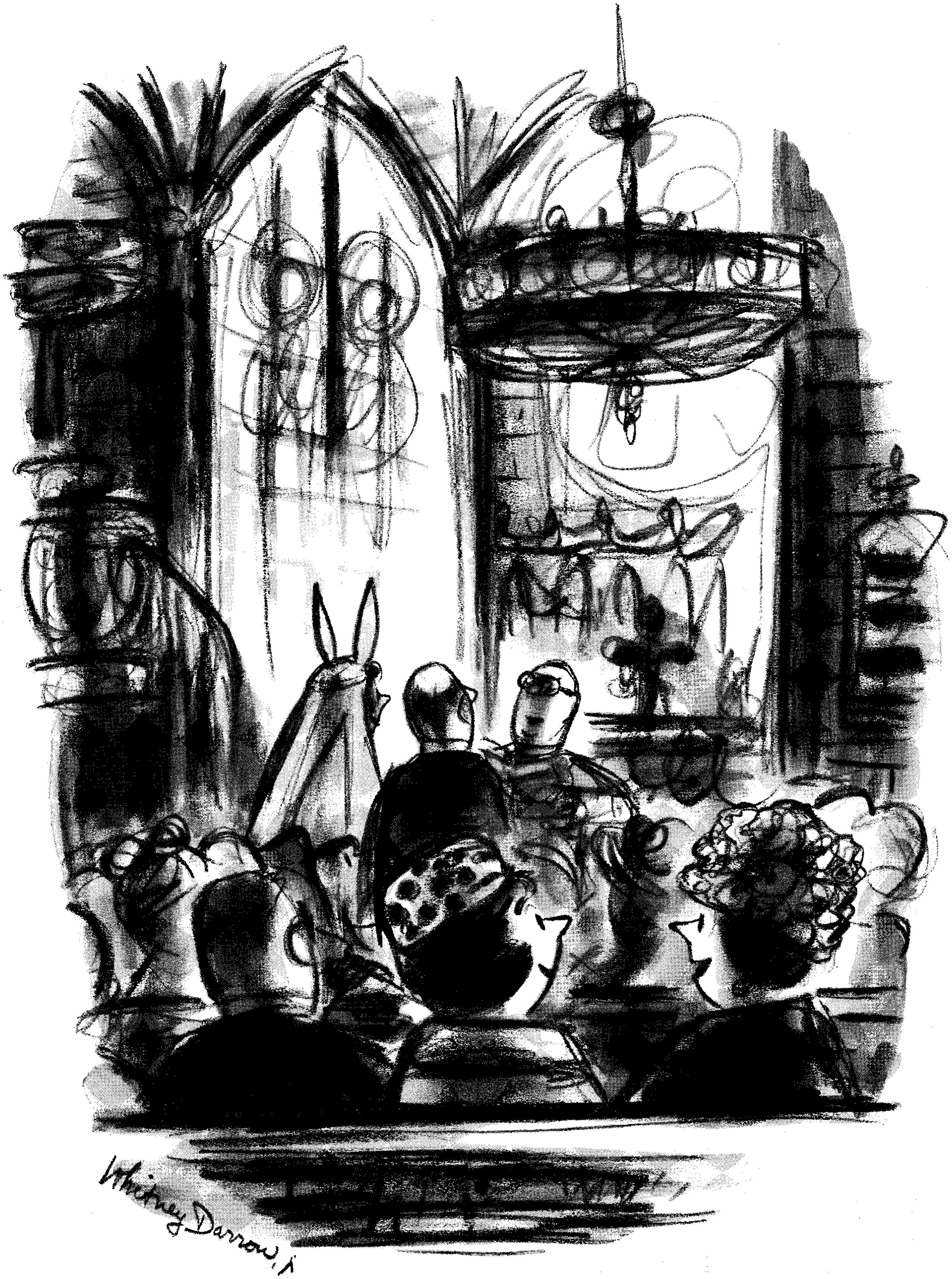
Whitney Darrow, Jr

"He met her in some Chicago key club, I understand."

MRS. GENTRY

IT was midmorning in Leigh-on-Sea, a small town in Essex, on the north shore of the Thames Estuary. Mrs. Gentry was pushing me down the main shopping street. I was in my go-cart, kicking my gaitered legs. I tipped my head back as far as I could so that I could see her face. I said, "But where is Aunt Gwen?"

She said, "Your aunty went to London in the puffer-train to play the piano for the nobs."

I thought about this for a part of a minute until another mysterious phrase of Mrs. Gentry's came into my head. "Is his nibs one of those nobs?" I asked.

"Ooh, you're a scream," she said. "I don't know what you won't think of next. You're a wonder, you are, and no mistake."

I held on. "But Mrs. Gentry, what are 'nobs'?"

"Now you're asking," she said. "Well, here's the chemist's. Just you wait here, and mind, like a good boy."

She left me parked on the sidewalk and went into the shop to buy a bottle of tonic wine which had a picture of a hospital nurse on the label. This particular brand of strong port was only sold in medicine bottles and through chemist's shops for the convenience of humbugs like Mrs. Gentry; it enabled her to do a quite considerable amount of steady drinking right under Aunt Gwen's nose.

Beatrice Blood, a young actress who lived with us, paying her share of the rent and the housekeeping expenses, was on to Mrs. Gentry's artifice. She occasionally dropped her a hint not to go too far in imposing on Aunt Gwen's innocence. She did this by rallying her in a hearty manner. "Ah-ha, you're an old rogue, Mrs. Gentry. Don't think I'm not keeping an eye on you!"

To which Mrs. Gentry would reply, "Oh, Miss Blood, how ever can you say such a thing! Not that we 'aven't all got our little shortcomings and weaknesses, 'ave we?"

After these faint warning creaks from the thin ice, the two ladies would smile at each other and, leaving a great deal unsaid, skate off.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gentry liked her two young mistresses very well, and they knew how lucky they were, in the third year of the war, to have a cook-general who would cook, do the housekeeping and marketing, do the housework, look after a child, do the washing, ironing, and mending, wait on table, and answer the door. Such treasures were not easy to come by in 1917, and Mrs. Gentry knew it as well as anyone else.

She reappeared from the chemist's shop looking, in a phrase she often used, as innocent as a babe unborn. With her bottle lying invisibly lengthwise along the bottom of her black oilcloth shopping bag she felt cheerful. She gave me her lovely warm smile. "That didn't take but a minute, did it, ducky? Now, suppose we go along to the butcher's to see if we can get him to let us have a nice little bit of kidney for Miss Blood's supper."

I felt the unfairness of it. Mrs. Gentry had escaped me. I still didn't know what "nobs" were.

There was a great deal I didn't know at that time. I knew that I was called David Rees, and that I lived at Leigh-on-Sea with Aunt Gwen Rees, who was a concert pianist, but I didn't know that she was really my mother. Or did I know instinctively, and know that I wasn't supposed to know that? It's hard to tell, now in the dazzle of hindsight.

Miss Blood, who acted under the name of Fanny Parr, often went up to London for the day to see managers, and often had engagements which took her away for weeks or even months at a time. Aunt Gwen always worried before she went off, and her last words after Miss Blood's bags had been put into the station cab were invariably "You will take care now, Bee, won't you?"

Miss Blood's appearance was the cause of her troubles. She was all goodness and kindness, but her raven-black hair and white skin, her full mouth, wide nostrils, strong neck, and supple body combined to suggest that she had a passionate, sensual nature. As a result she was always being cast as an adventuress or a loose woman in society melodramas. She looked thrillingly bad onstage, so that when she was playing, she was a magnet for officers on leave who wanted an easy bit of fun with an experienced woman before going back to the trenches. They came after her by the dozen. Some of them were unpleasant nuisances with vulgar ideas about actresses. Others were inexperienced boys who were still naïve enough to confuse her real self with her stage personality. They wrung her heart because her two much loved brothers had been killed in the first year of the war. She knew what was waiting for innocence in France. This knowledge, abetted by her motherly generosity, led her to be kind to the young soldiers. When they discovered what she was really like, they fell in love with her, head over heels. And then the trouble would begin. The first man she became engaged to was killed within three weeks at the battle of Loos, and the second a year and two months later in a show too small to be given a name.

When Miss Blood was resting between parts, she spent much of her time smoking cigarettes and playing patience, sitting at the round table which stood in the bow window at the front of the house. Sometimes she would take me onto her lap to hug me silently for long stretches, while I dozed happily, enjoying the warmth of her body and the sweet smell of her fresh, lightly scented clothes. She would end these embraces by asking if I would like her to read to me. While I was getting a book, she would move, to get a better light, to the window seat. We would sit there, on the dark-green corduroy cushions, with our eyes on the pages of "The Tale of Pigling Bland," or whatever it might be, and our backs turned on the wide stretches of the Estuary and the camouflaged troopships and merchantmen on their way in and out of Tilbury and the Port of London.

One afternoon Aunt Gwen came in at the door and, finding us so, with our heads together over a book, stood watching for an instant. She smiled and said gently, "Bee, dear, you spoil that child."

Miss Blood looked up, putting her arm around my shoulder, and said, "I sometimes wish I had your courage, Gwen."

"You don't begin to know what you're saying," Aunt Gwen said shortly. "Clear that table, you two. Mrs. Gentry will be bringing tea in a minute."

It is another time. The curtains are drawn round the bow window and tea things are on the round table. I am sitting with Aunt Gwen, picking the last crumbs of a slice of fruitcake from my plate, when we hear the front door shut. "It's Bee, back from London," says Aunt Gwen, and we both get up and go to meet her.

Miss Blood is in the hall, laying down her muff and gloves. "What sort of day did you have, dear?" says Aunt Gwen, and Bee replies, "Not too bad. I got the part." She goes over to the looking glass and raises her arms to pull the long pins out of her cartwheel hat.

Aunt Gwen says, "Marvellous! Is it a good one this time?"

“Oh, no,” Bee says. “It couldn’t be worse—it’s the usual silly play and I’m the usual silly noodle. I do the usual awful things with men *and* steal diamonds, too. I’ll just have to grin and bear it.”

“You poor lamb!”

Bee puts down the pins which have been keeping the splendid hat on her head and raises her arms again to lift it off. I stare, with my mouth open, thinking how beautiful she is. She says, “Oh, Gwen, if only I looked like a good woman!”

She puts the hat down beside her muff and gloves and we all go back into the sitting room. Mrs. Gentry brings in a pot of fresh-made tea, and there are more civilities. When Mrs. Gentry has gone, Bee goes over to the grate and warms her hands at the small fire. The light has ebbed from her face. She says, “I ran into poor Cissie Lamport in the street. She looked utterly crushed. Teddy has been missing for a week.”

“Oh, how awful,” Aunt Gwen says, putting down the milk jug. There is silence in the room for a minute, until she says in a miserable voice, “I don’t believe it’s ever going to end. It’s going on until they’ve killed all the men in the world.”

THE WORLD WILL END TOMORROW
THE WORLD WILL NOT END TOMORROW

“Please, dear.”

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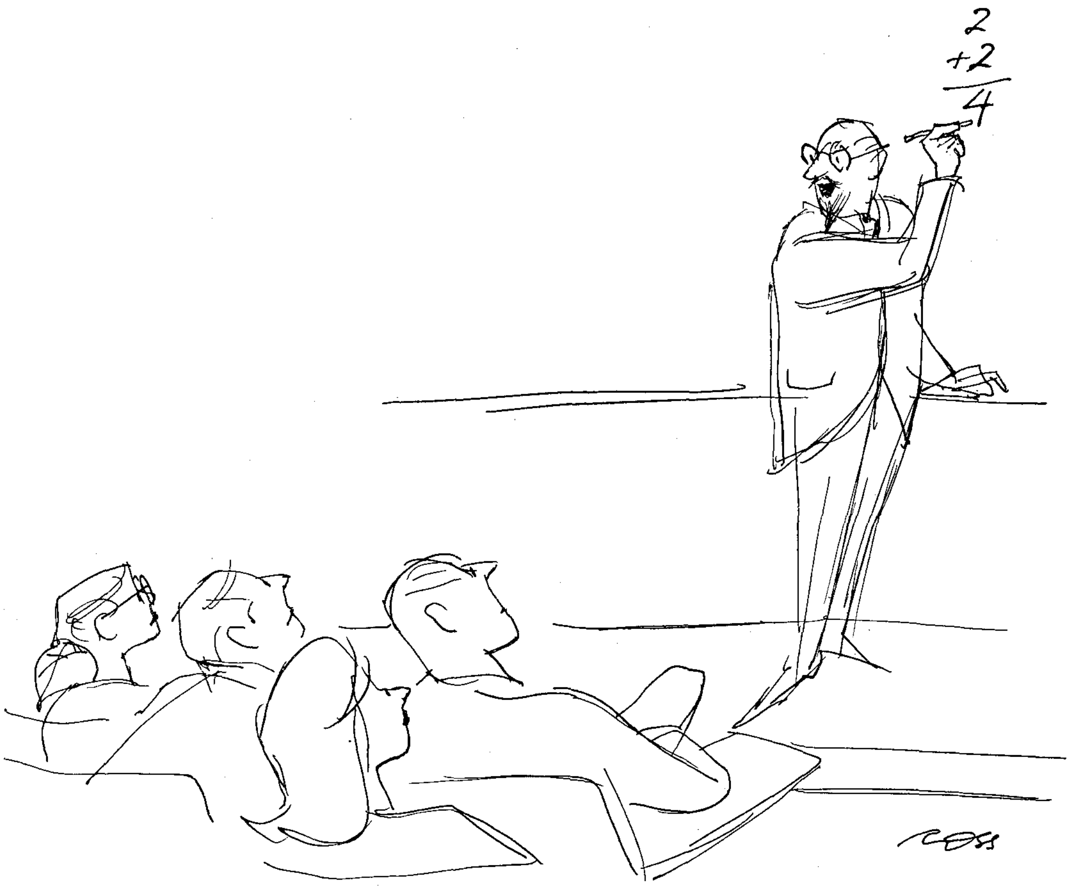
AUNT GWEN’s career was at a difficult stage. Her concerts left her physically drained and obscurely disappointed. No matter how well she had played or how enthusiastic her audience had been, a reaction set in after her performance. She felt sure that she had fallen short of the level she could have reached. If only she had not let her life as a woman get out of her control and in the way of her career as an artist; if only the man she had loved had not died suddenly and unpredictably before his divorce had reached even the first stage of formal proceedings; if only she had not been irredeemably pregnant when he died. In all that, she had lost three whole years of work at a vital time. While she had been drifting from one confusion to the next, she should have been converting the talent that any young person can make a splash with into a solid professional command of her instrument, and she should have been establishing her name. She was very much aware that she *was* catching up, and not at all sure that she could do it. She had come to believe—as people whose hopes have been too rudely dashed often do—that she was an unlucky person. And then, too, she was haunted by a sense that she had an ambiguous reputation. The widow had spread the word, so far as she could, that the man had been bothered out of his life by a designing girl who had wrecked his career in order to further her own ambitions. Aunt Gwen’s instinctive reaction would have been to hide from all this and to seek privacy until her own wounds and everyone else’s were healed. But she was committed to the life of a concert pianist and to music. There was no way she could be a clandestine musician. The posters, capitalizing on the delicate oval of her face, her almost lustrous look of intelligence, and her lovely forearms, wrists, and hands, were an inescapable part of her career. So were those moments when she had to walk out alone onto a stage bare of everything but the black mass of a concert grand, to face the public. She had changed her name and made a fresh start as Gwen Rees, but she was sure that wherever she went, and wherever she was discussed, there would be someone to say, “You know who Gwen Rees really is, don’t you? She used to be X. Don’t you remember, she was the girl who . . .”

And on top of all that, there was the war, a grinding, interminable horror in the background of everything, which made a life centered on piano playing seem trivial and immoral. How could she go on sitting at her keyboard day after day while the casualty lists lengthened and the men of her generation went off, one after another, to be killed or hurt? The nagging question would break through the barrier of intense concentration behind which she usually isolated herself when she was working and would paralyze her. Drawn by the silence which licensed my intrusion—I was never allowed to interrupt her when she was playing—I would go in to see what she was doing. She would be at the piano, her head drooping in distress, her hands curved softly in her lap, a tiny tuck of her lower lip clamped between her teeth. If I went to snuggle up against her, demanding attention, she would stroke my head absently and look at me for a few seconds with an expression that I was only able to interpret years—indeed, a lifetime—later as ask-



"However . . ."

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ing the questions "What have I done?" "What am I going to do?"

She would snap out of her trance with a brisk squaring of her shoulders and a toss of her head.

"Would you like me to play for you?"

"Yes, please. Sing for me, Aunty-Pussy."

She would sing "Die Forelle" or "Im Grünen," in her light sweet voice; then she would say, "Now—something that's really something—" and she would play some fully prepared piece in which she felt sure of herself. As it came to its end she would cry out, "Oh, David, if I could only play this beastly thing I'm working on half as well as that . . ." and so leave me, taking up the new composition at the point of difficulty which was bothering her and departing into it. I could stay to listen if I wished. Or I could steal away to see if I could find Bee or Mrs. Gentry. I could take my choice of those alternatives, but I wasn't, in any circumstances, ever to bring her back.

IF Mrs. Gentry was busy, she would as like as not button me into my coat—and gaiters, too, if it was sharp weather—before turning me out with my scooter onto the Promenade, the public gardens across the street in front of our house. It was a narrow strip of lawns, bowling greens, and shrubberies strung out beside a bench- and shelter-lined main walk that ran along the crest of the bluff above old Leigh. From it the whole magical spread of the Estuary could be seen, from the long flat eastern horizon, beyond which was the hateful something called "the war" or "the trenches," to the last gleam of silver on the far side of Canvey Island and the salt marshes where the narrowed stream became the Tilbury reach of London River. Up there, in the blue distance, was the other mystery, where Aunt Gwen incomprehensibly "played for the nobs" and Bee, transformed into Fanny Parr, did even stranger things, if Mrs. Gentry could be believed.

"I seen her once. It was a treat. She was smothered in enough jewelery to strike you blind, an' a 'at as big as the face of the town-'all clock, all covered with black ostritch feavers. She pops out from be'ind the curtings in Ack Three and she says, 'Sir Harthur, if you lays *your* 'and on that telephone, *you* will regret it to your dyin' day.' Ooh, it made me blood run cold to 'ear 'er."

Not that I often thought about Bee on the Promenade. Between the trains at the foot of the bluff, the steamers in the river, the sea birds wheeling and mewing over the mud flats and the salt creeks, and the changing face of the sea itself, there was always something to watch from the main walk. And whenever watching palled, I would push my scooter down to the eastern end of the gardens to join the other children in their races round the bandstand on scooters, tricycles, and roller skates. I thought the big circle of level asphalt there was a playground which had been made for our benefit, until Mrs. Gentry put me straight about that. She described the rows of deck chairs which had stood there before the war, and what concert afternoons had been like, with the girls in white, pink, and blue summer dresses, and their "little bits of parasols;" the fellows in boaters and blazers, with knifelike creases to their white trousers; the stall for ice creams and fizzy drinks; and the jolly, whumping music. It had all been treasured away in Mrs. Gentry's mind as the setting in which had shone the brightest jewels of all.

"You should have seen them bandsmen," she said. "Soldiers was soldiers, before the war came—not just old anybody in khaki. They was great big men with mustaches like 'andlebars. Waxed them, they did, to make them stick out." Mrs. Gentry crossed her two forefingers under her nose and did her best to look fierce. "They 'ad chests on them like them pouter pigeons my boy Stan keeps up at Potters Bar"—she protruded her bosom—"an' they 'ad canes, no bigger than this, they'd tuck under their arms—swagger sticks, they used to call them—an' they had trousis with scarlet stripes down the side so tight it scared you to think what'd 'appen if they was to sit down at all sudden. Oooh, a soldier was a work of blooming art in them days, and rare larks we used to 'ave when the troopers came to town, if I was to tell the tale."

From the bandstand there was a view across the chimney pots of the lower town to Southend, with its long pier stretching out forever across the mud at low tide. Leigh affected to despise the pier as the vulgar possession of a noisy resort that made most of its living off day-trippers from London. Leigh prided itself on its tiny but authentic fishing fleet and harbor. There were several cottages in the lower town, inhabited by real fishermen with brick-red hands and faces who always wore navy-blue trousers and rough-knit blue jerseys. At low tide their tubby boats, called cobles, lay on the mud behind the sheltering harbor wall, looking larger and more serious than when they were afloat.

Beyond the harbor, below the railroad tracks, the strand stretched away toward Southend, and here concessions were made. The day-trippers who had walked along the beach found a warm welcome at the cockle-and-winkle stalls among the tarred sheds, where the fine-meshed smelt and whitebait nets hung to dry. But they weren't encouraged to come into the lower town, which believed in keeping itself to itself, and was not at all disposed to welcome what were referred to darkly as "all sorts."

Mrs. Gentry had friends in the tarry, salty part of the old town. She spent her evenings off drinking small ruby ports, her little finger crooked, in the Private Bar of an old-fashioned public house facing the cobbled slipway where the boats were hauled out for repairs. The innkeeper knew her by name and hailed her from his doorway when we went by: " 'Ullo, Agnes."

She replied, "Wat che'r, Charlie" with as much warmth.

It was the same in all the streets in that part of the town.

" 'Ullo, Agnes."

" 'Ullo, Tom."

" 'Ullo, Jimmie."

"Wat che'r, Fred."

Sometimes the friendly, burly men who spoke to Mrs. Gentry would drop their eyes from her level to mine and wink in a conspiratorial fashion to include me in the geniality.

" 'Ullo, me little tuppenny, an' 'ow are you today? Wouldn' I just like to 'ave yore Agnes looking after me!"

"Oh go on, do, Fred Carter," Mrs. Gentry would reply, flushing, and continuing, "Little pitchers, little pitchers. You mind your naughty tongue."

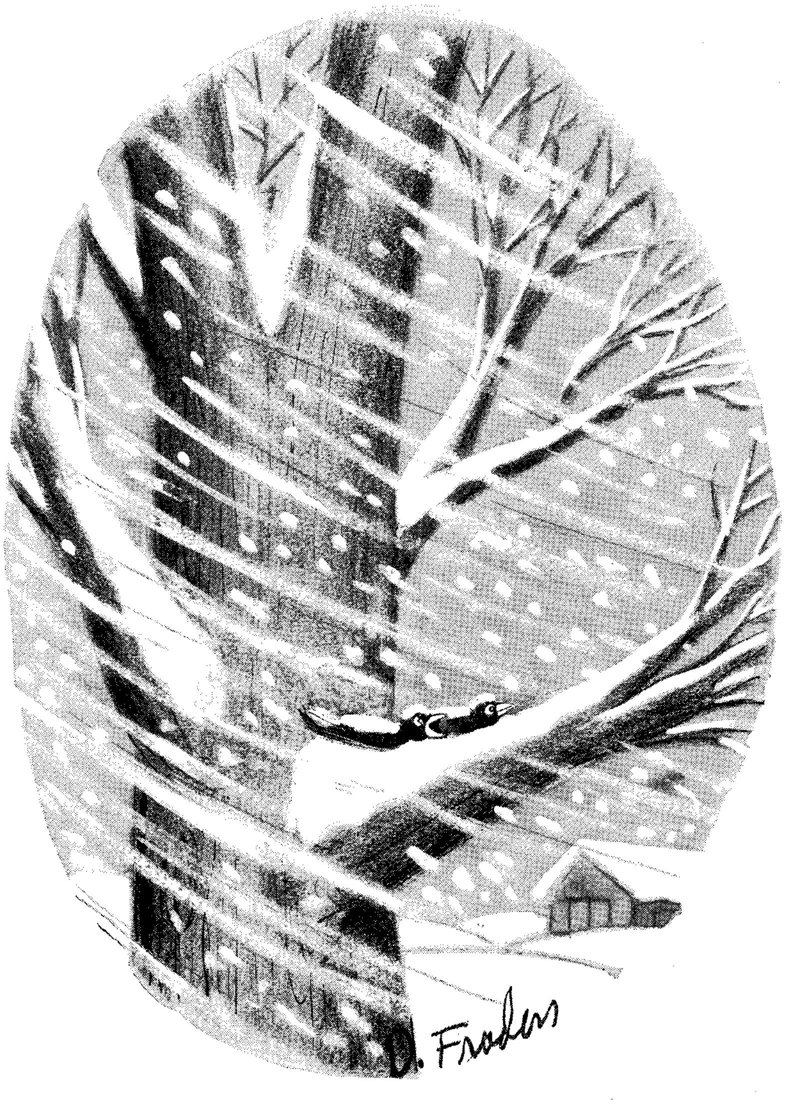
Once she had passed through the gates of the railway crossing where the shops began, she was Mrs. Gentry again. The assistants were polite. "I hope this morning finds you well, Mrs. Gentry. The ladies coming along nicely, I 'ope?"

"Oh we don't complain, Mr. Farrel. Miss Rees was a big success at Bradford on Sattiday; she was ever so pleased with what was said about her. There was a lovely photo in the local paper."

Mr. Farrel, wrapping the tiny meat ration, said, "Well, that's a feather in her cap and no mistake." Beaming, he bent down over my gocart. "Well, young man, what are you going to do to get your pitsher in the paper like your aunty when you grow up, eh?" Straightening, he said, "They say it's a real treat to 'ear Miss Rees play. I hope for the privilege one of these days."

"She's a real artis', Mr. Farrel," replied Mrs. Gentry, with all the appearance of complete sincerity. As Agnes, ten minutes earlier and two hundred yards along the street, she had said, with just the same air of one disclosing God's truth, that her employer never played anything but the tune the old cow died of. "It's something chronic, Fred; you ought to 'ear 'er."

As I didn't know then that men and women, real and invented, were supposed to be all of one piece and recognizably themselves from whatever angle they were seen, I didn't find anything odd in Mrs. Gentry's possession of two faces. The differences between Agnes and Mrs. Gentry didn't seem any harder to accept than the division of Aunt Gwen into Gwen Rees, the distant and inaccessible piano player, and my dear Aunty-Pussy; or the division of Miss Blood into the tender and cozy Bee, on the one hand, and the Fanny Parr who spent her time dressing up and pretending to be different people, on the other. What surprised me was that when Mrs. Gentry's upper-town personality merged into her lower-town self, the grownups were upset, and that they said of this unification that it was dreadful the way Mrs. Gentry had gone to pieces.



"Well, we're not migratory and that's that."

IT all happened because a bomb fell on the reclaimed marshes that began on the far side of the salt creek below the Promenade. From the main walk it was easy to see what they were. The low ground inside the massive earthen sea wall was crisscrossed with drainage ditches that kept the fields from going back to mud flats. After a night of rain, the ditches would be brim full with water, but at the next low tide it all drained off through the sluices in the sea wall. Nothing in particular happened there, yet the wide expanse of grass was always attractive to me. In winter, in stormy weather, it was sometimes white with congregated gulls; in summer the air above it was always full of larks; and in spring and summer, flocks of migrants wheeled and turned over it with a whirring of hundreds of wings. We often went there for picnics, Aunt Gwen and Miss Blood taking turns pushing me in the gocart after the first mile.

I can see one such picnic now. The two young women are on the thrift-starred grass in an elbow of the wall which catches the sun. Aunt Gwen sits upright, clasping her knees, talking. Bee, listening, lies on her back with her hands under her head to make a pillow. Her eyes are on the almost motionless clouds slowly drifting overhead. The old-fashioned wicker market basket holding the thermos and sandwiches stands between them, set down at the center of a small red-and-white checked cloth. I have been collecting a handful of flowers, and I am now sitting on the reedy bank of the drainage ditch at the foot of the wall, watching the glossy-coated cattle grazing on its far side. Their pink tongues curl round tufts of grass, and there is a tearing sound as they pull them into their mouths. Small dragonflies skim low across the surface of the water, disregarding an endless succession of painted-lady butterflies, which come in over the wall and flutter off across the meadows. The air is scented with wild peppermint. As I turn back to the two women, Bee rolls over onto her stomach and begins to talk, her elbows on the ground, her hands now cupping her chin. Aunt Gwen turns her head sidewise and listens, teasing some creature—a beetle, perhaps—which I can't see, with a grass stem.

I wander over to them and interrupt. "What are you talking about, Aunty Bee?"

She turns onto her side. "Oh, nothing special. It wouldn't interest you, David, I promise you," she says.

"Let's see what we've got in here," Aunt Gwen says. "Milk for you, cider for us, some cheese sandwiches, some watercress sandwiches, apples, and, oh, some sweet biscuits." She has been spreading it all out on the cloth. I suddenly feel hungry and snatch up my cheese sandwich.

"Oh, what manners, David!" says Bee, laughing at the neat round bite which has appeared as if cut out of the bread with a cookie cutter. Aunt Gwen laughs, too. They think that they have distracted me with food and that I haven't noticed the put-off. I don't mind. It's too nice on the sea wall to mind anything.

We were always happy on the marshes.

And then everything changed. When the Germans began to bomb London, the pilots of the Gothas and Zeppelins often used to follow the river up to their target. On moonlight nights it was easy for them to fly in along the Essex shore, following the sharp line of contrast where the velvety blackness of the land ended and the glitter of the shining mud flats and the water began. They occasionally went wrong at Leigh, forgetting the salt marshes, and remembering that London began where the Estuary narrowed to become a river. They unloaded their bombs over the meadows and turned back toward home. At first the small bangs far off among the teazles, the reeds, the marsh birds, and the store cattle out on the saltings over in the Tilbury direction caused nobody in Leigh very much concern. But then there were reports of casualties in London, and one night some cows were killed in a field within a mile of the sluices at the Leigh end of the sea wall. The crater, a round brown pockmark on the green field where the bomb had fallen, was clearly visible from the Promenade. Hysteria swept the place, which took this for evidence that it was now in the firing line.

"It's 'orrible to think of them 'uns passing right over our 'eads every night without so much as a by-your-leave, isn't it, Agnes," said Charlie.

"And nothing done to stop them's what beats me," Mrs. Gentry said. "We'll all be murdered in our beds one of these nights unless someone looks sharp."

In her desire to have something done, she launched her own defensive program. I became accustomed to being roused out of my sleep to hear her excited call: "Master David! Master David! The Specials 'as bin round! It's a raid! You mus' wake up and put on a 'at, like a good boy." I would sit up sleepily, aware that something was being pressed onto my head. As my wits cleared, I would hear the receding clacking as the Special Constables bicycled on down the street whirling the wooden rattles with which they gave the alarm.

As soon as she heard the rattles coming in our direction, Mrs. Gentry leaped out of her bed and snatched up the first four hats she could find. She didn't draw breath until she had placed one on each head in the house. The trouble, where I was concerned, was that she took the line that in such a grave emergency as an air raid any hat would do for any head. I would sit in the dark groping suspiciously until I knew for sure, from the width of the brim or the nature of the material, that the worst had happened and that she had made

LOOKING STRAIGHT

(The Greek Islands)

Oh, not to let faith wander once it has
Found home,
Not let it climb eagerly among these
Isles or reach wide over the stretched waters,
Not envy the neat fishermen's houses
And slanting hills,
The quiet poverty of these thin streets.

Everything is a wandering, a climbing,
A reaching, till the home is found;
Everything an envying, a wishing to be
Somewhere—somewhat—else than one is.
But once the captain has found his best
Joy in threading these bays,
The seaman in painting deck and hoisting
Anchor, the steward in posing his tray—
Once he can leave work tired but
Content to be of use, content to be himself
(Though he never give it a thought),
It would be a betrayal to look
Sidewards more than twice at these hazy
Hills, these wide-stretched waters, these round
Olive trees and straight-stemmed cypresses,
At these white villages which gather here
The recompense of others' trusts,

And not keep his faith fixed on the ship's true
Course, or the brush's stroke, or the spoken
Wishes of the passengers.

—John Moffitt

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me ridiculous again by crowning me with a prewar lace garden-party cartwheel "too good to throw out," or a toque with a mushroom crown and a huge satin bow on its side.

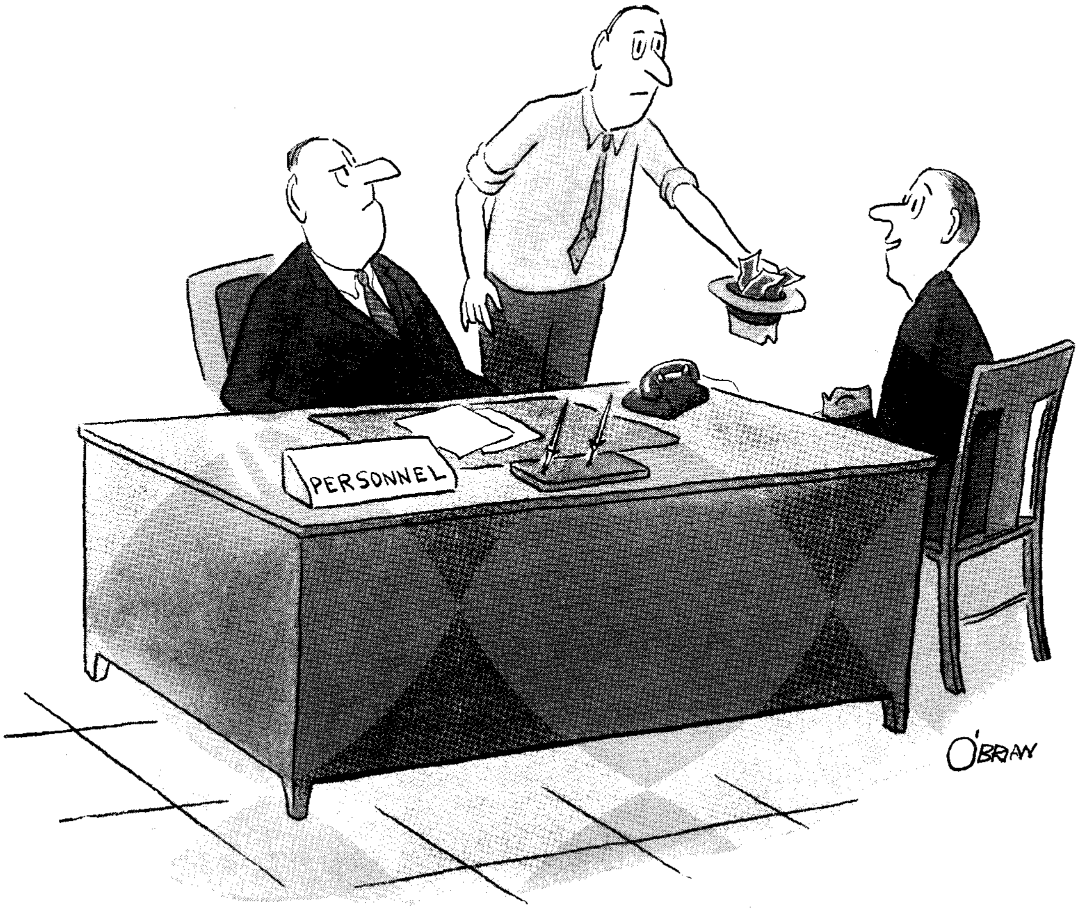
While I wrestled with feelings of outrage and shame, Aunt Gwen expressed other views. "It's absurd, Mrs. Gentry. A hat wouldn't be any good if the house was hit by a bomb."

"Oh, Miss Rees, ducky, you mustn't argue. You mus' put on a 'at, truly you mus'. I read in the papers it was what you 'ad to do. It's the 'ead as is vital in a hair raid, so you mus' put on a 'at and come down to the 'all."

"Please, Mrs. Gentry, you must have misunderstood what the paper said. That can't be right."

"No, ducky, no," Mrs. Gentry insisted, "it was the gov'ment said to wear a 'at, it was a gov'ment instruction."

"Oh, very well." Aunt Gwen gave in.



"Does this mean I'm hired?"

Bee made tougher noises. "No. Absolutely not! You can wear a dozen hats if you want, but *I* won't. I'll come down for a cup of tea, if you insist, Gentry, but I'm *not* wearing a hat." But when she came down, her head was covered.

We would all sit, cross and uncomfortable in the hall, until the Specials cycled down the street again, this time blowing their whistles to signal the all-clear. I slept fitfully on Aunt Gwen's lap; the others dozed and drank quantities of Indian tea. Hours passed.

In the mornings after raids, Aunt Gwen invariably put her foot down and announced a new policy. Whatever might happen, there were to be no more night alarms. If Mrs. Gentry wished, she could go downstairs, but she was not to rouse anyone else. "We just can't go on like this."

Miss Blood mocked Mrs. Gentry's fears with a song, to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which took up a supposedly reassuring official statement of the long odds against becoming an air-raid casualty: "It's one in seventy thousand, it's one in seventy thousand, it's one in sev-en-tee thou-how-sand—but that one might be meee!"

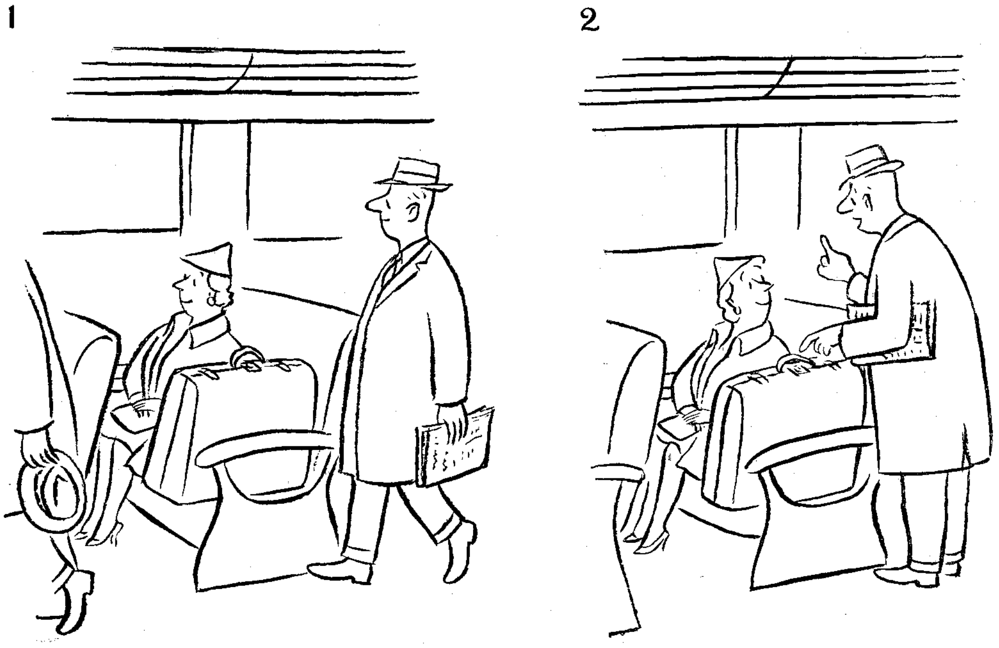
Mrs. Gentry muttered that some people, no doubt, might think they was very clever, at which Miss Blood said that seriously, now, there wasn't any real danger. Mrs. Gentry dissolved in tears.

The raids frightened her. She couldn't bear to lie alone in her room while the bombers were about. Her sobs made Aunt Gwen apologetic. "It's just that I do grudge my rest . . ." And Bee, too, would surrender, admitting that it was only right to take reasonable precautions. When the rattles sounded again, Mrs. Gentry would appear once more with her armfuls of hats.

And so things went on until someone in authority took notice of Leigh's feelings and sent a battery of three anti-aircraft guns into the neighborhood to make it feel protected. The battery settled into the open space surrounding the bandstand at the end of the Promenade, less than two hundred yards from our front gate. The three guns were impressive enough by day, but we did not fully appreciate them until they began to fire. I woke instantly as the first slamming concussion jarred the house. Light from the muzzle flash pressed solidly against the outside of the windows, and as it died away the second gun fired, and then the third. While they were reloading, fumes of burned cordite drifted to us on the soft night air, and we heard another battery firing, wham, wham, wham, not so far away, on the other side of the town. Aunt Gwen took me into her bed and held me tightly to her body, but even so I could not help crying when the world began to shatter all over again. Mrs. Gentry did not appear, and as she had still not shown when the guns stopped, Miss Blood went to her room to see what had become of her. She was discovered curled up out of sight under her covers, seemingly too scared to move. Miss Blood comforted her, and Aunt Gwen made her some tea.

In the morning, however, the roles were reversed. At breakfast Aunt Gwen and Miss Blood were strained and shaken, while Mrs. Gentry, bustling in and out with fresh toast and hot water for the pot, was jollier than usual, and more like her lower-town self. "It was a proper caution last night, wasn't it, Miss Rees. It showed me up for a real jubilee juggins, believing in them 'ats. They wouldn't be a bit of good with stuff like that falling all over the option. It only shows—you can't believe a word of what they'll tell you."

She skimped the washing up, and gave the housework a lick and a promise. She couldn't wait to be off to see the gunners, whose performance in the



night had stolen all military glory from the chesty bandsmen of the past. Before it was eleven she had buttoned me into my coat, telling me that I was peaky and needed an airing. We almost ran out at the front gate and over the road, and within minutes we were among the tents, the sandbagged emplacements, the guns, and the soldiers.

A ruddy-faced sergeant lifted me, with an "Ups-a-daisy," to look in at the barrel of a gun so that I could see where the bangs came from. I expected it to be black inside, and was amazed by the glistening blaze of the spotless rifling swirling down to the empty breech.

Mrs. Gentry peeped in, too. She said, "I've never seen anything kep' so perfect; it's lovely." She looked round her with melting eyes.

The gunners were all Midlanders, territorials classed by their medical boards as unfit for overseas service. They were mostly men in their late forties, missing family life. They were especially vulnerable to Mrs. Gentry's full-blown kitchen charms; she wasn't just a bit of hot stuff—there was something about her which spoke of floury potatoes, flaky piecrust, and second helpings. They asked us in chorus to come back, any time we liked.

They made up to me as they would have made up to her dog, if she had come onto the site with one. I became something of a pet among their tents—at first a general pet, and then, in the course of another ten days or so, the particular pet of the man with the ruddy face, Sergeant Leatham. I carried little strips of folded paper from Mrs. Gentry to him, and he gave me other pieces of paper, generally folded into the shape of a box. Once, Mrs. Gentry showed me how his boxes opened out, saying delightedly, "Well, did you ever? Isn't Sergeant Leatham clever as a monkey, knowing 'ow to do that?"

I couldn't read what he had written, but I saw that he had put a border of "O"s and "X"s all the way round the four sides of the page, and I knew that they stood for hugs and kisses. I said, "Do you like Sergeant Leatham very much, Mrs. Gentry?"

She said, "Well now, nosy, you want to know everything, don't you?" Then she softened, looking over my head and out of the kitchen window. "He's what I'd call manly," she said, "and, if you can b'lieve 'alf what you 'ear, he's got a nice little business of his own. With prospec's, he says; he says 'is line's the coming thing." She stood in a dream until she said, "Well, I mus' get me work done."

A minute later she was doing the stairs and singing "Ka-ka-ka-Katy . . . Ka-ka-ka-Katy . . . Ta da dah da dee da dah da dada dee." Aunt Gwen came out of the living room and stood in the hall. "Please! Mrs. Gentry!"

"Oh, all right, ducky, I'll give over," Mrs. Gentry said.

A day or two later there was a scene. It began just after tea. Aunt Gwen and Bee both looked up to say that they could smell tobacco in the house. While they were remarking on it, and Bee was saying that she could almost swear she smelled a pipe, there was a burst of laughter from the kitchen. "Oh dear," said Aunt Gwen, "she has a man in there." She looked upset.

"It's all right," said Bee, "I'll see to it." She got up and went out.

Aunt Gwen looked unhappy. She caressed me absently, keeping an ear cocked for what was going on across the hall. She didn't like to interfere, but somebody had to. The war had brought all sorts of changes, but it was still impossible for two women living by themselves to keep a servant who entertained men in the kitchen.

Miss Blood came back a little flushed but with a twinkle in her eye. "It was the Sergeant," she said.

"I hope you didn't have any trouble with him?" Aunt Gwen said.

"Oh, no, he was very sweet and said he quite saw. Mrs. Gentry sulked, though. I said that in our position we really couldn't allow followers in the kitchen, and she said, 'Sergeant Leatham isn't a follower, ducky, 'e's my special friend.' "

Aunt Gwen put her hands over her ears in vexation. Then she said, "I don't know what to do about Mrs. Gentry. I feel I can't trust her any more. She's really gone to pieces lately, singing those awful songs, calling everybody 'ducky,' and being so—well, earthy all the time. I wouldn't be so worried if it weren't for the month when my concert series up north overlaps that repertory booking of yours. I really can't face leaving him alone with her all that time."

Bee said, "It's a shame about the guns."

"Oh, yes," Aunt Gwen said, "they've made all the difference."

I knew the guns were on the Promenade to protect us, and I knew what nice, careful men the gunners were, but the noise the guns made when they fired frightened me as much as ever. When they began, the brutal shock of the first round always made me scream. When I went to bed, I would lie waiting for them in dread, and often after I had dropped off, some small domestic noise, a footfall on the landing or a door closing downstairs, would wake me in terror.

"That boy is getting terribly pale and nervy," Bee said. "One or the other of us has had to go to him every single night this week; it can't be right."

Aunt Gwen said, "I'm at my wit's end. I don't know what to do."

"You ought to think of b-o-a-r-d-i-n-g s-c-h-o-o-l," Bee said, spelling it out.

"I have. But it seems so hard," Aunt

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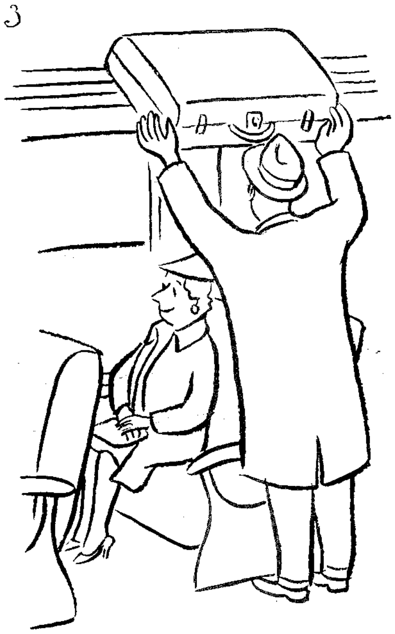

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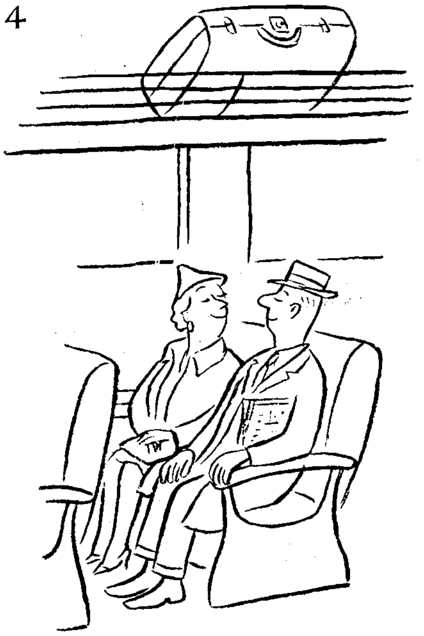

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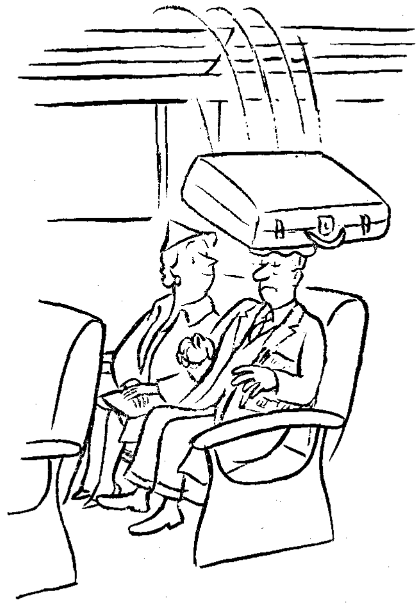

Gwen said. "I don't think I can do it." She bit her lip and sat silent. "But I don't see what else I can do," she said.

"At least it will get him away from the guns," Bee said comfortingly.

Before Aunt Gwen left me at my first school, a month later, she hugged me tightly and promised me that I wasn't going to be there for very long. "As soon as this horrid war's over, you'll come back home," she said.

"Will Bee and Mrs. Gentry be there still?" I asked.

"Yes," said Aunt Gwen, "we'll all be together again, I promise."

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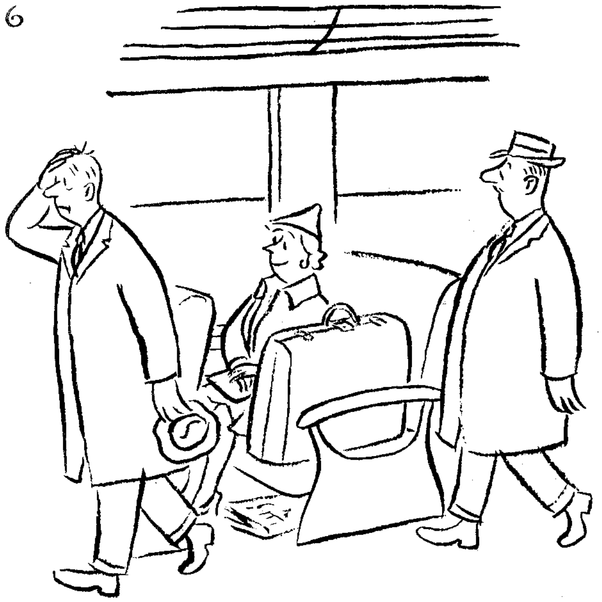

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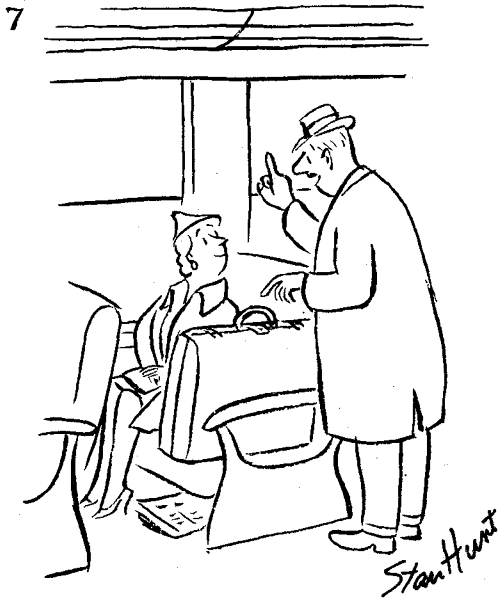

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WE were all together once again, as it so happened, for part of an afternoon, in London years later. We had all changed. My mother's face was no longer delicate; it was strong, and there was the touch of humor round her mouth. Her shoulders were broader and her arms stronger. She knew now what she was doing, and had no doubt of her ability to do it. She was beginning to be recognized as a pianist of the first rank in many countries outside England, she had a secretary, and the management which had her under contract treated her with deference. One morning when I was at home for the holidays, she spoke to me across the breakfast table. "What are you thinking of doing with yourself today?"

I said, "Peter Cross and I have a plan to take the steamer from the Westminster pier and go up the river to Richmond. We'll hire a boat and row about for a bit when we get there. We might have tea at Eel Pie Island and come back on the underground in time for dinner."

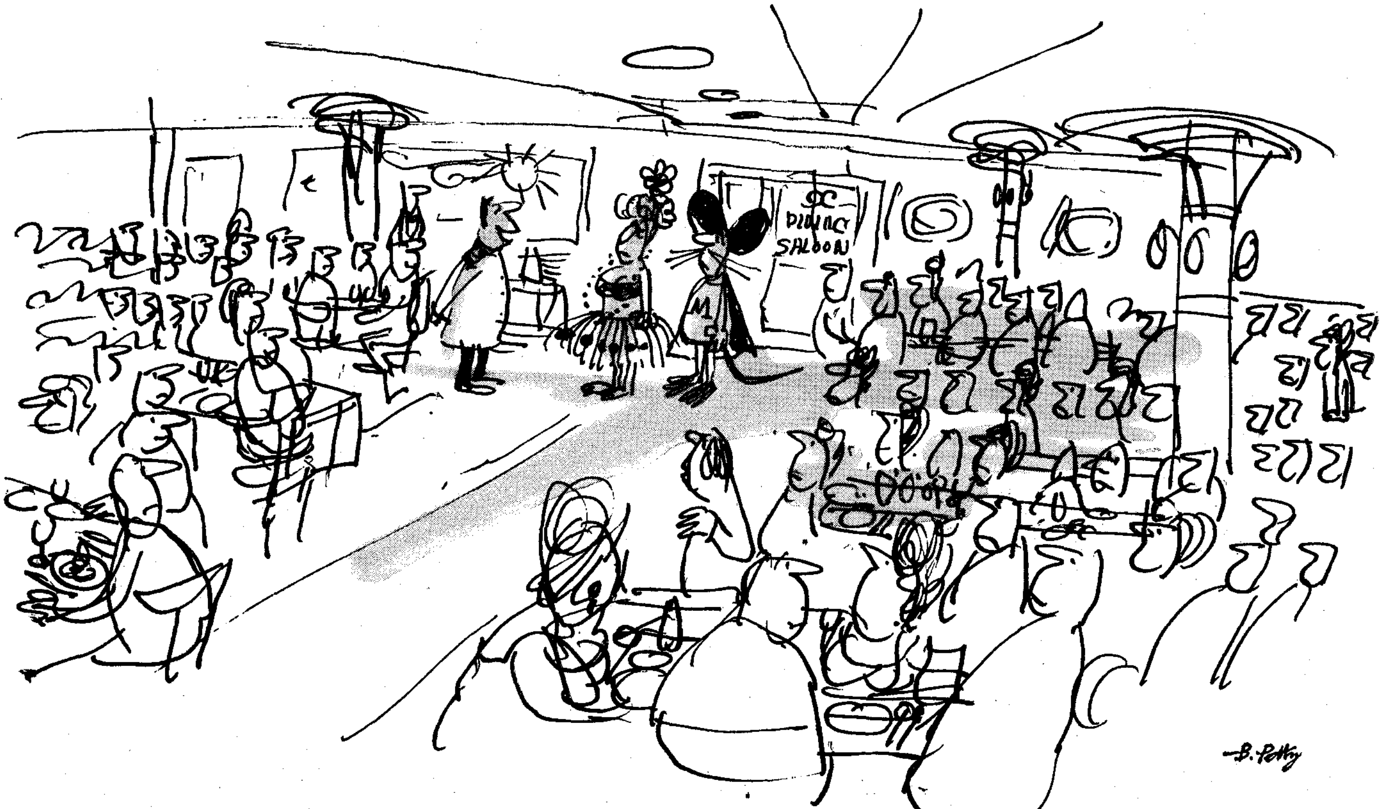
She said, "Oh dear," and paused. "I should have told you. Poor Bee is coming this afternoon. I know she'd love to see you."

I said, "Oh." Then I said, "It's all right. I'll call Peter and we'll go another time."

She said, "Bless you," and I went to the telephone.

She had become Poor Bee. She was stouter than she had been, and she never stepped out from behind the curtains in Act III any more. She was—she had to be—delighted when she got such notices as "Miss Fanny Parr was her usual competent self in the small but demanding part of Mrs. Marbury." She never complained, but she would occasionally say such things as "I'm afraid my style of acting isn't awfully fashionable just now," adding, "I'm sure this fad for underplaying won't last. I'll have my innings yet, David, you'll see." She borrowed from my mother from time to time, and always wept, and, always, said, "I'm going to pay all this back one day, I promise you, I really am." I once asked my mother what had happened to Bee, and she said, "Poor Bee. She was killed in the war."

We were all three sitting in the drawing room, making polite conversation that afternoon, when the maid came into the room and said, "There's a Mrs. Leatham at the door, Miss



"Fancy dress tomorrow night."

• •

Rees. She says she would like to see you if you could spare her a minute."

My mother said, "I don't know any Mrs. Leatham."

Bee looked up and said, "Aow yes you do, ducky."

"It isn't possible," my mother said. "I wonder what she wants?"

Mrs. Leatham pushed past the maid and said, "She doesn't want anything, ducky. It was just a fancy that come into my head—to come in and see 'ow you were getting along." She looked around the big room. "I see I can stop worrying where you're concerned, at any rate. Why, if it isn't Miss Blood!" she said. "And Master David, too. What a bit of luck!"

My mother asked her to sit down and offered her tea.

Mrs. Leatham said, "I'd love a cup, so long as it's not that wishy-washy China stuff. Try as I will, I can't get to like it." She turned to the maid. "Make me a nice cup of Indian, there's a dear, real strong." She had settled deeply into one of the big white armchairs. She said, "I 'ope one of you's going to say, 'What a lovely coat you got there, Mrs. Leatham,' because when you do, it'll give me the chance to say, 'It's ever so nice, isn't it? I do like sables.' And as for the pearls, they're real, too." She tucked her finger into the rope and lifted it to the level of the tip of her nose. She looked at us for a moment with a straight face, as if she had really come to us to show off, and then grinned. "Isn't it a lark, me in purple silk and pearls, with a packet of blooming money in me bag? You know how I come here? In me own car—Harry Leatham's, that is—driven by a uniformed show-fur. I say that all right, don't I? It give me trouble, though, till Harry wrote it out for me on a bit of paper. 'E said, ' 'Ere, old girl, try this: "show fur." ' And I said, 'What ever made me think it was difficult?' and 'e laughed like anything. 'E spends 'alf 'is time laughing at me, if the truth be told, but I've never regretted me marriage, not for a minute."

She paused and looked at Miss Blood. "I daresay you don't remember turning him out of Miss Rees' kitchen, do you, ducky? Ooh, he was angry. 'E could of killed you. 'E said, 'That settles it, old girl—it's marriage for us. I'm not 'aving no more of that.' I wasn't keen. My ma said it was daft. She said, 'What do you want with marriage at your time of life? You've got along well enough without it so far, 'aven't you? What do you want to go tying yer 'ands and making yourself some man's convenience in yore position? You marry 'im an' it'll be fetch an' carry for the rest of your life or 'is, you'll see. 'Aven't you got no self-respec'?' But in the end I listened to 'im and not to 'er, and 'ere I am, a married woman, so help me!" She burst into noisy laughter.

Bee said, "But you *were* married—everybody in Leigh called you 'Mrs. Gentry'!"

Mrs. Leatham chuckled. "You two was proper green, to be took in by that, if you'll forgive me saying so. It was just a manner of speaking. After my boy Stan come, people just dropped into the way of it—out of politeness, you might say." She leaned back as the maid came in with her Indian tea. "Harry's little business was cinemas. We have the fourteen houses now, an' there's other things. Harry certainly 'as the knack when it comes to making money."

Bee interrupted again, with a peculiar intensity in her voice. "Are you happy, Mrs. Leatham? Can you say you're happy?"

"Now, Bee!" said my mother.

"It's a fair question," Mrs. Leatham said. "There's no 'arm in it." She examined Bee's shabby-genteel appearance, and went on. "I'm not sure what you mean by 'appy, dear. I dunno very much about that. I was always one for larks, myself. I never 'ad too much time for thinking about being 'appy." She fingered her pearl necklace. "But there you are, I was born one of the lucky ones."

—Anthony West

•

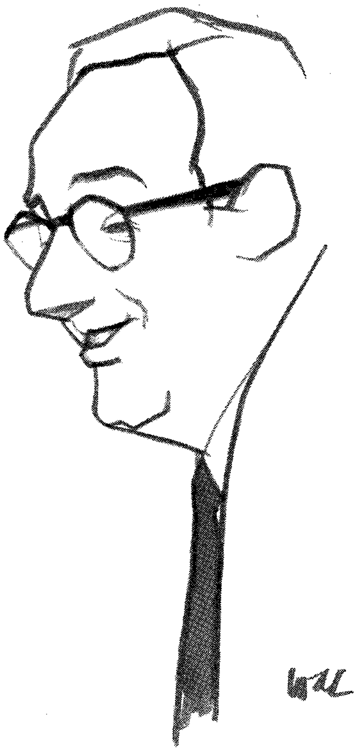
James Joyce once wrote "... only God can make a tree."—*Photograph caption in the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

You'll find it in "Fennemans Wake."

PROFILES

THE ONE-TON PENCIL

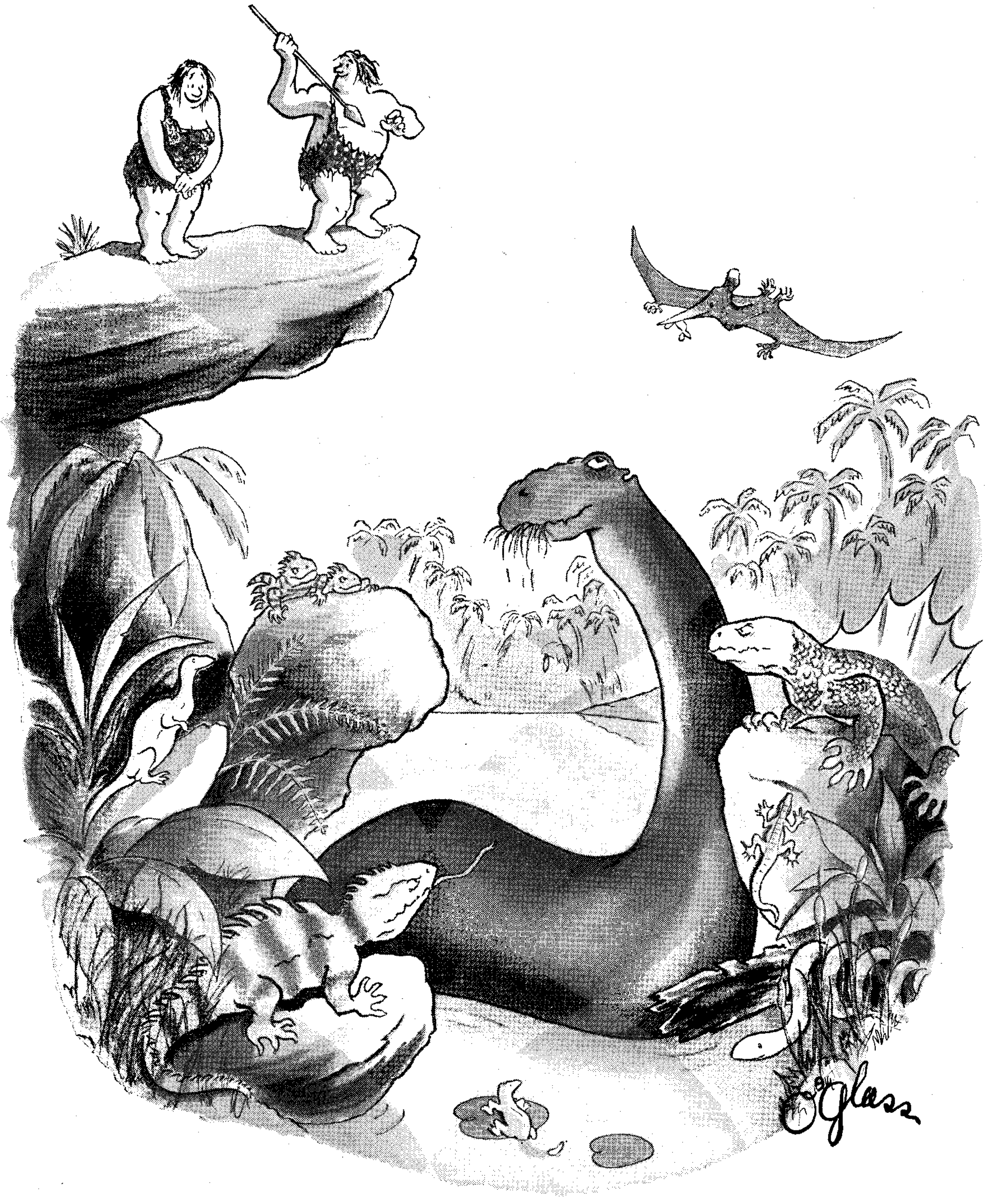
NOTWITHSTANDING the many false faces of life that television casts upon the home screen, it is a medium that has a peculiar capacity for conveying glimpses of the real world, and sometimes, when its cameras and microphones are used for the purpose of dealing with actualities rather than of passing along the canned daydreams that make up most programs, the results can prove absorbing even to people who normally don't bother with the medium. The bulk of the networks' journalistic activities consists in covering the day-to-day news and such big special events as the political conventions and the national elections. Beyond this area, however, the broadcasters have lately been increasingly active in the production of live or filmed documentary programs that survey aspects of contemporary affairs not necessarily in the immediate news. Ordinarily, a documentary is presented not as an isolated production but as a part of a series of factual programs bearing some proprietary title—for example, "N.B.C. White Paper," "C.B.S. Reports," or the American Broadcasting Company's "Close-Up!" The contents of documentary programs are extremely diverse. Within the past year or so, a viewer could have encountered on the network of the National Broadcasting Company a program on the problems of the declining American railroad industry, or one on the Peace Corps. If he had chanced to turn to the Columbia Broadcasting System, he could have spent an hour learning about the imminent world water shortage, or about the state of our civil defense. And on A.B.C. he could have come across an exposition of the intricacies of automation, or of the problem of student dropout in the public schools. Documentaries are nothing new to network television, but the current profusion of them is. Three years ago, the documentaries on the air were so few as to be hardly noticeable, but since then—and since the quiz scandals that caused such a public outcry against the industry—the networks have been expanding their journalistic operations, and right now the production of television documentaries is flourishing as it has never flourished before. In fact, putting together such programs seems to have grown into a journalistic profession in itself—a clamorously active occupation, distinct from ordinary newscasting, from the show-business end of television, and from printed-word reporting—which has been developing its own forms of expression, its own stylistic techniques, and its own breed of journalist.



Fred W. Friendly

Of all the people who have been responsible over the past few years for developing the television documentary, none is more active, or better known in the industry, than Fred W. Friendly, of C.B.S. Friendly has been working with the television-documentary form for as long as the networks have been sending their programs across the continent. For seven years, beginning in 1951, he was co-producer, with Edward R. Murrow, of "See It Now," a C.B.S. series that was probably most memorable for a study of Senator Joseph McCarthy (1954) and for an interview with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer (1955). Since 1959, Friendly has been the executive producer of "C.B.S. Reports," a series of documentaries, most of them an hour long, presented, on a variable schedule, approximately three times a month, under titles that have included "The Population Explosion," "Biography of a Missile," "Biography of a Bookie Joint," "Censorship and the Movies," "Eisenhower on the Presidency," "Can We Disarm?," and "East Germany: The Land Beyond the Wall." As the man responsible for "C.B.S. Reports," Friendly controls the biggest single documentary operation in television and he supervises the activities of ten subordinate producers and a score of assistants, who make up a semi-autonomous unit within the C.B.S. news department. During the present season, these production people will put together, under Friendly's direction, twenty hour-long and four half-hour-long programs—a formidable task in the face of difficulties that include months of filming on location for many of the documentaries, and extraordinary exertions to produce others under emergency-deadline conditions.

In the process of getting this task accomplished, Friendly, a big, loose-limbed man of forty-six, tackles his highly variegated duties with a hustling energy and enthusiasm unusual even in the television business. He has a sense of mission that he tends to apply full blast to any project that he undertakes, and since he is always involved in as many as a dozen widely scattered projects—recently these included keeping in touch with a crew he had dispatched to the Tigris and Euphrates to investigate the problem of water conservation ("The Water Famine"), with a crew he had sent to London to interview Angry Young Men ("Britain: Blood, Sweat, and Tears Plus Twenty"), and with a crew who had gone to the Amazon Basin to investigate the political, economic, and social situation in that region ("Brazil: The Rude Awakening")—he exists in a state of compound excitement that seems incapable of diminution. Michael Dann, the C.B.S. vice-president in charge of East Coast network programming, says of Friendly, "I never knew a man who could get so worked up about a subject. Gee, when he was working on Polaris ["The Year of the Polaris," a documentary about our submarine-launched missiles], he sounded as though he was going to get one for his back yard." Most of the time, Friendly's energies emanate either from his office, on the seventeenth floor of the C.B.S. building, on Madison Avenue, or from a C.B.S. screening room, on Ninth Avenue, where he views nearly all the film that his camera crews turn out; however, he also spends a considerable amount of time out of town, overseeing filming on location, and on these missions, too, his hustling qualities quickly make themselves apparent. "Fred Friendly always looks as though he had just got off a



"Gee, Oolak, I just can't decide. Everything looks so delicious."

• •

foam-flecked horse," Carl Sandburg once wrote in *Variety* after a few meetings with Friendly on location in North Carolina. Friendly's get-it-done quality was much in evidence when, last spring, he flew down to Huntsville, Alabama, in the process of making a "C.B.S. Reports" documentary entitled "Why Man in Space?" There, at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's George C. Marshall Space Flight Center, he ordered his camera crew into a building where technicians were assembling a Saturn rocket booster. Inside, to the sound of riveting guns and so forth, the rocket people were swarming all over the recumbent rocket, the high priority rating of the project impelling them to maximum effort, but within a few minutes after Friendly got into action, striding here and there and ordering his cameramen about ("Get those engines! I want all eight of them in the shot! And I want a pan shot right along here. I want the works!"), the C.B.S. producer and his crew looked to be by far the busiest men in the place.

Friendly's talent for pouring out energy is an invaluable one in a profession where the problem of just getting from one place to another is so much more complicated than it is for people who work in printed journalism. As a rule, when a reporter for a newspaper or magazine goes out on the job, the basic tools he needs for describing what he sees and hears—assuming that he wants to make notes on the spot—can easily be carried in his pocket; if the assignment takes him to another city, he may take a portable typewriter along. But when a man who is making a television documentary goes out to record a scene or an interview, a typewriter, if he brings one at all, is the least of his burdens. His business requires him to be accompanied by a tremendous clutter of equipment—one or two thousand pounds of motion-picture cameras, extra lenses, big lights and reflectors, power converters, great coils of cable, bulky boxes of film, microphone hookups, and sound-recording equipment. And he must also be accompanied by the people who operate all these devices, at the very least a cameraman, an assistant cameraman, a sound man, and an electrician. Since the making of each documentary program involves the filming of dozens or scores of scenes, at spots that may be far apart—and are sometimes continents apart—the sheer logistic work necessary to keep half a dozen documentaries in active production at one time is something like the job of keeping a small but perpetual Berlin airlift going. Friendly regards such arduous exercises as a natural and unavoidable part of his everyday existence. "We work with a one-ton pencil," he says of his brand of journalism.

THE amount and unwieldiness of the equipment that Friendly finds necessary in the production of documentaries inevitably affect their form and, to a certain extent, the programs' content. The television documentary, to begin with, is not a particularly flexible form of expression, since its scope tends to be limited by the very thing that gives television its unique power; namely, visual directness. Then, because of the nature of the medium, every word spoken on it ordinarily has to be accompanied by some sort of image, whether it is the

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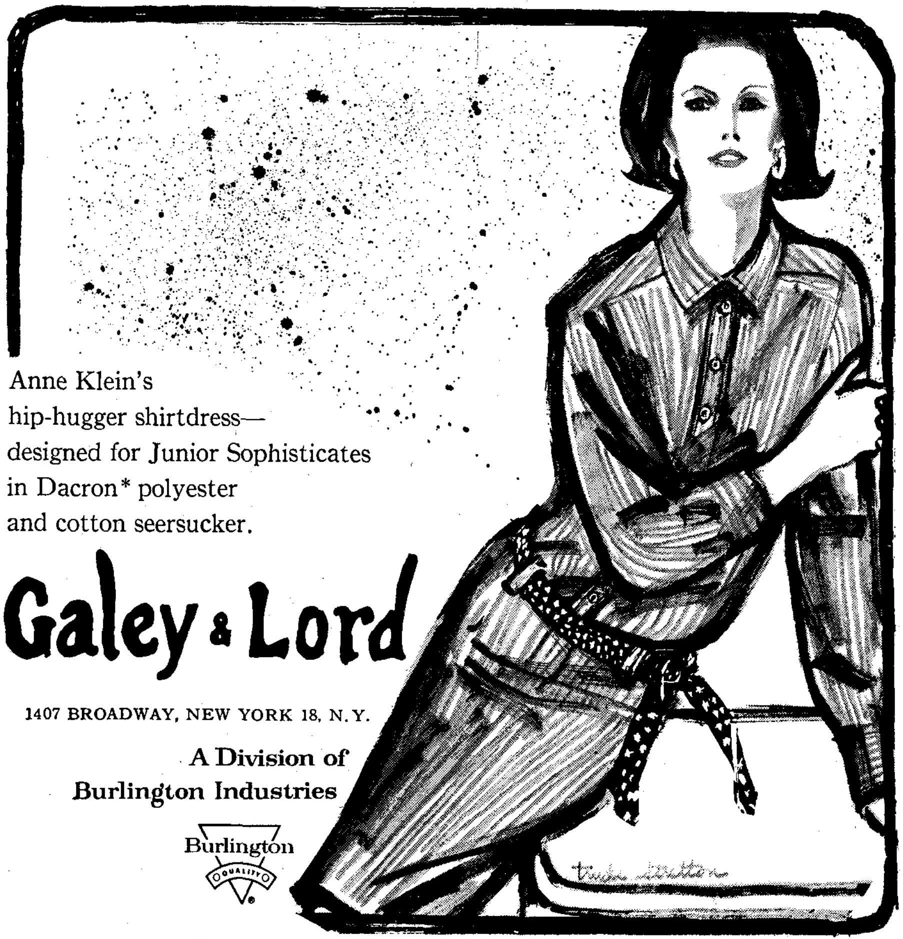
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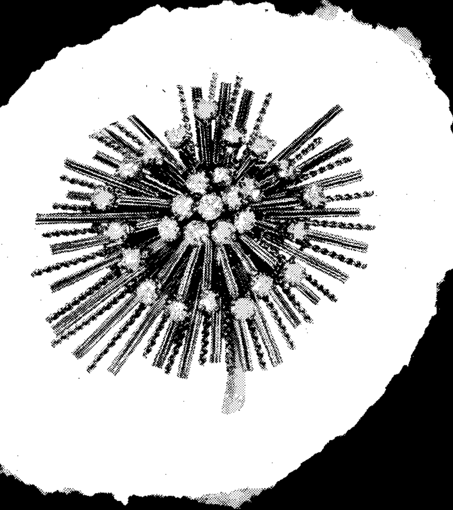
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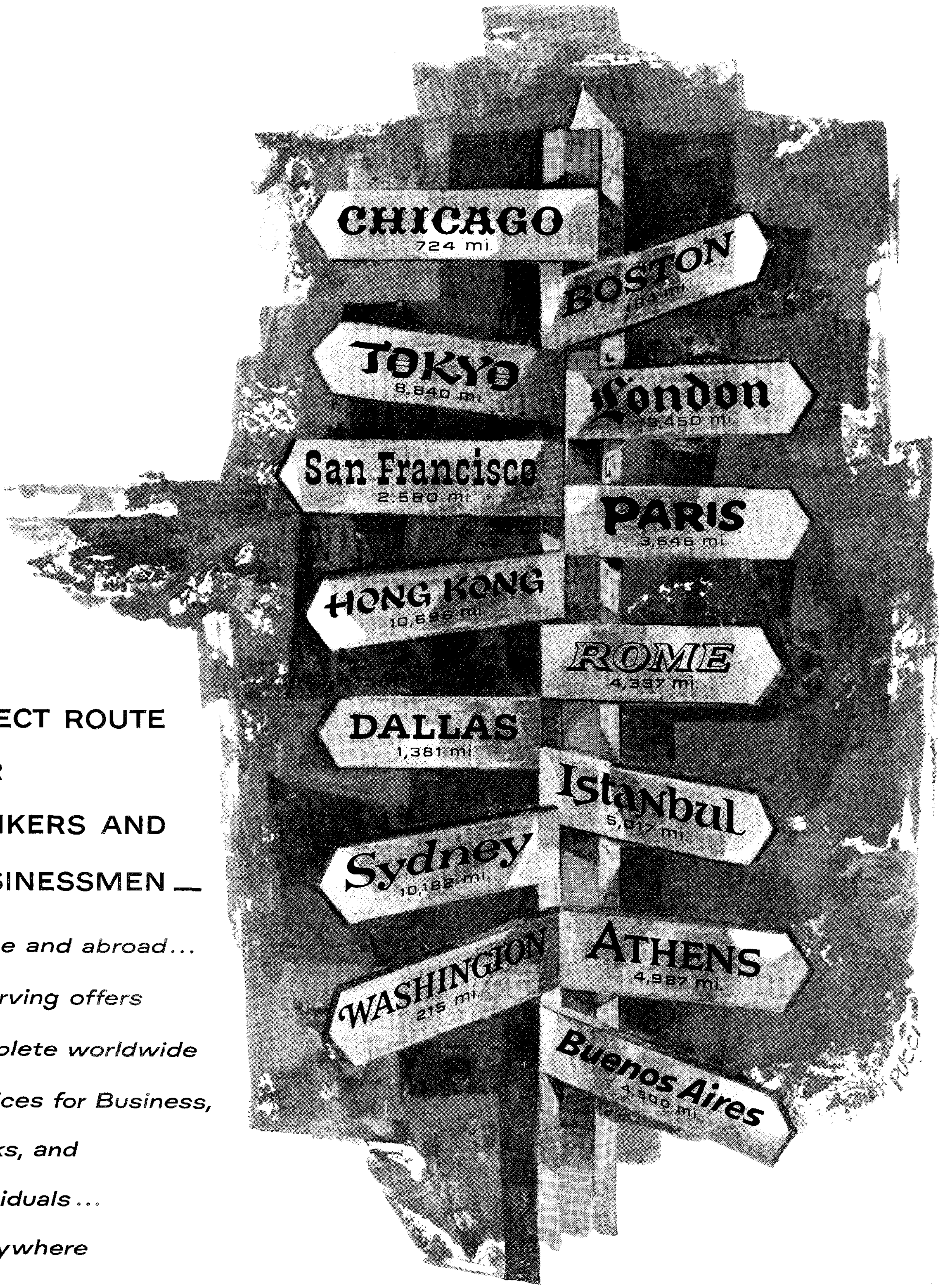
image of the man who is doing the speaking or an image connected with what he is speaking about, and this situation makes for difficulties in the verbal presentation of ideas that can't readily be matched to pictures on the screen. It is difficult to attempt to make, and almost impossible to succeed in making, any detailed reconstruction of events that have not already been extensively recorded on film. The producers of documentaries like those in the C.B.S. historical series "The Twentieth Century" can make interesting use of old film clips from, say, the First World War, but the producer who is concerned with performing a contemporary journalistic function, as distinct from a historical one, cannot command anything like the flexibility of form that is possible with the printed word. He doesn't have the same liberty to fuse subjective observations and objectively described action. He doesn't have the same freedom to summarize what he sees, for he can't compress the film he shoots, as a writer can compress his observations; he can only slice the film up into smaller pieces and reconnect some of them, possibly using some narrative material as a kind of verbal cement. He has the means of quoting a subject with undeniable accuracy—all too undeniable, sometimes, for the tastes of some politicians—but he can't paraphrase what his subject is saying except through some such rather awkward device as background narration. And since for most practical purposes he can't readily move back and forth through time as an observer, the tense in which he expresses himself—if the television image can be said to have tenses—is pretty much limited to the present. Nor is this all, for while the maker of television documentaries has the means of recording with great precision what appears in front of his cameras, the very equipment that enables him to do this also encumbers him in his attempt to depict every situation truly. A conventional journalist can go into a room, get interviews with some of the people present, and then depart without having noticeably intruded upon the proceedings. The arrival of a network television camera crew, however, is an event in itself, and for many people in a room may overshadow in importance anything else that is taking place there. People stop what they're doing; they're going to be on TV. The place, packed with lights, cables, cameras, recording equipment, and camera crew, is transformed from a room into a motion-picture set, and into the middle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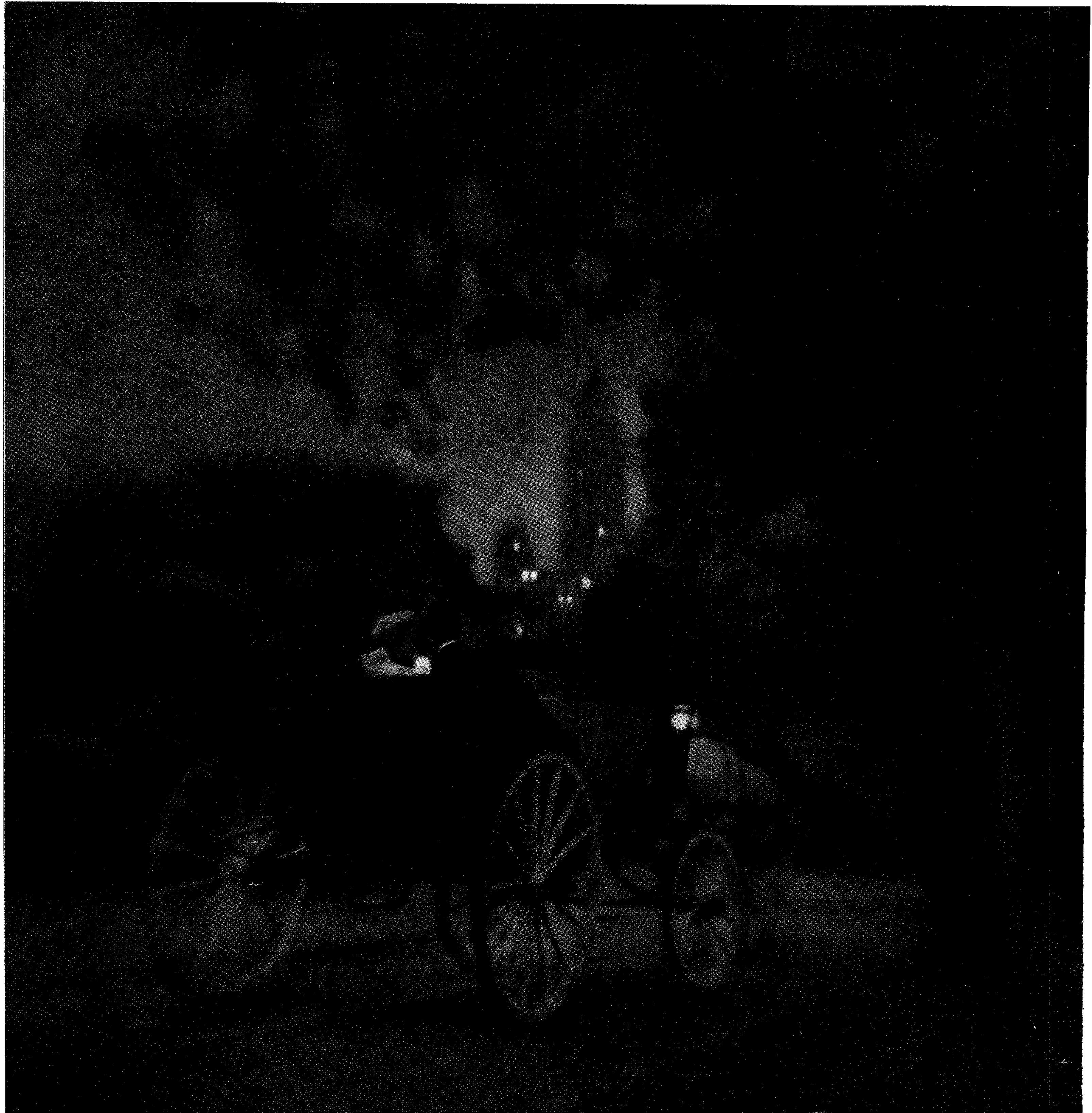

80 PROOF

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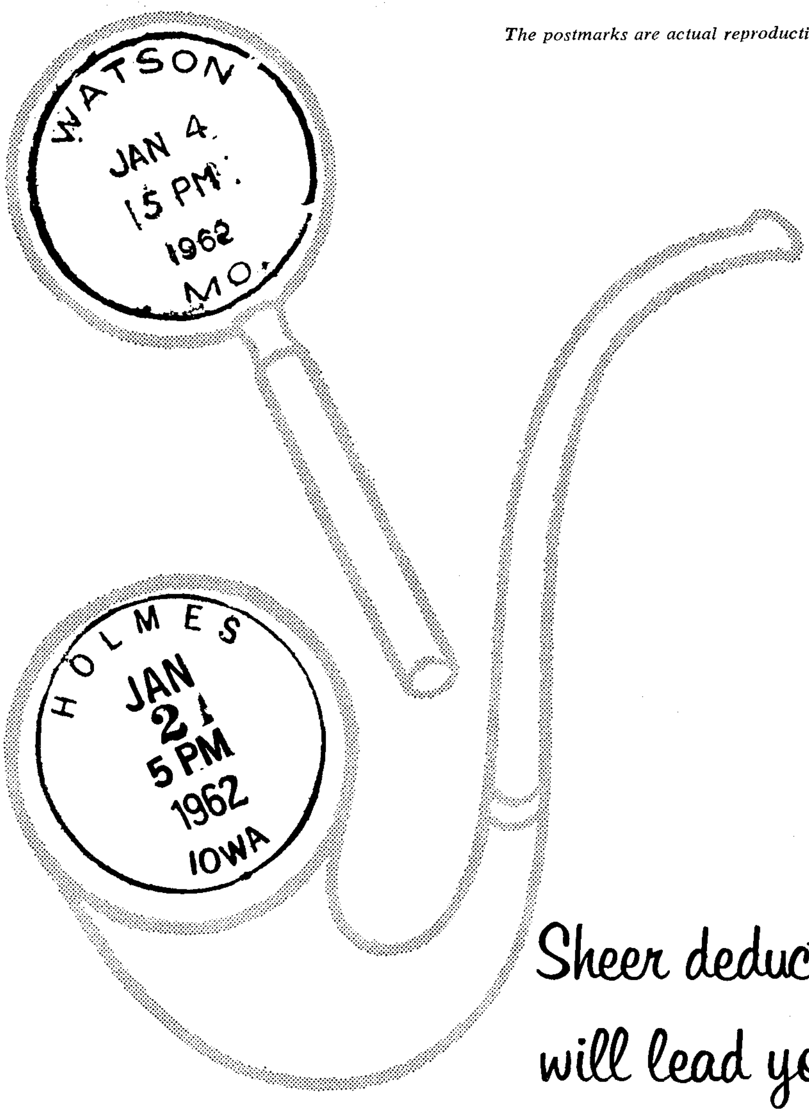
of this set, when all is ready, the interviewees, one by one, are finally led, a lapel microphone hung around each man's neck like a noose, to be questioned under the stare of the lenses and hot lights.

Holding the mirror up to nature under such circumstances is not easy, and this is particularly so in Friendly's case, because most of his documentaries consist in large measure of interviews. Friendly is well aware of this inherent difficulty, and he uses a number of countermeasures for minimizing it—and, he believes, in many cases overcoming it. The principal countermeasure is his method of selecting people who are going to appear and talk on the screen. Because he realizes only too well that the paraphernalia of television film-making have an intimidating effect on many subjects—some people are simply floored by the experience of being faced by all the lights, the lenses, and the microphones—he does his best to choose people who feel so strongly about what they have to say that their sense of conviction will override their natural uneasiness in the face of the mass of equipment pointed at them. Friendly is assisted, of course, by the subject matter of his documentaries, which frequently involve issues that invite firm expressions of opinion. However, he must be constantly on the lookout for the sort of personal forcefulness that will not dissolve—or, better yet, is even capable of blooming—under lights that total three thousand watts, no matter what the subject matter may be. "We want to deal with people who are *involved*" is one of Friendly's several ways of describing the kind of person he tries to get on camera. Among his other ways of putting it are that the subject must be "able to communicate," or must "come through," or that he should be "a man with fire in his belly." Not everybody who is "involved" necessarily has the ability to "come through," however. The fire that is in a man's belly may not necessarily flare up on the screen. Some people who meet Friendly's specifications for strong involvement falter under the lights—one of them has described the business of being interviewed amid all the gear of a Friendly production as "a shattering experience"—and they fail to project themselves any farther than a scrap-film bin in the cutting room. A series of such near-misses on the part of people interviewed for a particular program can cause Friendly to drop the project in question altogether. There is little room in his scheme of things for people who have a passive attitude to-



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Max Shulman on

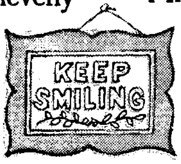
THE FLEETING MOMENT OF PERFECT FLAVOR

The peas will soon be ripe on the vine again, and I am far from home. This year other hands will pluck and shell the peas, women's hands and boys' from the schools, and I cannot be with them. But I can wish them well and set down here what a deal of comfort it will afford me to know that they, in Le Sueur, Minnesota, are carrying on the work.

Max Shulman, author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf" and the current television series "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," wrote the article from which this is condensed while attending the University of Minnesota. It appeared in the April, 1945, issue of Northwest Life Magazine.

I shall never forget my first summer at Le Sueur. It was entirely the lure of money that brought me to Le Sueur the first time. "Green Giant is paying big wages," my friends told me then. School was out. I had run up considerable debts during an evanescent romance with a Chi Omega who finally threw me over in favor of a man who smoked a pipe, and it was simply a matter of taking the job that paid the best money. If Green Giant was paying good wages, then to Le Sueur I would go.

But almost as soon as I arrived, I knew that this was no ordinary job to be picked and chosen solely on a basis of returns therefrom. As I disembarked from the train with all the other young men, I saw a line of trim, green vans waiting at the siding. "Hop in, gentlemen," called a smiling page clad in green livery cleverly cut to resemble a pea pod. We boarded the vans and were whisked to the auditorium of the Green Giant cannery, green and resplendent on the edge of town. We filled the green seats in the green auditorium and waited. Soon the page appeared on the green-curtained dais in the front of the room.



"Gentlemen," he said. "The Green Giant, himself."

The curtains parted, and there stood before us a grinning, green pituitary case, at least eight feet tall. "I am the Green Giant," he boomed.

A little thrill ran through the audience.

He continued: "You men are here to do more than a job. You have not come here simply to pick and can peas."

An excited murmur could be heard among the listeners.

"True," he admitted fairly, "you *are* going to pick and can peas."

There were sighs of relief and a general relaxation.

"But you are not *just* going to pick and can peas."

Angry voices were raised, and a fist fight started in the penultimate row.

He raised a green palm for order. When it was perfectly quiet, he said slowly and clearly, "You are going to pick and can peas *at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*"

The page smirked and drew the curtains. "Yes, gentlemen," said the page, "*at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.* What does that mean? You will soon learn."

"Now! Tell us now!" shouted the audience.

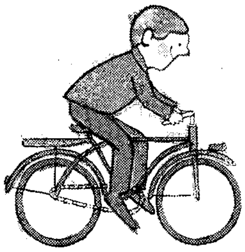
The page shrugged. He leaned forward confidentially. "Why, gentlemen, do you suppose that Green Giants are America's favorite peas? Huh? I'll tell you why." He brought his fist down on his palm with each syllable. "Because they are packed *at the fleeting moment of perfect*

(*Advertisement*)

flavor. Not too soon, not too late, but at the very instant, the very split second, that they have achieved their succulent destinies. But it is a fleeting moment, gentlemen. Green Giant research has proved that a pea is a two face. A pea will attain perfect flavor, the fleeting moment will pass, but for days afterwards to the lay eye it will appear a perfectly flavorful pea. This, gentlemen, although the little enzymes of decay are already far advanced in their despoiling labors.

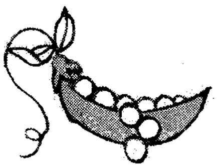
"Therefore, we watch, we wait, we strike. At the fleeting moment of perfect flavor, we pick and we can. Not before. Not after."

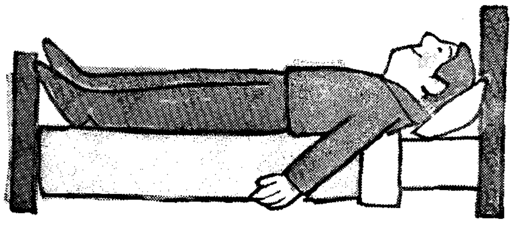
Now there was wild cheering. We all called for the Green Giant himself, to return, and he obliged with a brief bow. At last, laughing and jostling, we made our reluctant departures.



The next few weeks were filled with tension. Were it not for the "Keep Smiling" signs placed in our quarters, I fear many would have broken under the strain. As it was, a few weaker ones were sent home gibbering, but we learned after the pack was in that our bunch that year set the normalcy record at 91.83%. (It was broken in 1941 with a flat 94%, but during that year they issued a gram of laudanum to each man daily, so I am sure that our record still holds for its kind.)

My work, I can say in all modesty, was particularly nerve wracking. I was "ready man" in the pea field. It was my job to stand by and be ready at the signal from the pea chemist to hop on my bicycle, race into town, and spread the alarm. My job was made even more harassing because the pea chemist had a tic, a nervous reaction from an unhappy childhood during which his father, a religious fanatic, made him stay in the house to pump the hand organ for family hymns while all the other kids were out playing. The chemist's tic was in the form of a quick, spasmodic nodding of the head. Often when he tested the peas, he would begin to nod, and I, thinking the fleeting moment was at hand, would hop on my bicycle and start for town only to be called back angrily.





So passed the long days and interminable nights, and I thought I must go mad. But finally it happened. In the small hours of a midsummer night, the chemist made his test and turned to me with a strange expression on his face. "This is it," he said quietly.

"This is it," I echoed.

"Don't stand there, boy!" he shouted. "Wake the populace."

Down the moonlit highway and into the sleeping streets of Le Sueur I pedaled as rapidly as my young legs would churn. "Awake!" I cried. "It is the fleeting moment of perfect flavor!"

Instantly the workers, well trained for the fleeting moment, sprung from their beds, hopped into their boots, slid down the poles to the ground floor. The green vans were already in the streets. In a trice they were loaded and speeding to the floodlighted pea field. Like locusts the men moved through the vines. Within the hour the field was stripped.

Back now to the cannery careened the vans filled with peas and men. Inside the green walls shining machinery thrummed, water bubbled in gleaming cauldrons. Like clockwork trained fingers shelled the pods, started the peas down the assembly lines. Water, salt, cans, boiling, sealing, labeling, crating — the process moved as deftly and flawlessly as surgery.

As dawn brightened the east, the last can was placed in the last crate. We shook hands all around, not speaking. Suddenly the Green Giant, himself, appeared on the balcony overlooking the canning floor. He said two simple words: "Well done."

I went home tired but exhilarated and flung myself on the bed. But I did not sleep. All that day and the next night bands of workers passed my window singing the Green Giant song, which is set to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Smiling, my eyes half closed, I softly sang with them:

The moment of flavor is fleeting:
The peas become crisped and sere.
They'll soon be unsuited for eating,
So here's what we've made our career,
To pick peas,
Pick peas,
Pick them 'twixt finger an' thumb,
an' thumb,
Pick Peas,
Pick Peas,
Pick them on ti-ime, by gum!

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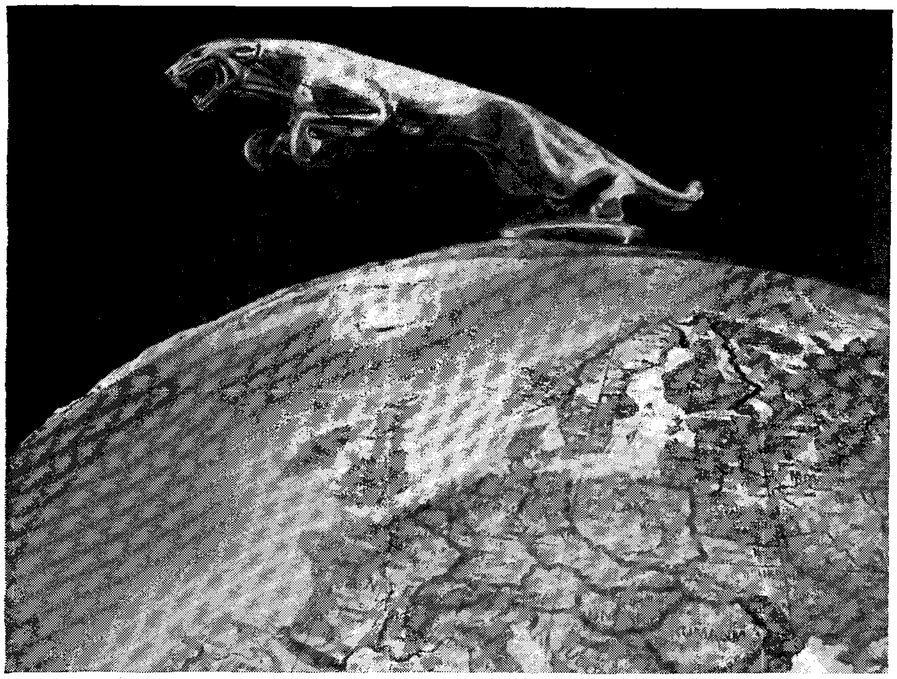
ward the world—a category that today seems to be a fairly large one—or for people whom he regards as being stoically inclined. For years, Friendly has been thinking of doing a "C.B.S. Reports" documentary on the Navajo Indians, in Arizona, but so far he hasn't been able to find any Navajos who seem talkative enough for his purposes. For this reason, among others, the Navajo project has yet to be carried out. "I wish we could get hold of more Indians with fire in their bellies," Friendly said thoughtfully a while ago to one of his producers.

The presence of inner fire and the faculty for communicating or coming through are among the first things Friendly inquires about when he is thinking of asking someone to appear on "C.B.S. Reports." Early last summer, for example, he got the idea of making a documentary on ancient Greece in which viewers would have as their guide and commentator an authority on that civilization. He thought of asking Robert Graves to serve as the commentator, and since Graves happened to be in New York, where he was to give a lecture at Columbia in a day or so, Friendly had a talk with him and then dispatched his right-hand man, Palmer Williams, director of operations for "C.B.S. Reports," to hear the lecture. "Palmer, does he *communicate*?" Friendly asked when Williams returned from the lecture. Williams indicated that he wasn't altogether sure. That seemed to settle the poet. A few days later, Friendly spent an evening with Edith Hamilton, and was highly enthusiastic. "She's *got* it!" he said. "To hear her recite a few words of Aeschylus! And just the thought of transporting this frail ninety-four-year-old woman by jet to Athens! Just think of it!" Friendly is still just thinking of it.

When Friendly believes he has found a person in whom the qualities of involvement and communicativeness are present to a sufficient degree, he demonstrates a remarkable ability to get that person stirred up about television. Friendly moves in with such energy and enthusiasm that resisting his overtures can become a very difficult matter. Among those who have initially held out against Friendly's suggestions that they appear on his programs and have later surrendered are such diverse personalities as General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Walter Lippmann, and Admiral Hyman Rickover. General Eisenhower, a rather diffident and frequently stumbling speaker on television when he was President, was at first very dubious when Friendly, with the backing of William S. Paley, chairman of the



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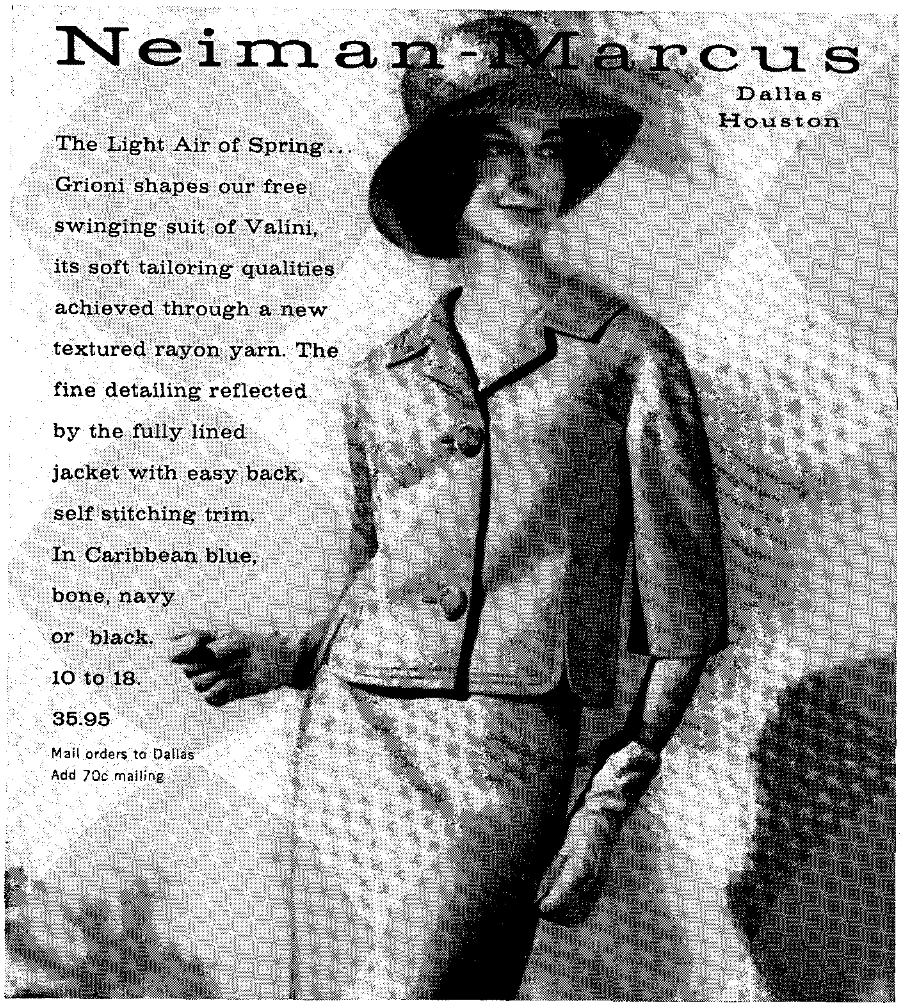
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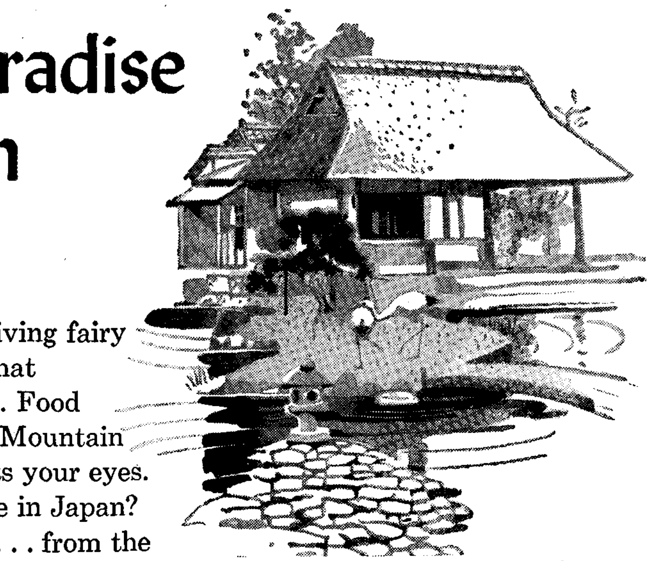

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board of C.B.S., suggested that he allow himself to be the subject of a series of interviews on "C.B.S. Reports," but when Friendly had completed the project, after a total of some ten days of filming in Gettysburg, Eisenhower conveyed on the screen a personal warmth such as was perhaps unmatched in any of his television appearances during his Presidency.

Admiral Rickover, who does not have the reputation of being an easy man to handle, had his first encounter with Friendly in 1956, when Friendly called on him to ask his coöperation in the production of a program, for the C.B.S. series "See It Now," dealing with the Navy's atomic-submarine building program. The Admiral greeted Friendly by looking the producer hard in the eye and saying, "Friendly, I don't need you," but within a few weeks he was so deeply involved in the project that he was telephoning Friendly at all hours. ("Fred? Got a pencil? Take this down!") Four years later, Rickover was similarly coöperative when "C.B.S. Reports" made "The Year of the Polaris."

Walter Lippmann, who through most of his career made a point of avoiding personal public appearances, for years spurned all sorts of attempts by television networks to get him to make an appearance on the screen. In the fall of 1960, Friendly went after him, and after a struggle Lippmann, as Friendly puts it, "was dragged in kicking and screaming" to be interviewed for an hour-long program. Lippmann himself puts it this way: "Friendly came to lunch with me in Washington and began to draw me out about appearing on a filmed program. He pushed—he's a tremendous salesman, this fellow. Finally I said, 'I'll think about it, but if I do it I want to have control over what comes out.' He said, 'I'll give you an agreement and if you don't like the result we'll burn the film.' That was a challenge." The result was a program entitled "Walter Lippmann on Leadership," in which Lippmann, interviewed by Howard K. Smith, talked for an hour on the eight years of the Eisenhower administration and on other matters. The program was so successful that Lippmann made another hour-long appearance on "C.B.S. Reports" last summer, and a half-hour appearance in December, and there is a good chance that such talks will become an institution.

SUCH successes on Friendly's part are due not only to his energy and persuasiveness but also to his production

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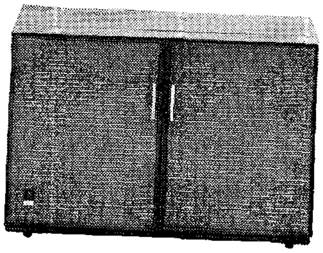

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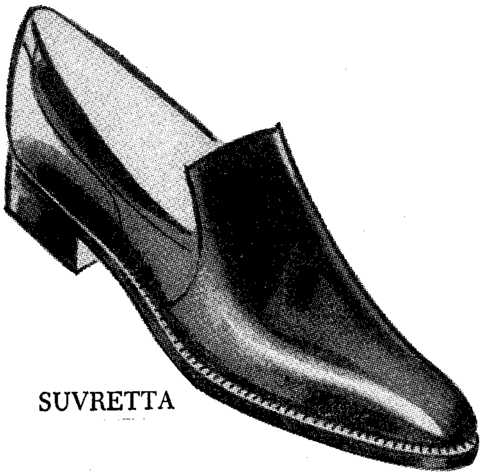

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techniques. What Friendly sets out to do with people who become subjects of his documentaries—whether, like Eisenhower, Lippmann, or Carl Sandburg, they are on the screen for a whole hour at a time, or whether, like a number of Negro and white Southerners on a program called "Who Speaks for the South?," they appear only briefly—is to make the best use of television's unusual ability to emphasize essential personal qualities. Anybody who has watched a man being interviewed for a Friendly production and has then seen the same interview on television cannot help being struck by the contrast between the relatively ordinary, everyday quality of the man's voice and demeanor when he is observed from just behind the semicircle of paraphernalia during the interview and the active, engaged, responsive air the same subject seems to acquire when he is seen in a closeup on the television screen. In the flesh, a man's face is, after all, only part of him, but in a closeup it becomes, suddenly, all of him. Every facial movement or gesture is heightened in effect, and every accompanying vocal inflection is correspondingly stressed, with the result that the whole personality of the man is peculiarly concentrated and revealed. This ability of television to accentuate character gives Friendly an opportunity to make his subjects, as he puts it, "larger than life," and it is into the job of encouraging this mysterious magnifying process that Friendly flings the full force of his professional energy.

Essentially, Friendly's art consists in selecting and juxtaposing various filmed sequences taken from the enormous mass of such material that is gathered on whatever subject he tackles. His method is such that he does not attempt to put words in the mouth of anyone who is interviewed, nor does he really attempt to control a man's demeanor before the camera. But before a single shot is made he does devote a great deal of care to the manner in which the subject of an interview will be questioned by the interviewer, to the manner in which the subject will be photographed while he talks, and to the physical arrangement of the apparatus. As things are arranged in a Friendly production, the equipment can be operated with so little waste motion that its obtrusiveness is reduced to a minimum; on the other hand, its presence can, if necessary, be used as a psychological means of prodding the man being interviewed into greater communicativeness. Last spring, when Friendly and a production crew went

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down to the Eisenhower estate at Gettysburg, Friendly knew in advance, thanks to his production men's efforts, just how the interviews were to be conducted, and where. The room in which most of the shooting was to take place—Eisenhower's office—had already been chosen, and the entire layout of cameras, lights, recording equipment, and so on, had been blocked out on an architect's plan of the house. And thanks to work done with Walter Cronkite, who was to conduct the interviews, and with Ed Jones, the producer assigned to the project, he also knew substantially what questions were to be put to Eisenhower. Every man in the production crew knew not only just what to do but how to do it with a minimum of physical movement, and how to keep the mechanical distractions of the filming process at the lowest possible level. Friendly even instructed his men to dispense with the noise of the clapstick—the diagonally striped wooden bar, hinged to the top of a slate, that a camera assistant ordinarily claps down smartly at the beginning of each scene—an unusual concession, since the clapstick is considered necessary to enable people in the cutting room to synchronize the film image with the accompanying sound track, each of these customarily being recorded on separate reels of film. Friendly used two thirty-five-millimetre cameras for the interviews, and he was able to avoid the normal interruptions required for changing film (a thousand-foot reel of thirty-five-millimetre film lasts for eleven minutes of continuous shooting) by operating the two cameras so that one was always going while the film in the other was being replaced. The first day, Friendly kept the cameras running for a total of four hours, with only one five-minute break at the end of two hours. By the time that break came, the camera motors were so hot from continuous use that they had to be changed. As for Eisenhower, he seemed very much at ease during the entire four hours. He was amazed that a television appearance could go so smoothly and with so little fuss, he told Friendly later.

THE lengths to which Friendly was prepared to go for the purpose of getting the most out of the Eisenhower interviews were admittedly unusual by his own standards, yet they did not result in arrangements very different from the ones he normally makes in filming a long interview with somebody like Lippmann or Sandburg—and for that matter, even during relatively minor interviews his production men are care-

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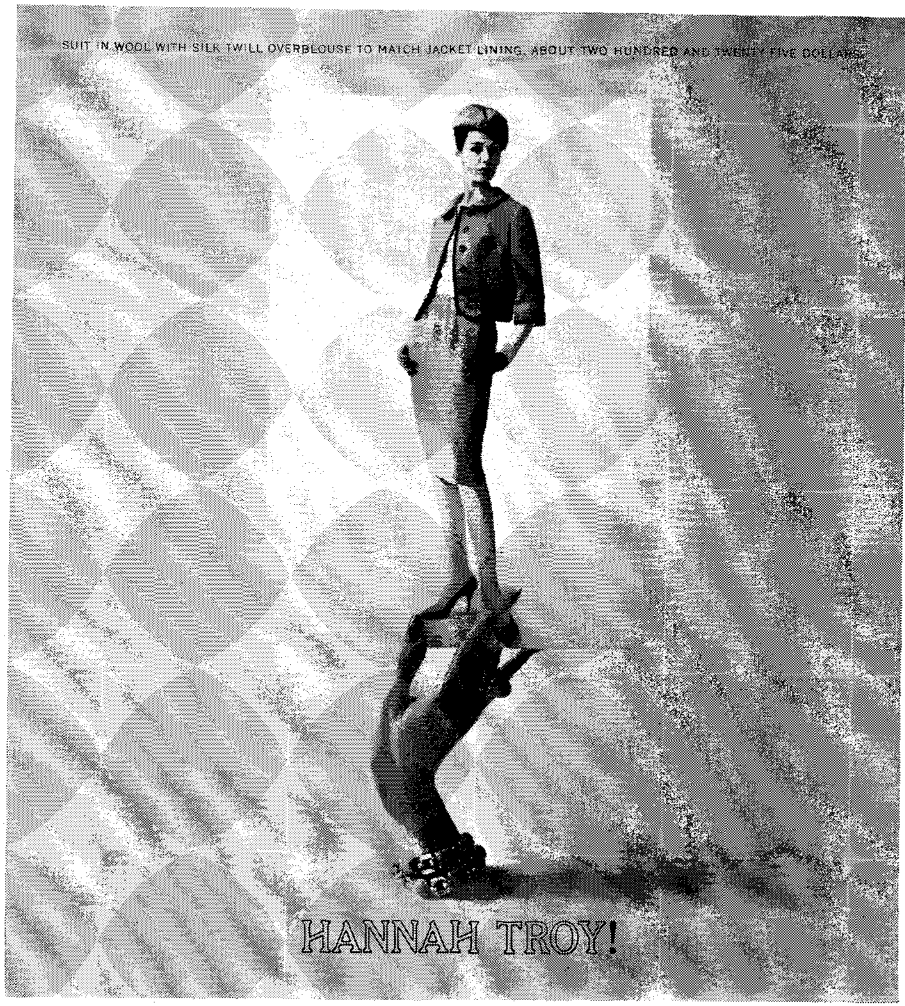
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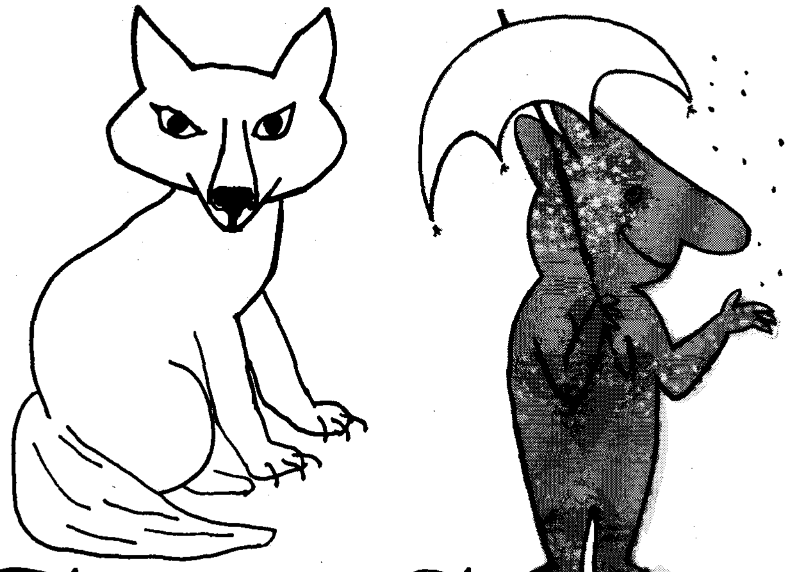

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ful to make the subjects feel at home. While Friendly has no control over what a subject may say on camera, he does have complete control over the selection of the interviewer, and interviewers who know his working methods—the most skillful of these, outside of Edward R. Murrow, has probably been Howard K. Smith, who recently resigned from C.B.S. as the network's chief Washington correspondent—are able to give him a great deal of help in getting his subject to talk freely. Such an interviewer knows, for example, that he must avoid anything like a rehearsal with the subject, because an interviewee will never answer a question the second time with the conviction he displays in answering it the first time. The interviewer also understands why Friendly, for all his attempts to make his subjects feel at home under the lights, believes there are occasions when the very presence of all the apparatus is useful in making a subject more vocal. This principle is demonstrated when a subject, in replying to a question, says something that the interviewer suspects can be said more succinctly or interestingly; in this case, the interviewer, instead of going on to the next question, pauses, deliberately saying nothing, and sits and waits long enough for the subject to become aware of the television equipment around him and of his own silence. As likely as not, the interviewee will be sufficiently goaded by his own momentary self-consciousness and by the whirring of the cameras to come out with something like "What I mean is—" and then go on to make his point more cogently. Friendly says, "You wait three seconds and then the pure gold starts to come."

The people Friendly uses as interviewers on "C.B.S. Reports" may be chosen from among the regular members of the C.B.S. news department, or from among the producers who assist him on specific projects, but whoever they are, their roles on the screen during the interviewing process are always carefully subordinated to those of the people being interviewed. This concept of the interviewer's job differs from that in evidence on some other documentary series, where the interviewer is often shown standing side by side with his subject, carrying on a conversation in a domineering manner. In Friendly's programs, the interviewer is ordinarily a relatively shadowy figure; his back is partly turned to the camera, and he is well to one side of the person he is interviewing. (At other times, he may be shown from the front, alone, in the act

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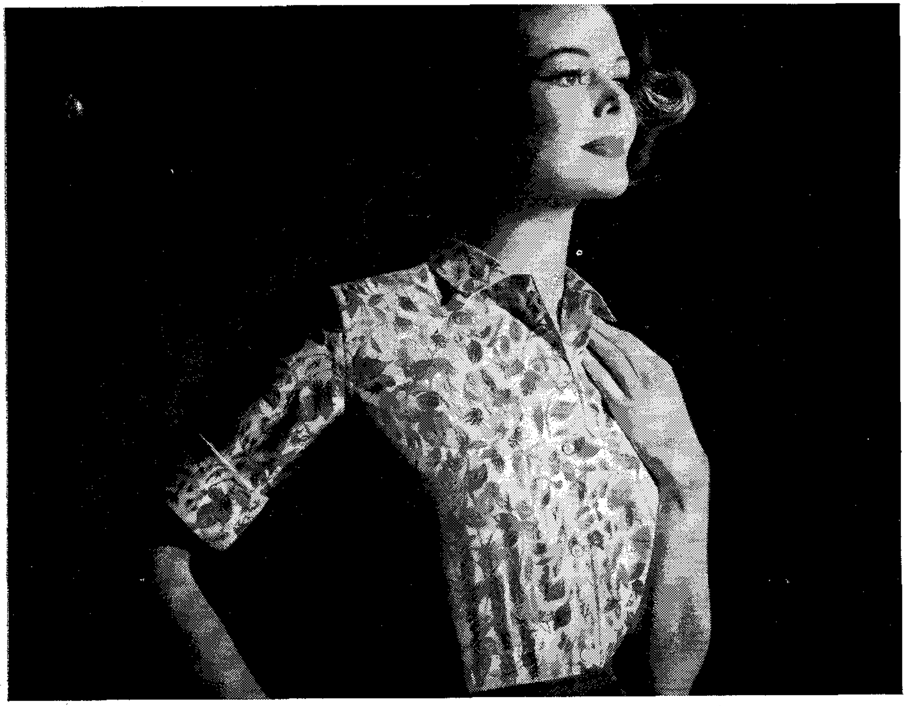

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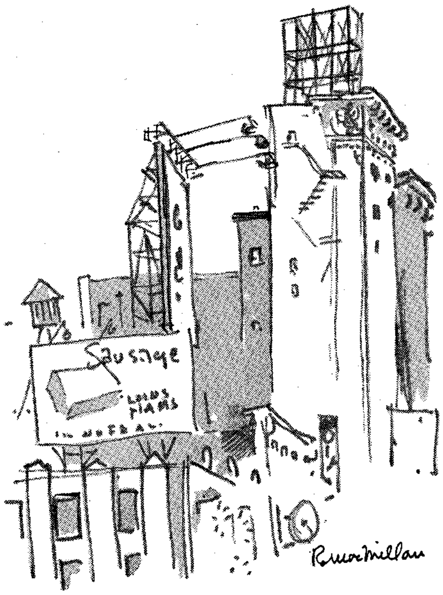
of asking questions, but since under most shooting conditions there is no way of obtaining such full-face shots without stationing an extra camera somewhere behind the subject, these frontal shots are almost always made after the actual interview.) However shadowy the interviewer may seem, his presence is nevertheless a vital factor when someone is talking before the "C.B.S. Reports" cameras, because Friendly believes the subject should be shown responding to a particular human being rather than to a load of equipment. "We are not in the watch-the-birdie business," he says. "We don't want to have people making speeches to the camera. You can't turn them into actors. Anyway, making a speech is never a natural thing to do. It was designed as a way of reaching several hundred or several thousand people at a time. Nowadays, with television, what a man says can reach four or fourteen or forty million people at a time, and the way he can do that best is not by making a speech to everybody but by talking to one man."

When someone is in the process of talking to one of Friendly's interviewers, surrounded by the full complement of two cameras and the customary lights and recording equipment, part of the technique that Friendly uses to bring the subject's essential qualities to the screen is evident from the movement of the cameramen. As the subject talks, these men silently go about their business; while one camera focusses on the subject's face and shoulders, the other, taking what Friendly's people call "grab shots," from time to time goes after supporting detail—a closeup of a gesture of the subject's hand, for example, or even of his shoes, if there is something interesting about them. The grab camera



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will also pick up, with one or another of the several lenses mounted on its lens turret, a series of extreme closeup shots or a series of medium shots of the subject, of the subject and the interviewer together, and, occasionally, of the interviewer alone. The cameramen thus provide Friendly with the material he needs not only for compiling the basic record of the interview but for imparting visual emphasis to things that strike him as significant and for making a transition from one section of the interview to another.

Perhaps eight or ten times as much film may be shot in the course of an interview as Friendly can conceivably use in the finished program, but his policy is to shoot, shoot, and continue shooting until he feels that his subjects have expressed themselves to his satisfaction, at which point he is ready to begin editing his material into its much shorter, finished form—a process that involves long and tedious sessions in the cutting room. Here his job is, in essence, to telescope a long talk by selecting a series of verbatim passages and joining them together. But joining together a series of shots from an interview is a considerable technical problem, because when a man is talking his head doesn't stay still, and when a television producer wants to eliminate a stretch of extraneous matter, he will find that the cutting and splicing causes the subject's face to make sudden, disconcerting jumps from one position to another. What the producer has to do to get rid of this effect is to insert some brief transitional shot, and this is a technique that Friendly often uses in a manner sufficiently forceful to turn a technical handicap into a professional virtue. By Friendly's process of editing, a comparatively static scene of a man talking at length to an interviewer will become a series of vignettes in which the audience sees the subject from a variety of aspects. At one moment he will be seen from a few yards away, and at another in closeup, first from the right and then from the left; at other moments, the subject's voice will be carried in simultaneous juxtaposition with shots of his hands gesticulating or of the interviewer listening. Moreover, the whole succession of shots is manipulated so as to give emphasis to particularly meaningful words and gestures, and at the same time a certain rhythmic pattern is created by a system of visual and aural punctuation, in which a smile, a frown, a gesture of the hand, or an ironic laugh may be used in the manner of a comma, a semicolon, or a period, a marker at which a shot

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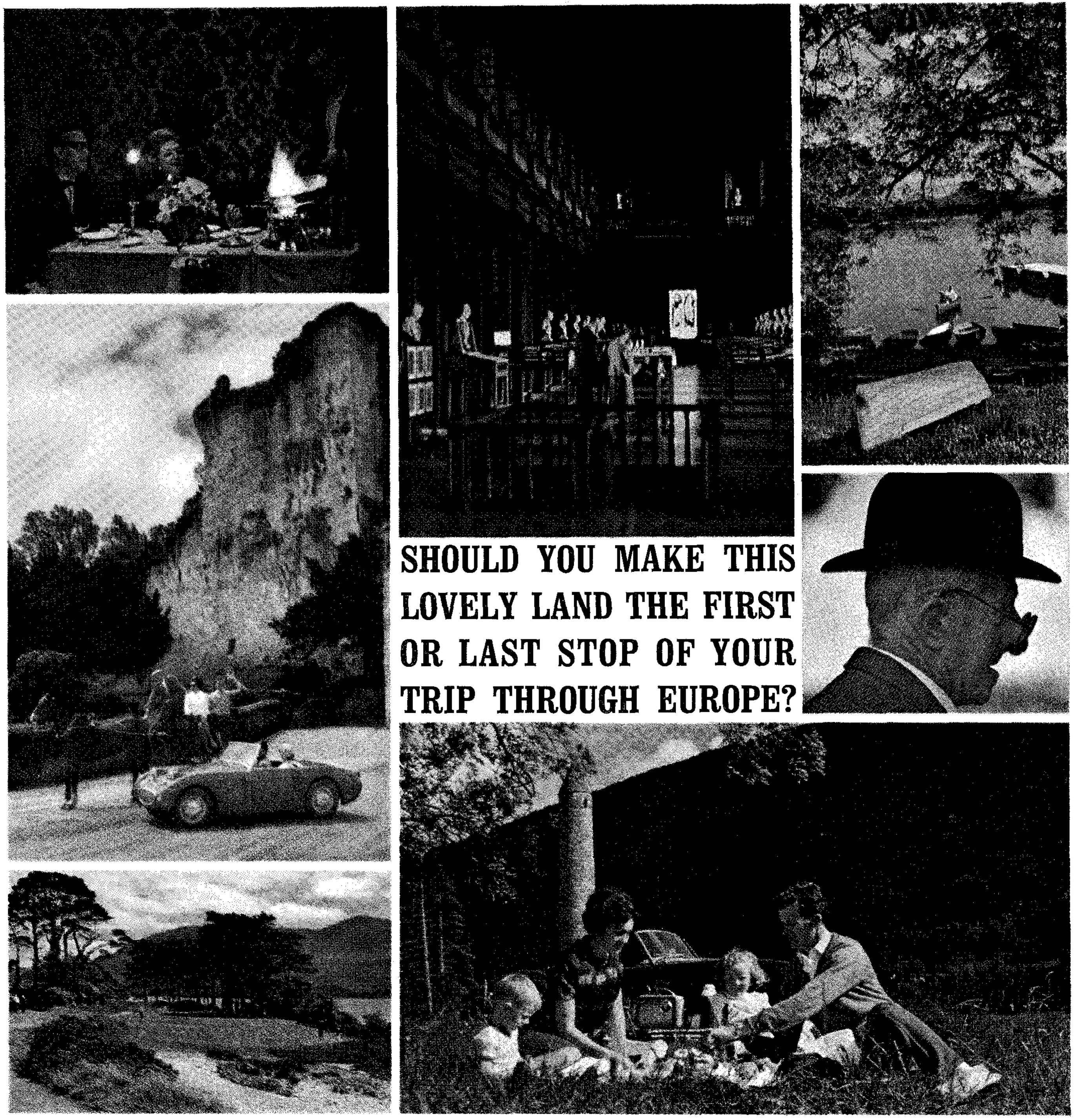

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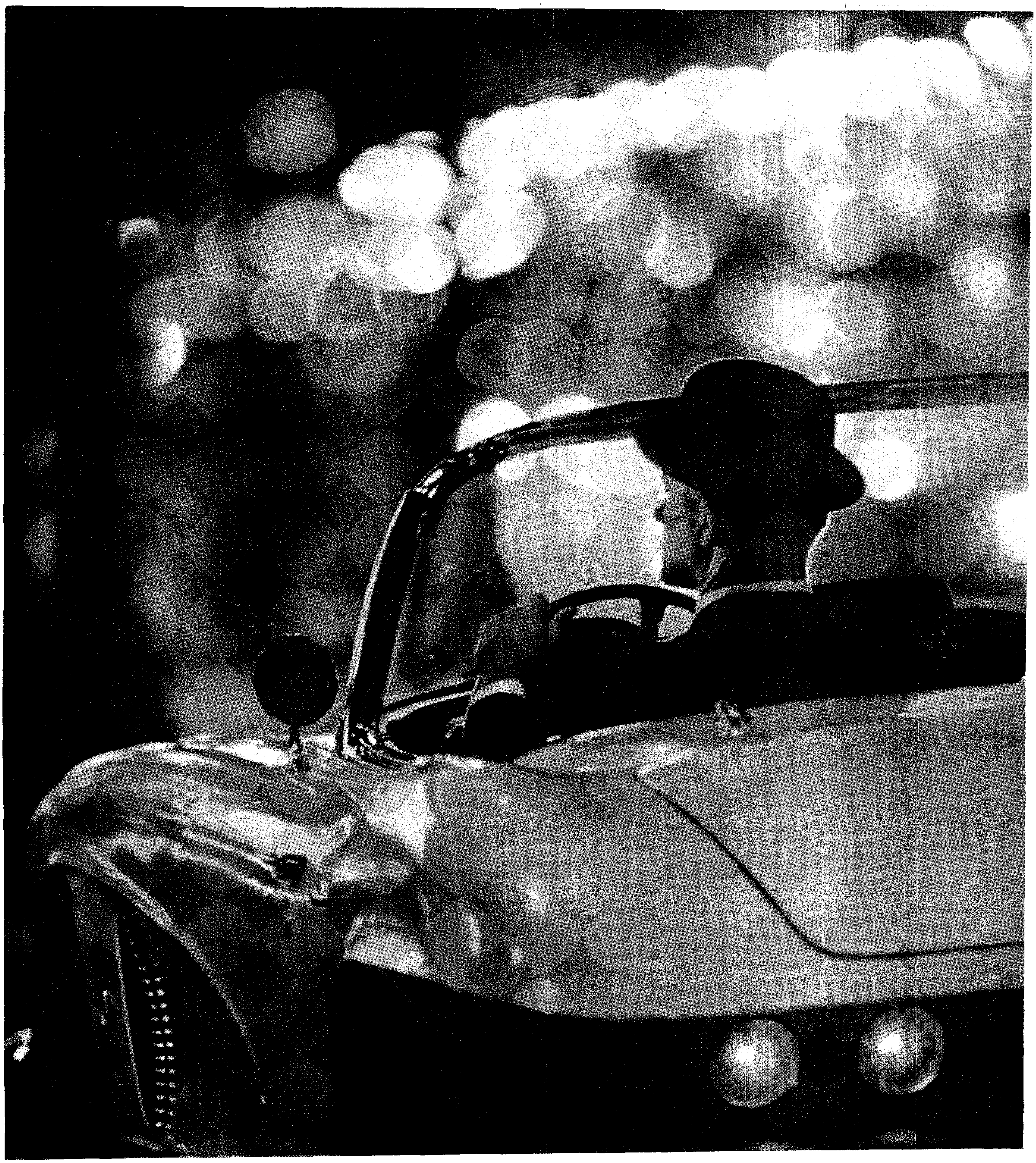

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can be ended and set off from the one that follows.

Friendly relies on the technique of juxtaposition not only in depicting the subjects of interviews but also in relating what they say or do to the action shots with which, on most of his programs, the interviews are interspersed. His use of this technique is seen at its most effective when he is dealing with a dramatic subject, like the countdown at the launching of a rocket. In "Biography of a Missile," for example, a 1959 program in which Friendly and Murrow followed step by step the making and launching of a Juno II, an exciting sequence juxtaposed shots of the tense faces of the engineers in the firing blockhouse with shots of the actual launching. Similarly, in "The Year of the Polaris," the audience was able to see not only the first launching of a Polaris missile from an atomic-powered submarine as it appeared from the surface of the ocean but also, intermittently, the scene in the launch-control area within the submarine—a scene memorable for a splendidly juxtaposed closeup shot of Admiral W. F. Raborn, the man in charge of the launching, carefully crossing two fingers of his right hand as the countdown approached zero.

Still another way in which Friendly makes strong use of juxtaposition is in his treatment of controversial topics. Out of a series of interviews in which various people express differing views on a given issue, he may extract shots in which sharply conflicting attitudes are expressed and present them one against the other, as a means of indicating the range of opinion on the issue involved—for example, in "Who Speaks for the South?," shots of Negroes and whites commenting on segregation in the public schools of Georgia; in "The Keeper of the Rules: Congressman Smith and the New Frontier," shots of Republican and Democratic congressmen delivering their conflicting opinions on the political tactics of Howard W. Smith, the chairman of the House Rules Committee; and in "The Population Explosion," a documentary filmed largely in India, shots of laymen, physicians, and Roman Catholic clergymen presenting their views on birth control.

WITH its ability to juxtapose individual shots in dramatic contrast, and also to convey the intensity of people's convictions, television is extraordinarily well suited to dealing with controversial matters, and Friendly has

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never hestitated to use the medium for this purpose. In addition to the documentaries just mentioned, some of the most notable fruits of this policy have been the Murrow-Friendly program of 1954 that tartly depicted the career of Senator Joseph McCarthy; "Harvest of Shame" (1960), which was produced by David Lowe, and which cast a harsh light on the lot of migratory workers in this country; "The Business of Health: Medicine, Money and Politics" (1961), which was produced by Stephen Fleischman, and which dealt with the high cost of medical care and the various means of coping with it, ranging from prepaid medical insurance to the Kennedy administration's plan for medical care for the aged through Social Security deductions; and "Who Speaks for Birmingham?" (1961), which was concerned with the process of racial desegregation in that city. Indeed, Friendly's fondness for using controversial subject matter in "C.B.S. Reports" has caused some of the programs themselves to become subjects of public controversy, bringing him and his producers under attack by various powerful interests. Thus, the American Farm Bureau Federation denounced "Harvest of Shame" as a "rigged documentary" and a "highly colored propaganda job" through which, the Federation claimed, "the public relations of farmers were irreparably damaged." "The Business of Health" prompted the Board of Trustees of the American Medical Association to issue a statement asserting that the program was filled with "misrepresentations, bias and distortions," constituting a "caricature of medicine and its aims." "Who Speaks for Birmingham?" so nettled several powerful white citizens of that city, including the chief of police, that they brought suit against C.B.S. for damages of $1,500,000, on the ground that the program had defamed them. (The case is still pending.) And "Biography of a Bookie Joint," which, by means of concealed cameras, showed such a truly astonishing number of customers (including men in police uniform) parading daily in and out of a Boston key-making store that the program identified as a front for bookmaking, that it caused no less a figure than Richard Cardinal Cushing to declare at a Boston police ball that "whoever was behind [the program] owes an apology to the City of Boston." His Eminence also complained, "We all have our failings and faults, but why hang them, as it were, like dirty linen on a clothesline from one end of the country to the other?"

Friendly regards such criticisms as an

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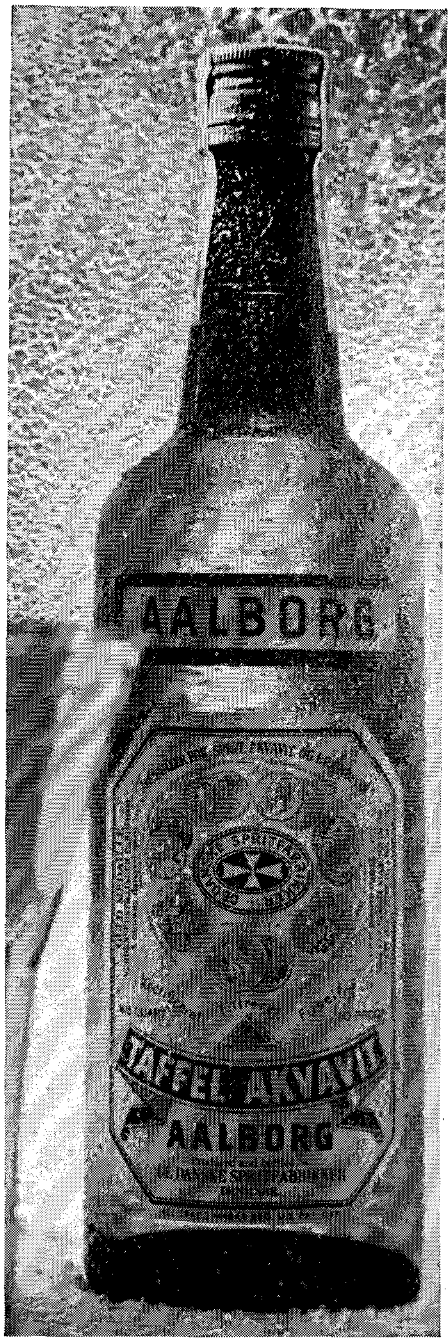

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inevitable by-product of any television journalism that attempts to come to grips with current issues. If in "C.B.S. Reports" programs dealing with political matters the right wing doesn't usually show up too well, this is not, Friendly maintains, because of any built-in political bias on his part. "We have to be sixty-five per cent against both the Democrats and Republicans," he likes to say, and he is also fond of saying that while there has never been any intention on the part of his organization to injure anybody's reputation, some people have contrived to injure their own reputations by expressing their views on his programs. Friendly does admit, however, that some of his programs have what he calls "a point of view," and since his own social outlook is marked by a general attachment to the cause of the underdog and by strong feelings about poverty and oppression in the world, it is not surprising that a "C.B.S. Reports" program dealing with racial segregation should possess a sharpness that rattles some Southern whites, or that one on migratory labor should cause the farm lobby to react violently. But if Friendly's work reveals him to be something of a moralist, he seems to stop short of salvationism, and it appears to be a matter of professional pride with him that he feels he can resist, in the editing process, the temptation to emphasize on screen those portions of interviews that tend to harmonize with his own personal attitudes.

IN making preparations for interviews and for "C.B.S. Reports" programs in general, Friendly does not draw up any detailed plan. There is no basic script to be followed but only a general idea of what the program is to be about; the actual course of its development is determined by the nature of whatever raw material Friendly's producers, interviewers, and cameramen turn up. The documentary that reaches the screen is primarily a product not of a scriptwriter but of a producer, who has compiled it by picking and choosing slices of film and piecing them together. In contrast to most other documentary series, in each program of which a writer is given credit on the screen for having prepared a script, "C.B.S. Reports" rarely has listed the name of a writer, because Friendly doesn't have any writers, as such, on his staff. What little writing is done for a typical Friendly production consists of expository passages composed by the news correspondent who will deliver them in introducing the interviews he conducts, and of passages

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that are usually banged out on a typewriter during the last stages of the editing process by Friendly or by the producer and staff of the program for use either as narrative bridges between one section of the documentary and another or in the "shirttail," as Friendly's people call the opening section, which is made up of brief excerpts from the material that is to follow.

In the opinion of quite a few of the documentary producers for other networks, who are used to working from comparatively tight outlines drawn up before they start filming their programs, Friendly's habit of shooting on and on at everything in sight until he gets what satisfies him is a grossly inefficient one, even if it does enable him sometimes to achieve striking results. They also consider him rather rigid in his methods, and particularly in his insistence on using heavy thirty-five-millimetre cameras, for while these obtain shots of high technical quality, they deprive him of the freedom of movement that light, highly portable sixteen-millimetre cameras afford their crews. With such equipment, these producers maintain, their men can obtain shots of reasonably high quality while dispensing on occasion with the elaborate lighting that must be used in thirty-five-millimetre filming. For example, the use of lightweight equipment enabled N.B.C. to send a couple of reporters on foot deep into the jungles of Angola, where during a march of some three hundred miles they shot a number of dramatic sequences for an "N.B.C. White Paper." Similar methods enabled A.B.C. to put a cameraman in the White House to make a continuous visual record of President Kennedy at work—sitting at his desk using the telephone, moving about his study, and even going from one room to another. One of Friendly's critics in the business has called his television "big-head TV"—a world bounded, in Friendly's endless closeups of people, by the chin and the eyebrow—a form of representation in which the camera is accepted as a great, clumsy machine, into whose glassy visual range the subject has to be taken, rather than being made a truly flexible and mobile instrument that can reach out to the subject and readily travel with him. They seem to feel that while Friendly may be a highly talented documentary producer, he is slightly old-fashioned.

For his part, Friendly firmly maintains that he is willing to sacrifice whatever extra mobility he might obtain by using sixteen-millimetre equipment for the sake of the high technical quality

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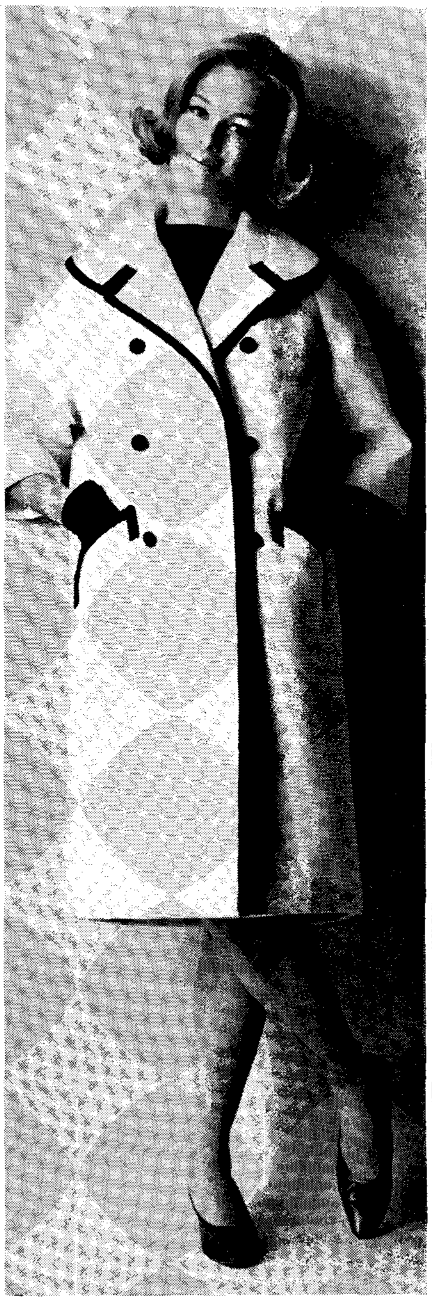

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of the film he gets by working with thirty-five-millimetre cameras and what he considers proper lighting. Clear photography, clear sound, and effective lighting are universally conceded to be among the hallmarks of the Friendly documentary. Beyond these purely technical considerations, Friendly's work is also recognized as noteworthy for the quality of its reporting, for editing that gives it a characteristic crispness and pace, and for the authenticity of its content. Some network documentary producers are not above the use of occasional hanky-panky to achieve continuity or dramatic effect. Sometimes when the viewer thinks he is seeing a continuous sequence of real events, he may actually be seeing some genuine material onto which has been grafted a set of old stock shots lifted from some film library. Or the sound that the audience hears while viewing, say, the scene of a street riot may have nothing to do with that particular riot but may have been merely thrown in from a sound-effects library, the film itself having been shot without sound. Whatever the intent of the producer may be in such cases, the effect is to mislead the viewer.

Friendly does his best to avoid this sort of thing, and the one or two instances in which, over the years, he feels that he hasn't played altogether fair with the viewer in the matter of a stock shot have caused him to indulge in considerable self-reproach. Aside from such past exceptions, and from the practice—in itself perhaps harmless, though it is not difficult to see how it could become harmful—of presenting as part of a continuously filmed interview shots actually made after it of reporters repeating certain questions, Friendly insists quite strictly on authenticity. "If we show, as we did during the Korean War, a view of a hundred-and-five-millimetre howitzer in action, we make sure that the sound accompanying the shot is the sound of *that* howitzer," Friendly says. "You could do it the easy way, and shoot silent film and then get the sound made in a studio, but it wouldn't be right. When we do a space-research show and set out to get a shot of the test-firing of a balsa-wood ball that the scientists hope they can land on the moon at a hundred and fifty miles an hour, we make sure that we record the right sound at the right time, because there's only one kind of noise that a balsa-wood ball makes when it hits a target at a hundred and fifty miles an hour. We try to give the viewer grounds for telling himself as he sees the show, 'This is as it really happened.' If you don't work

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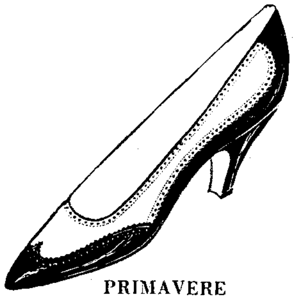

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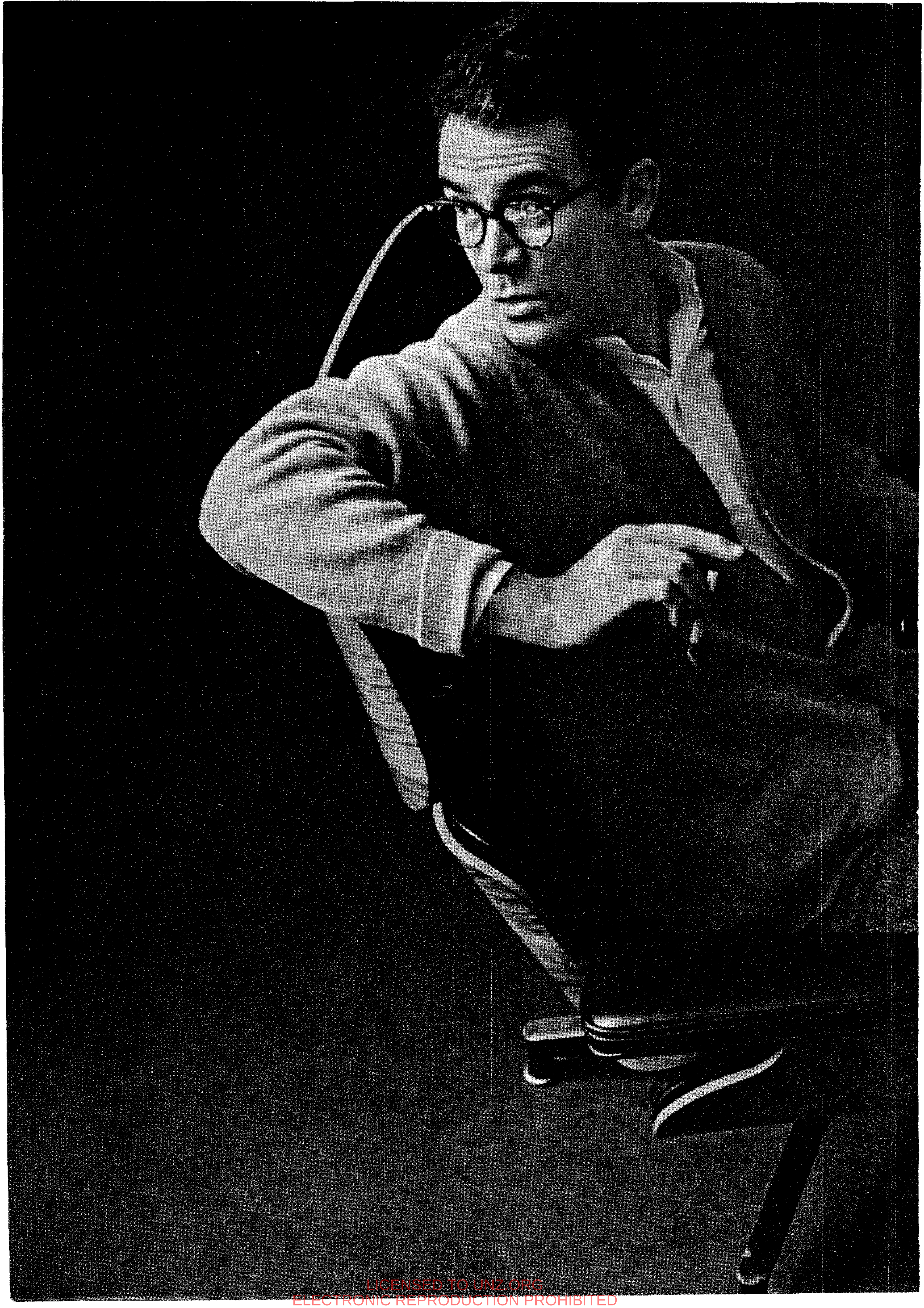
Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on

TWA



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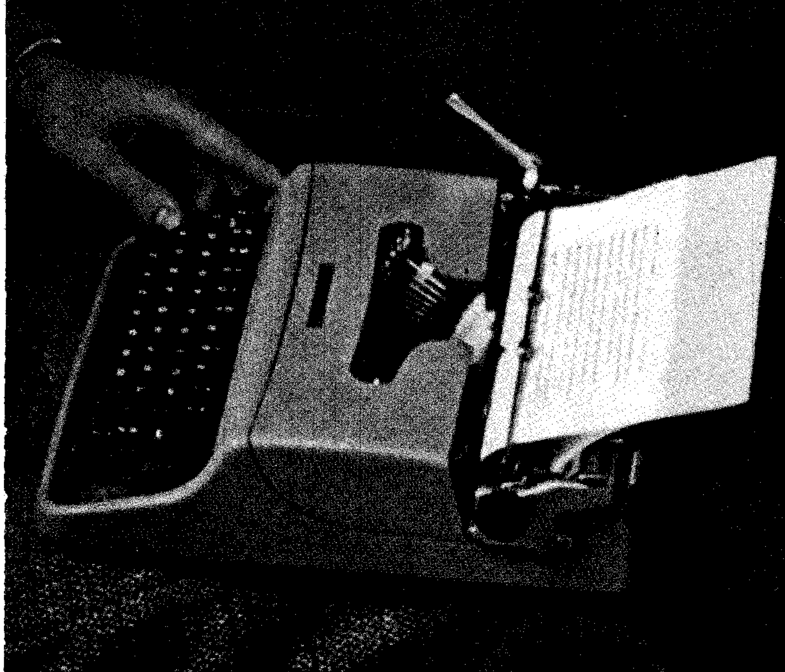

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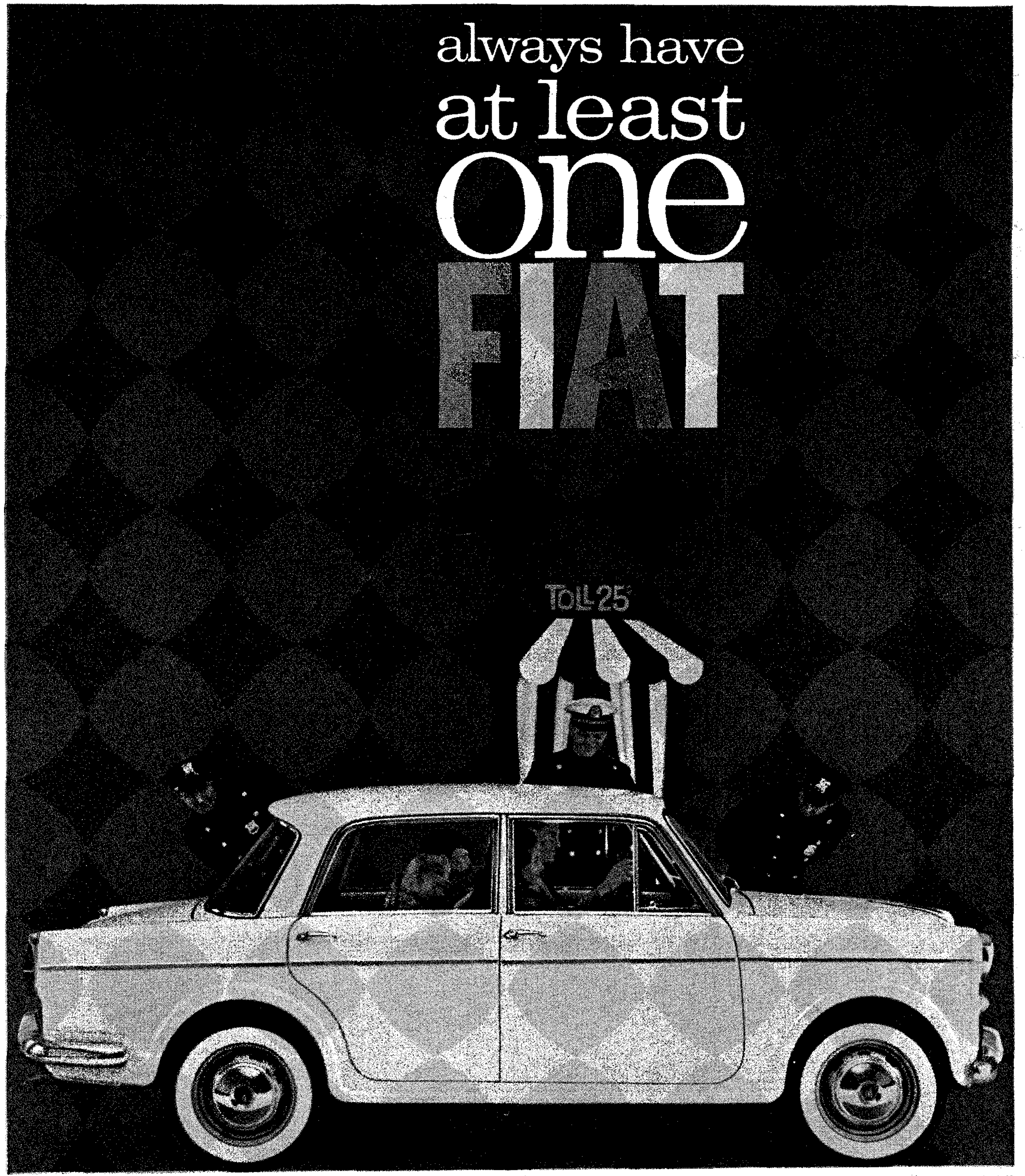

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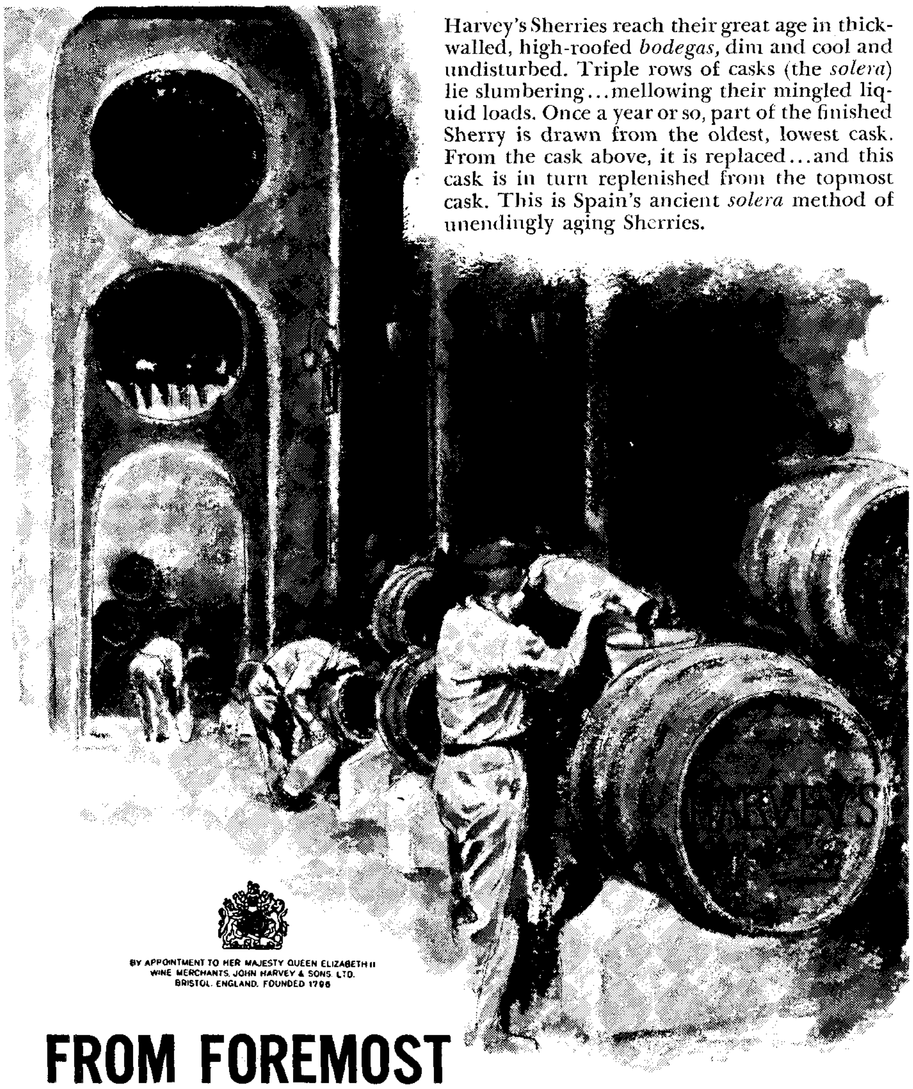
that way, you don't know where you will wind up."

In conformity with his striving for authenticity, Friendly, unlike a number of his confreres, does not allow the use of background music as a means of heightening an effect on the screen; he considers such music a theatrical device that has no proper place in journalism, and except for a regular introductory musical theme—a few bars from Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring"—that accompanies the display of the "C.B.S. Reports" title, he permits music only when it happens to be part of the sound of whatever scene his people are shooting.

In getting out an edition of "C.B.S. Reports" on schedule two or three times a month during the viewing season, and at the same time attempting to maintain his production standards, Friendly works in an atmosphere of unremitting crisis, amid sounds of impending high-level long-distance telephone calls ("Dr. Jerome Wiesner holding on Six, Mr. Friendly. General Eisenhower on Nine! Walter Lippmann on Seven!"), of orders to his producers ("What do you mean, the government won't let us go in there?"), and of the special talk of the screening room ("Next reel." "What lens is this on?" "There's a rackover in here so we'll need to get a cutaway shot"). At C.B.S., he and his producers inhabit a small, compact world quite separate from the show-business end of television—a world that, if it has its own special jargon, is at least free of Madison Avenue talk. There is something of a mystic, Masonic quality about Friendly's attitude toward the members of his unit and their place in the network-television scheme of things; it is as though he regarded his men as bearers of a flag. He likes to refer to the members of his unit as "a band of brothers," and occasionally, in discussing the handling of a particular problem, he employs such phrases as "My brothers and I thought that . . ." Of all the brothers in the band, Friendly is clearly the biggest. He demands of his people complete, undeviating loyalty, which apparently he gets, to a large extent; he also demands and gets a staggering amount of work, night and day. With the exception of a couple of men, whom he has come to allow considerable leeway in carrying out their assignments, he keeps his producers on an extremely tight rein. When they are out in the field, they are expected to report in regularly, often by long-distance telephone, to discuss their current problems with him and to hear Friendly's



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verdict on the film they have shot and have rushed back to New York for processing. When a location crew runs into a problem that seems to call for Friendly's presence, he flies to the scene immediately, and his working life involves a vast succession of such flights—to Tel Aviv, to Cairo, to Berlin, to London, and to almost every state in the Union. On these journeys, Friendly, with the help of assistants at C.B.S. headquarters who keep constant track of his movements in transit, as though he were some sort of erratic satellite, hustles from airport to airport, and from one place to another, with apparently split-second timing, and if, by ill luck, he misses a connection at, say, Atlanta, he doesn't take time to stand in line at the information counter to ask about the next plane out—he goes to the nearest phone booth, calls his office in New York, and has his assistants work out a revised flying schedule and make the necessary arrangements for him. Even when he is merely taking a cab from C.B.S. headquarters, on Madison Avenue, to the "C.B.S. Reports" cutting room, on Ninth Avenue, he is "talked in" by a secretary, who tells the people on Ninth Avenue to stand by for action. On rush programs, Friendly spends a backbreaking number of hours of work in the cutting room; sometimes he will enter it on a Friday afternoon and, sustained by sandwiches, coffee, and middle-of-the-night cat naps between the splicing of reels, stay there until Sunday night. Then, after a good night's sleep at home (or even without it), he starts in all over again, as energetic and as talkative as ever, vigorously prodding his producers with new ideas for programs, throwing himself into long-distance phone calls all over the place. (He says, "The tragedy of Friendly is that I can't think by myself.") With his producers, Friendly is particularly garrulous. When he gets really worked up on a subject, his ideas come streaming in from all directions, borne on long subordinate clauses; Friendly, who gestures a good deal in the course of conversation, and with whom gesticulation tends to precede amplification of an idea, keeps order among the crowding thoughts in the manner of a traffic cop, holding some up at the corner with a warning hand and letting others advance with a directing wave. He arouses his men to tremendous enthusiasm for whatever project he assigns to them; he excoriates them when they fail to follow through as he desires; and he praises them lavishly for a good performance. His tantrums are fairly frequent, and sometimes they

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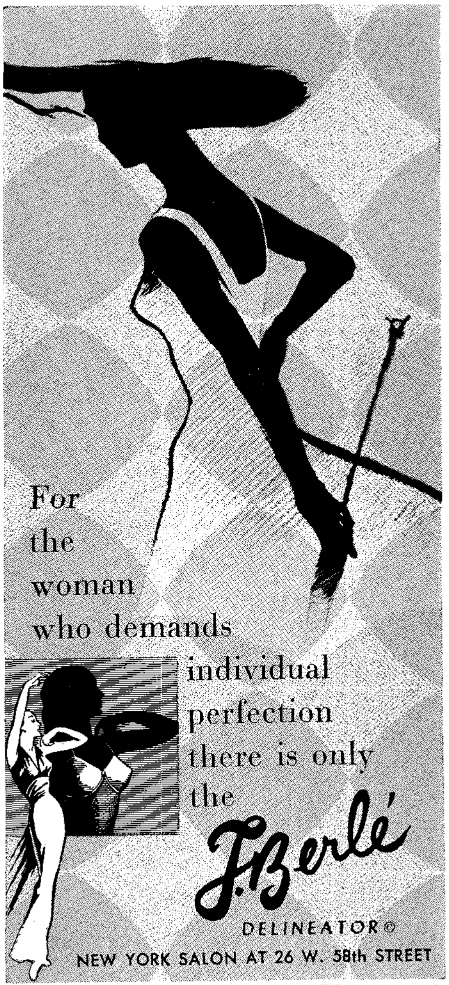

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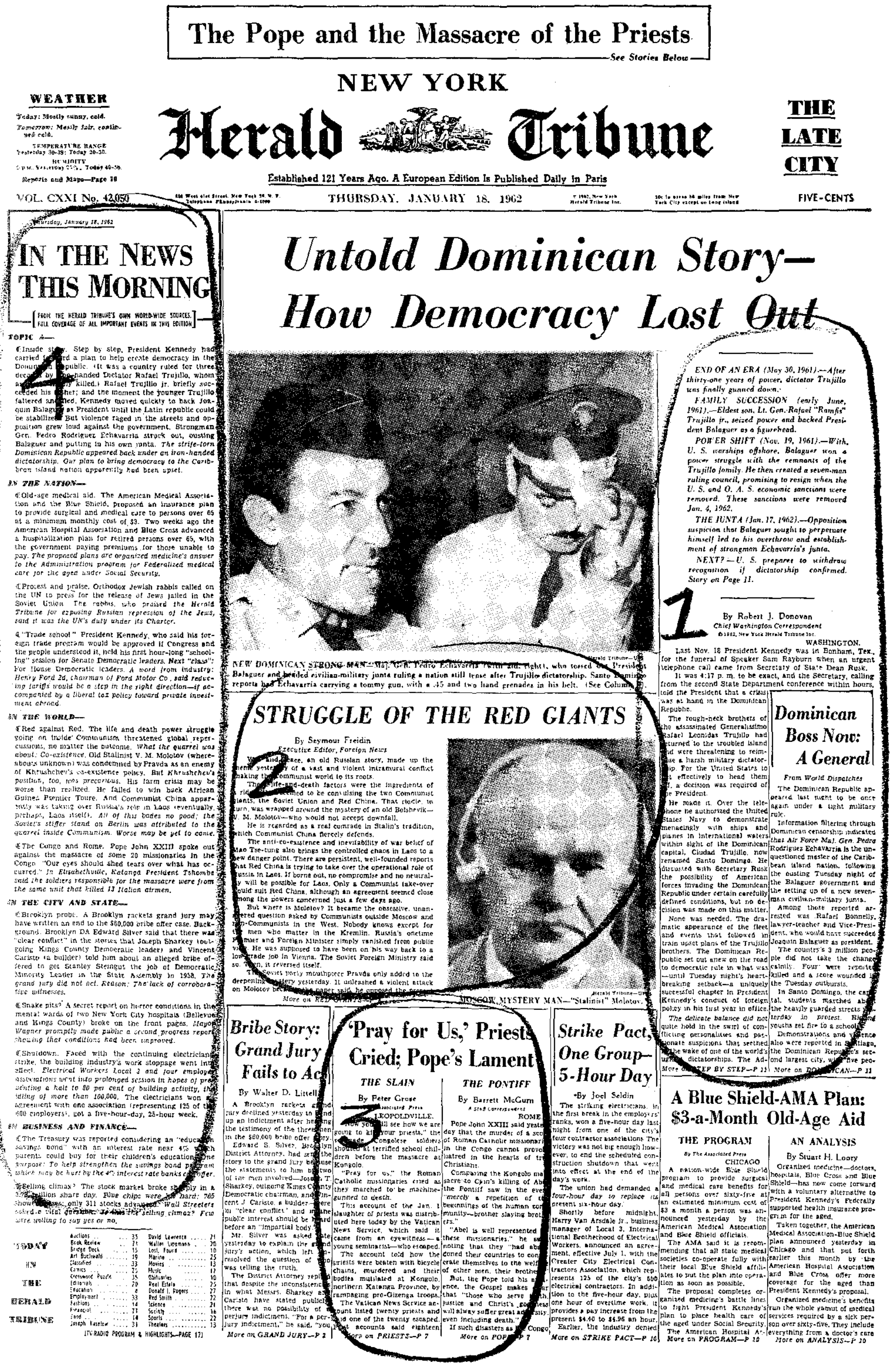

The Pope and the Massacre of the Priests
—See Stories Below—

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
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WEATHER
Today: Mostly sunny, cold.
Tomorrow: Mostly fair, continued cold.
TEMPERATURE RANGE
Yesterday 30-39; Today 20-30.
HUMIDITY
8 p.m. Yesterday [illegible]; Today 40-50.
Reports and Maps—Page 18

THE LATE CITY

VOL. CXXI No. 42,050 · THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1962 · © 1962, New York Herald Tribune Inc. · FIVE CENTS

Thursday, January 18, 1962

IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING

FROM THE HERALD TRIBUNE'S OWN WORLD-WIDE SOURCES. FULL COVERAGE OF ALL IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THIS EDITION

TOPIC A—

Inside st[illegible]y. Step by step, President Kennedy had carried f[illegible]rd a plan to help create democracy in the Dom[illegible] Republic. (It was a country ruled for three dec[illegible] by [illegible]-handed Dictator Rafael Trujillo, whom a[illegible] killed.) Rafael Trujillo jr. briefly succeeded his [illegible]her; and the moment the younger Trujillo faltered an[illegible]fled, Kennedy moved quickly to back Joaquin Balag[illegible] as President until the Latin republic could be stabilize[illegible] But violence raged in the streets and opposition grew loud against the government. Strongman Gen. Pedro Rodriguez Echavarria struck out, ousting Balaguer and putting in his own junta. *The strife-torn Dominican Republic appeared back under an iron-handed dictatorship. Our plan to bring democracy to the Caribbean island nation apparently had been upset.*

IN THE NATION—

Old-age medical aid. The American Medical Association and the Blue Shield, proposed an insurance plan to provide surgical and medical care to persons over 65 at a minimum monthly cost of $3. Two weeks ago the American Hospital Association and Blue Cross advanced a hospitalization plan for retired persons over 65, with the government paying premiums for those unable to pay. *The proposed plans are organized medicine's answer to the Administration program for Federalized medical care for the aged under Social Security.*

Protest and praise. Orthodox Jewish rabbis called on the UN to press for the release of Jews jailed in the Soviet Union. The rabbis, *who praised the Herald Tribune for exposing Russian repression of the Jews, said it was the UN's duty under its Charter.*

"Trade school." President Kennedy, who said his foreign trade program would be approved if Congress and the people understood it, held his first hour-long "schooling" session for Senate Democratic leaders. *Next "class": For House Democratic leaders. A word from industry: Henry Ford 2d, chairman of Ford Motor Co., said reducing tariffs would be a step in the right direction—if accompanied by a liberal tax policy toward private investment abroad.*

IN THE WORLD—

Red against Red. The life and death power struggle going on inside Communism threatened global repercussions, no matter the outcome. *What the quarrel was about: Co-existence.* Old Stalinist V. M. Molotov (whereabouts unknown) was condemned by Pravda as an enemy of Khrushchev's co-existence policy. *But Khrushchev's position, too, was precarious.* His farm crisis may be worse than realized. He failed to win back African Guinea Premier Toure. And Communist China apparently was taking over Russia's role in Laos (eventually, perhaps, Laos itself). *All of this bodes no good; the Soviet's stiffer stand on Berlin was attributed to the quarrel inside Communism. Worse may be yet to come.*

The Congo and Rome. Pope John XXIII spoke out against the massacre of some 20 missionaries in the Congo. "Our eyes should shed tears over what has occurred." *In Elisabethville, Katanga President Tshombe said the soldiers responsible for the massacre were from the same unit that killed 13 Italian airmen.*

IN THE CITY AND STATE—

Brooklyn probe. A Brooklyn rackets grand jury may have written an end to the $60,000 bribe offer case. Background. Brooklyn DA Edward Silver said that there was "clear conflict" in the stories that Joseph Sharkey (outgoing Kings County Democratic leader) and Vincent Caristo (a builder) told him about an alleged bribe offered to get Stanley Steingut the job of Democratic Minority Leader in the State Assembly in 1958. *The grand jury did not act. Reason: The lack of corroborative witnesses.*

Snake pits? A secret report on horror conditions in the mental wards of two New York City hospitals (Bellevue and Kings County) broke on the front pages. *Mayor Wagner promptly made public a second progress report showing that conditions had been improved.*

Shutdown. Faced with the continuing electricians' strike, the building industry's work stoppage went into effect. *Electrical Workers Local 3 and four employer associations went into prolonged session in hopes of preventing a halt to 80 per cent of building activity, the idling of more than 100,000.* The electricians won agreement with one association (representing 125 of the 600 employers), got a five-hour-day, 25-hour week.

IN BUSINESS AND FINANCE—

The Treasury was reported considering an "educa[illegible] savings bond" with an interest rate near 4% [illegible] parents could buy for their children's education. [illegible] purpose: *To help strengthen the savings bond pr[illegible] which may be hurt by the 4% interest rate banks c[illegible]offer.*

Selling climax? The stock market broke sh[illegible]ply in a 3.7[illegible] million share day. *Blue chips were [illegible] hard; 765 showed [illegible]; only 311 stocks advanced. Wall Streeters asked a vital [illegible] selling climax? Few were willing to say yes or no.*

TODAY IN THE HERALD TRIBUNE

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TV-RADIO PROGRAM & HIGHLIGHTS—PAGE 17

Untold Dominican Story—How Democracy Lost Out

END OF AN ERA (May 30, 1961).—After thirty-one years of power, dictator Trujillo was finally gunned down.

FAMILY SUCCESSION (early June, 1961).—Eldest son, Lt. Gen. Rafael "Ramfis" Trujillo jr., seized power and backed President Balaguer as a figurehead.

POWER SHIFT (Nov. 19, 1961).—With U. S. warships offshore, Balaguer won a power struggle with the remnants of the Trujillo family. He then created a seven-man ruling council, promising to resign when the U. S. and O. A. S. economic sanctions were removed. These sanctions were removed Jan. 4, 1962.

THE JUNTA (Jan. 17, 1962).—Opposition suspicion that Balaguer sought to perpetuate himself led to his overthrow and establishment of strongman Echavarria's junta.

NEXT?—U. S. prepares to withdraw recognition if dictatorship confirmed. Story on Page 11.

By Robert J. Donovan
Chief Washington Correspondent
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WASHINGTON.

Last Nov. 18 President Kennedy was in Bonham, Tex., for the funeral of Speaker Sam Rayburn when an urgent telephone call came from Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

It was 4:17 p. m. to be exact, and the Secretary, calling from the second State Department conference within hours, told the President that a crisis was at hand in the Dominican Republic.

The rough-neck brothers of the assassinated Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo had returned to the troubled island and were threatening to reimpose a harsh military dictatorship. For the United States to act effectively to head them off, a decision was required of the President.

He made it. Over the telephone he authorized the United States Navy to demonstrate menacingly with ships and planes in international waters within sight of the Dominican capital, Ciudad Trujillo, now renamed Santo Domingo. He discussed with Secretary Rusk the possibility of American forces invading the Dominican Republic under certain carefully defined conditions, but no decision was made on this matter.

None was needed. The dramatic appearance of the fleet and events that followed in train upset plans of the Trujillo brothers. The Dominican Republic set out anew on the road to democratic rule in what was—until Tuesday night's heart-breaking setback—a uniquely successful chapter in President Kennedy's conduct of foreign policy in his first year in office.

The delicate balance did not quite hold in the swirl of conflicting personalities and passionate suspicions that seethed [illegible]he wake of one of the world's ug[illegible] dictatorships. The Ad-

More on STEP BY STEP—P 11

Dominican Boss Now: A General

From World Dispatches

The Dominican Republic appeared last night to be once again under a tight military rule.

Information filtering through Dominican censorship indicated *that Air Force Maj. Gen. Pedro* Rodriguez Echavarria is the unquestioned master of the Caribbean island nation, following the ousting Tuesday night of the Balaguer government and the setting up of a new seven-man civilian-military junta.

Among those reported arrested was Rafael Bonnelly, lawyer-teacher and Vice-President, who would have succeeded Joaquin Balaguer as president.

The country's 3 million people did not take the change calmly. Four were reported killed and a score wounded in the Tuesday outbursts.

In Santo Domingo, the capital, students marched about the heavily guarded streets yesterday in protest. Rioting youths set fire to a school.

Demonstrations and violence also were reported in Santiago, the Dominican Republic's second largest city, with five peo-

More on DOMINICAN—P 11

Herald Tribune—UPI

NEW DOMINICAN STRONG MAN—Maj. Gen. Pedro Echavarria (with aide, right), who tossed out President Balaguer and headed civilian-military junta ruling a nation still tense after Trujillo dictatorship. Santo Domingo reports had Echavarria carrying a tommy gun, with a .45 and two hand grenades in his belt. (See Column 1).

STRUGGLE OF THE RED GIANTS

By Seymour Freidin
Executive Editor, Foreign News

W[illegible] and Peace, an old Russian story, made up the theme yeste[illegible] of a vast and violent intramural conflict shaking th[illegible] Communist world to its roots.

Th[illegible] life-and-death factors were the ingredients of a rid[illegible]eemed to be convulsing the two Communist giants, the Soviet Union and Red China. That riddle, in turn, was wrapped around the mystery of an old Bolshevik—V. M. Molotov—who would not accept downfall.

He is regarded as a real comrade in Stalin's tradition, which Communist China fiercely defends.

The anti-co-existence and inevitability of war belief of Mao Tse-tung also brings the controlled chaos in Laos to a new danger point. There are persistent, well-founded reports that Red China is trying to take over the operational role of Russia in Laos. If borne out, no compromise and no neutrality will be possible for Laos. Only a Communist take-over would suit Red China, although an agreement seemed close among the powers concerned just a few days ago.

But where is Molotov? It became the obsessive, unanswered question asked by Communists outside Moscow and non-Communists in the West. Nobody knows except for the men who matter in the Kremlin. Russia's onetime Premier and Foreign Minister simply vanished from public view. He was supposed to have been on his way back to a low-grade job in Vienna. The Soviet Foreign Ministry said so. Then, it reversed itself.

The Soviet party mouthpiece Pravda only added to the deepening mystery yesterday. It unleashed a violent attack on Molotov bec[illegible] paper said, he opposed the pre[illegible]

More on RED GIANTS—P [illegible]

Herald Tribune—UPI

MOSCOW MYSTERY MAN—"Stalinist" Molotov.

Bribe Story: Grand Jury Fails to Act

By Walter D. Littell

A Brooklyn rackets grand jury declined yesterday to hand up an indictment after hearing the testimony of the three men in the $60,000 bribe offer story.

Edward S. Silver, Brooklyn District Attorney, had sent the story to the grand jury because the statements to him by two of the men involved—Joseph T. Sharkey, outgoing Kings County Democratic chairman, and Vincent J. Caristo, a builder—were in "clear conflict" and in the public interest should be heard before an "impartial body."

Mr. Silver was asked late yesterday to explain the grand jury's action, which left unresolved the question of who was telling the truth.

The District Attorney replied that despite the inconsistencies in what Messrs. Sharkey and Caristo have stated publicly there was no possibility of a perjury indictment. "For a perjury indictment," he said, "you

More on GRAND JURY—P 2

'Pray for Us,' Priests Cried; Pope's Lament

THE SLAIN

By Peter Grose
Associated Press

LEOPOLDVILLE.

"[illegible]ow you will see how we are going to ki[illegible] your priests," the [illegible]gade Congolese soldiers shouted at terrified school children before the massacre at Kongolo.

"Pray for us," the Roman Catholic missionaries cried as they marched to be machine-gunned to death.

This account of the Jan. 1 slaughter of priests was distributed here today by the Vatican News Service, which said it came from an eyewitness—a young seminarist—who escaped.

The account told how the priests were beaten with bicycle chains, murdered and their bodies mutilated at Kongolo, northern Katanga Province, by rampaging pro-Gizenga troops.

The Vatican News Service account listed twenty priests and [illegible]d one of the twenty escaped. [illegible]st accounts said eighteen

[illegible] on PRIESTS—P 7

THE PONTIFF

By Barrett McGurn
A Staff Correspondent

ROME.

Pope John XXIII said yeste[illegible] that the murder of a sco[illegible] of Roman Catholic missionar[illegible] in the Congo cannot provo[illegible] hatred in the hearts of tr[illegible] Christians.

Comparing the Kongolo ma[illegible]sacre to Cain's killing of Ab[illegible] the Pontiff saw in the eve[illegible] "*merely* a repetition of t[illegible] beginnings of the human co[illegible]munity—brother slaying brot[illegible]ers."

"Abel is well represented [illegible] these missionaries," he s[illegible] noting that they "had ab[illegible]doned their countries to con[illegible]crate themselves to the welf[illegible] of other men, their brothe[illegible]

But, the Pope told his a[illegible]ence, the Gospel makes [illegible]ar that "those who serve [illegible]th, justice and Christ's go[illegible]ness will always suffer great ad[illegible]sity, even including death."

If such disasters as [illegible] Congo

More on POP[illegible]—P 7

Strike Pact, One Group—5-Hour Day

By Joel Seldin

The striking electricians, in the first break in the employers' ranks, won a five-hour day last night from one of the city's four contractor associations. The victory was not big enough, however, to end the scheduled construction shutdown that went into effect at the end of the day's work.

The union had demanded a *four-hour day to replace its* present six-hour day.

Shortly before midnight, Harry Van Arsdale jr., business manager of Local 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, announced an agreement, effective July 1, with the Greater City Electrical Contractors Association, which represents 125 of the city's 600 electrical contractors. In addition to the five-hour day, plus one hour of overtime work, it provides a pay increase from the present $4.40 to $4.96 an hour.

Earlier, the industry denied

More on STRIKE PACT—P 10

A Blue Shield-AMA Plan: $3-a-Month Old-Age Aid

THE PROGRAM

By The Associated Press

CHICAGO

A nation-wide Blue Shield program to provide surgical and medical care benefits for all persons over sixty-five at an estimated minimum cost of $3 a month a person was announced yesterday by the American Medical Association and Blue Shield officials.

The AMA said it is recommending that all state medical societies co-operate fully with their local Blue Shield affiliates to put the plan into operation as soon as possible.

The proposal completes organized medicine's battle lines to fight President Kennedy's plan to place health care of the aged under Social Security.

The American Hospital As-

More on PROGRAM—P 10

AN ANALYSIS

By Stuart H. Loory

Organized medicine—doctors, hospitals, Blue Cross and Blue Shield—has now come forward with a voluntary alternative to President Kennedy's Federally supported health insurance program for the aged.

Taken together, the American Medical Association-Blue Shield plan announced yesterday in Chicago and that put forth earlier this month by the American Hospital Association and Blue Cross offer more coverage for the aged than President Kennedy's proposal.

Organized medicine's benefits run the whole gamut of medical services required by a sick person over sixty-five. They include everything from a doctor's care

More on ANALYSIS—P 10

There's a new way to edit a serious morning newspaper: Here's how the Tribune handled the events of January 18:

1. The Tribune not only told you *what* happened in Santo Domingo, it told you *why*. First, a review of the events that led up to the coup. Next, America's behind-the-scenes maneuvering in the Dominican crisis. Then, the atmosphere in Santo Domingo a few hours after the coup.

2. All papers reported Pravda's attack on Molotov. But only the Tribune gave you the true meaning of the story days before others would venture a guess.

3. "Now you will see how we are going to kill your priests," shouted a Congolese soldier. "It is impossible for hatred to find a place in any Christian heart," said Pope John XXIII. Side by side, where they belonged, the story of the Congo massacre and the Vatican reaction.

4. For the busy reader, *In The News This Morning* trimmed each major story down to a lean, readable paragraph and then added a rare editing ingredient to each—*insight*.

Tomorrow, try something new for breakfast.

The New York **Herald Tribune**
230 WEST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

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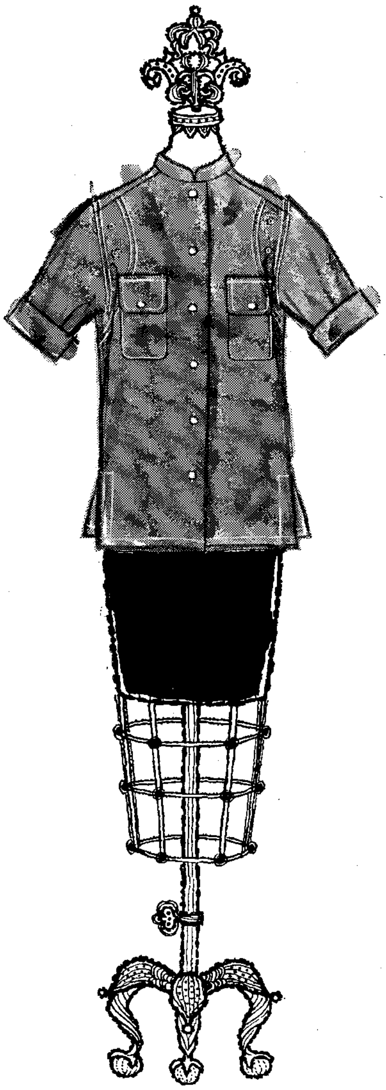

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are spectacular; once, after viewing a reel of film that he considered unsatisfactory because of some negligence on the part of the producer assigned to the job, he went up to the screen and kicked a hole through the plywood panel below it. Ordinarily, however, his expressions of dissatisfaction are only verbal. His prevailing demeanor has been described by one of his critics as "controlled manic." His friends see it as something that might be described as supernormal—merely unusually energy-laden, optimistic, outgoing, and communicative. "I'm brainwashed about Friendly," one of his young producers says admiringly, and, among the subjects of "C.B.S. Reports" interviews, as judicious a figure as Walter Lippmann has observed, "Friendly is what a friend of mine has called a life-enhancing man."

"C.B.S. Reports" is a more or less direct outgrowth of "See It Now," which Friendly began producing jointly with Edward R. Murrow on a half-hour, once-a-week basis in 1951. "See It Now" began as a sort of weekly television news review. Although in the early days its production methods were crude by Friendly's present standards, it was the first television documentary series of any consequence that attempted to deal with current affairs. Previously, Friendly's experience with the airwaves had been confined mostly to radio, which, with the exception of four and a half years of wartime Army service, he had been in since 1936. In prewar years he had been the producer of a series of dramatized biographical sketches for a program called "Footprints on the Sands of Time," which was broadcast over a station in Providence, Rhode Island, his home town, and later, after the war, he was the originator and producer of a weekly news-quiz program called "Who Said That?," which ran on N.B.C. in 1948 and 1949. Friendly's association with Murrow began in 1948, when, after they had been brought together by an agent named J. G. Gude, they collaborated on the production of a record album, called "I Can Hear It Now," which was a collection of excerpts from recordings of the voices of famous people, done in the general spirit of Frederick Lewis Allen's "Only Yesterday." "I Can Hear It Now" quickly became a best-seller, and Friendly and Murrow followed it up with three more similar albums and then with a comparatively short-lived radio news program called "Hear It Now." With the rise of television, the idea of a weekly "See It Now"

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Matching, 2-piece suit (*N-19*)
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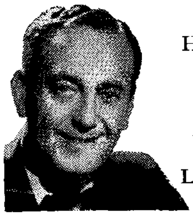

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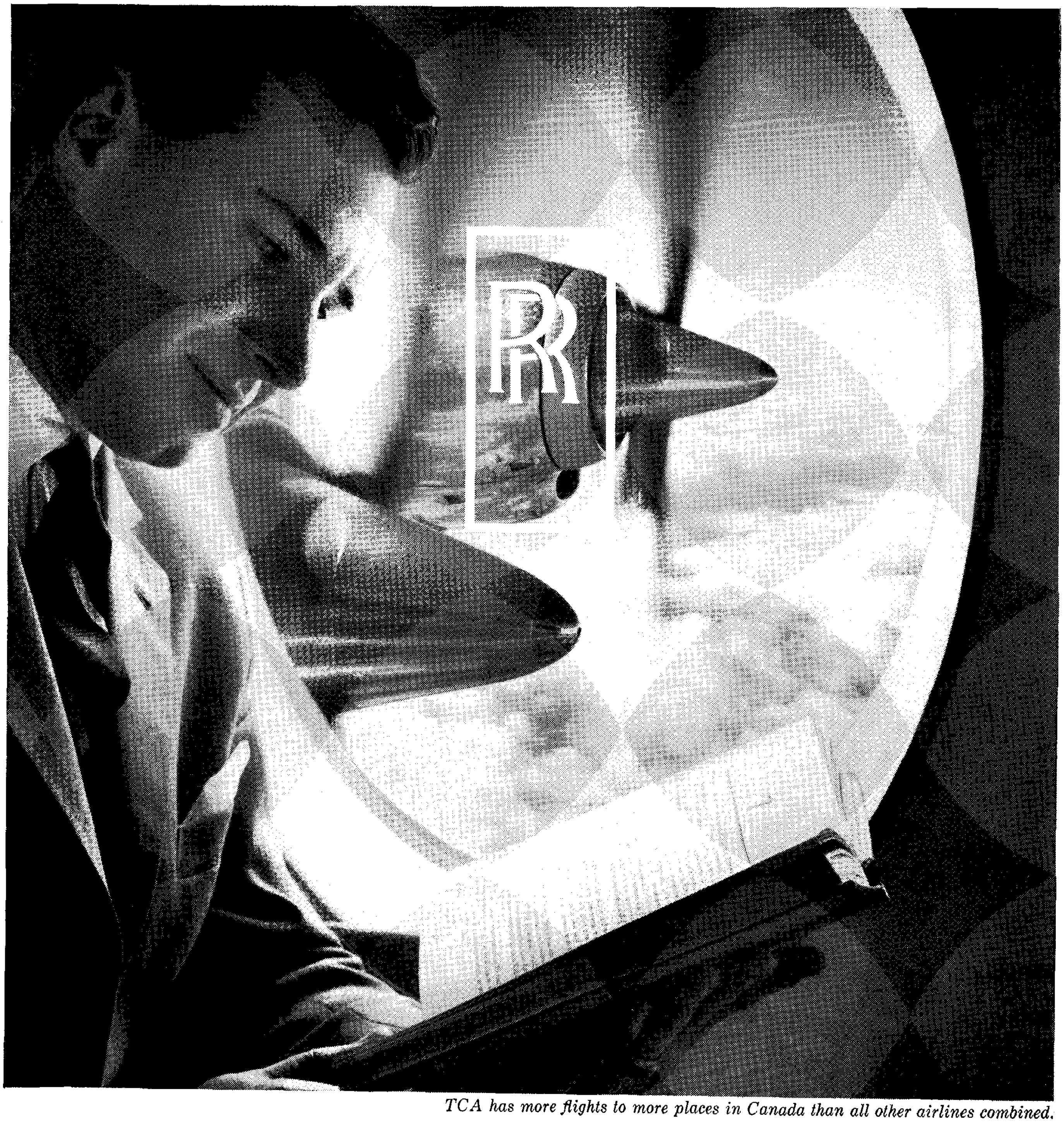

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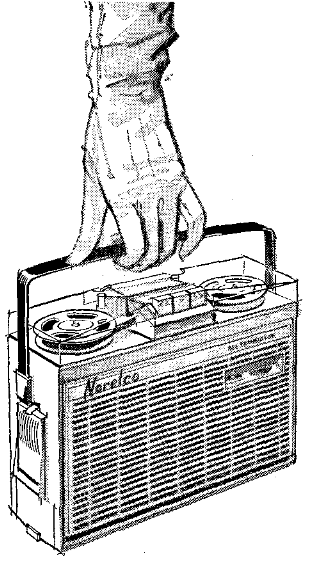

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program developed naturally. "See It Now" went on the air on November 18, 1951, with Murrow as its narrator, and on that first program the producers, to celebrate the recent linking by microwave of the East and West Coasts, displayed simultaneously, by a split-screen technique, live shots of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the seven years of the program's existence, Friendly, who had already formed the habit of, as Murrow puts it, "taking off without warming his motors," charged all over the world with his one-ton pencil in pursuit of reality: to Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the day the discovery of polio vaccine was announced, for an interview with Dr. Jonas Salk; to the waters of Israel, where he ordered his men to light up the Sea of Galilee by night in order to photograph nocturnal fishermen at work; to Berlin; to Suez; to a meeting hall in Pine, Colorado, where voters were assembled for a school-bond election; to Stagg Field, in Chicago, for a gathering of nuclear scientists; and to any other spot he could think of where some sort of social or technological upheaval was going on. His cameras took notes on interviews with all sorts of leading figures in the world: with Nehru, in New Delhi; with Nasser, in Cairo ("There's a good picture somewhere of me lecturing Nasser," Friendly says); with Ben-Gurion, in Israel; with Chou En-lai, in Rangoon; with Macmillan, in London; and with Truman, in Islamorada, Florida. His cameraman went up in an Air Force plane and flew into an atomic cloud over Yucca Flat, Nevada, to give viewers an idea of what radioactive fallout looked like from the inside. They went overseas on good-will tours that included a tour of India by Marian Anderson, a tour of North Africa, Turkey, and Israel by Danny Kaye, and a tour of West Africa by Louis Armstrong.

In domestic waters, Murrow and Friendly ("Murrow on the bridge; Friendly running the engine room—that's the working relationship they had," a C.B.S. man recalls) sailed into the area of political controversy—an area that television up to then had timorously avoided—by taking up matters having to do with civil liberties. In 1953, for example, they espoused the cause of Milo Radulovich, a U.S. Air Force Reserve lieutenant who, although nobody questioned his personal loyalty, had been officially designated as a security risk, suspended from the Air Force Reserve, and recommended for dismissal, because of political activities that his sister had engaged in. and because his

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Step right into the best-dressed category with our elasticized slip-on that resembles the unadorned, elegant boot. It's set sleekly gleaming in selected calfskin; dark brown or black, 6-13 sizes, 35.00. Men's Shoes, Street Floor. Mail and telephone orders filled.

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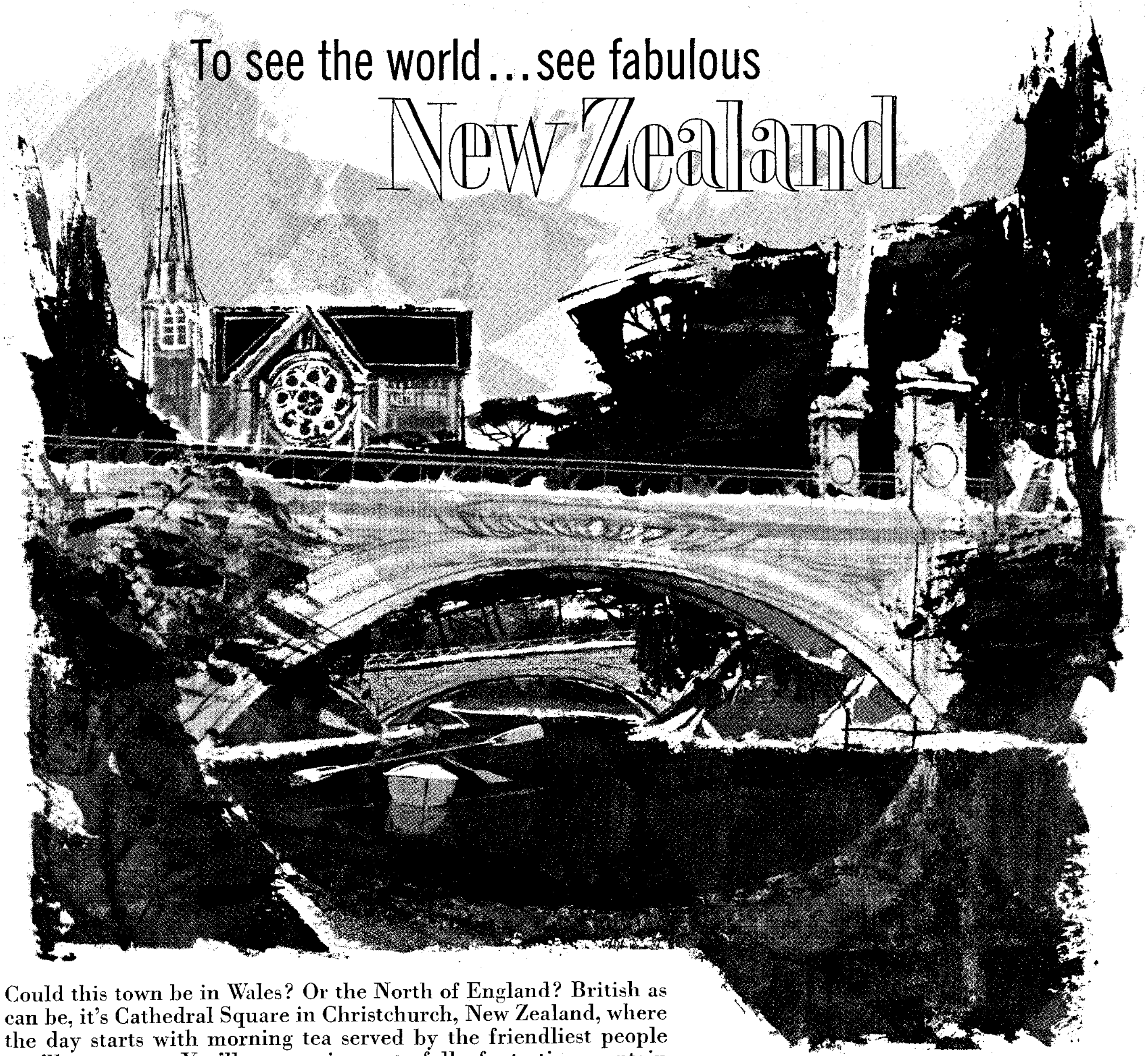
To see the world...see fabulous New Zealand



Could this town be in Wales? Or the North of England? British as can be, it's Cathedral Square in Christchurch, New Zealand, where the day starts with morning tea served by the friendliest people you'll ever meet. You'll see roaring waterfalls, fantastic mountain peaks, the greenest of fields in New Zealand, more natural wonders than anywhere else in the world.

Come now, to this land of beauty, where the seasons are reversed and winter is summer. You'll love its mild, friendly climate, wonderful people. Your travel agent will be delighted to give you all the information you can possibly use and work out your complete itinerary.

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father had subscribed to a pro-Tito Serbian-language newspaper. In a half-hour program, Murrow, as narrator, presented the entire history of the affair and sketched the dilemma of a man faced with a particularly egregious charge of guilt by association. As a result of the program, which caused a considerable stir in the press, the Air Force reversed its findings on Lieutenant Radulovich a few weeks later, and restored him to active duty. In 1954, during the heyday of McCarthyism, Murrow and Friendly struck a further blow for civil liberties with their acidulous study of the methods used by McCarthy in his rise to power—a study highlighted by a shot of the Senator from Wisconsin making a 1952 campaign speech against Adlai Stevenson. "I perform this unpleasant task," the shot caught McCarthy saying, "because the American people are entitled to have the coldly documented history of this man who says he wants to be your president. But strangely, Alger—" Here the Senator paused, and the crowd roared. "I mean, Adlai—" The crowd laughed again, briefly; then, in the ensuing quiet, McCarthy became seized by wave after wave of hysterical giggles, which Murrow and Friendly coolly held on screen until the last, painful spasm died away. McCarthy struck back a couple of weeks later, in air time that the network made available to him, but there is little doubt that the first program rubbed some of the varnish from the shield of McCarthyism. Within a few days of the Murrow-Friendly broadcast, C.B.S. had received a hundred thousand responses, by wire, mail, and telephone, most of them favorable, although a few were highly abusive. As for the C.B.S. management's attitude toward the program, Friendly indicates that the brass looked the other way in embarrassment—in fact, it refused to place newspaper ads announcing the documentary, whereupon Murrow and Friendly, to insure that it would be widely viewed, prepared ads of their own and paid for them out of their own pockets. "The morning after the McCarthy show," Friendly says, "when the newspapers were running banner headlines about it and the C.B.S. switchboards and mail rooms were jammed with messages from the public about it, I rode up in the elevator with the man who was then in charge of C.B.S. Television. He didn't say a word to me on the subject—just asked me how I'd been. In fact, I suppose I could count on the fingers of one hand all the calls we had from upstairs during the seven years

God of our Fathers
Virgil Fox
William Warfield
Flamenco Virtuoso
Mariano Cordoba
Bartok
The Miraculous Mandarin
Shostakovich
The Age of Gold
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These recordings speak for themselves... but by no means softly.

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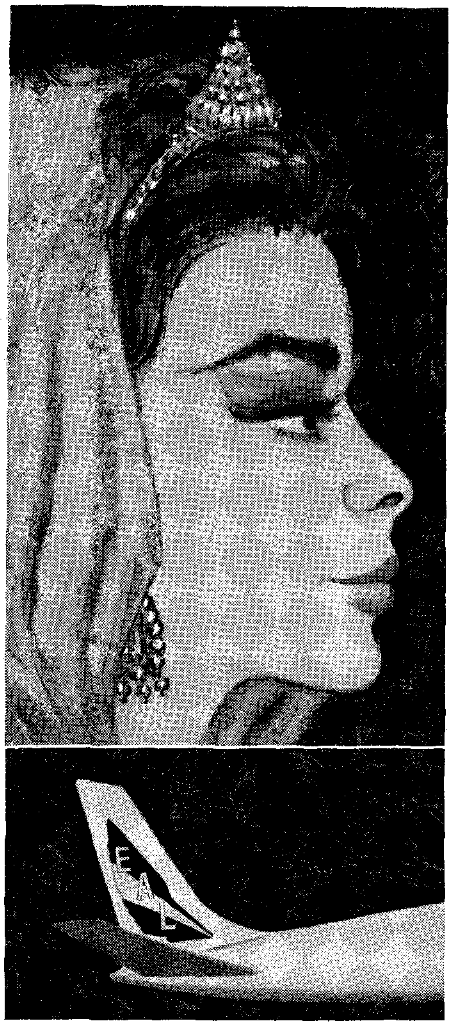
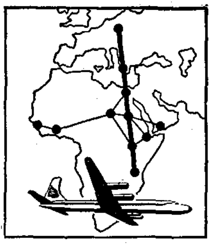


EXOTIC...
LAND OF THE
QUEEN OF SHEBA



Exotic and also bizarre the famous Sheba was and so is her land, Ethiopia. "Enchanting to visit. Unlike any other land" says AFRICA A TO Z*. You must see Ethiopia for the indescribable, excitingly strange. Amazingly beautiful. Temperature perfection. Excellent hotels. And so easy to reach via Ethiopian Airlines from Europe or the new nations of West Africa. Luxurious DC-6Bs now. Jets soon. See your travel agent today.

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that 'See It Now' was on the air."

From 1951 to 1955, "See It Now" was sponsored by the Aluminum Corporation of America, which Friendly has described as "a dream sponsor," meaning that it made no attempt to interfere with the editorial content of the program, however controversial it might be. But at the end of the 1954-55 season, Alcoa felt it necessary to seek a wider audience than it was reaching with the Murrow-Friendly show, and withdrew its sponsorship. "See It Now" never had another full-time sponsor. Scores of potential ones were approached, only to shy away at the thought of advertising on a program that not only had a relatively small network audience but regularly dealt with controversial subject matter, and particularly with such controversial subject matter as McCarthyism. The C.B.S. management, too, although it frequently trumpeted the virtues of "See It Now" in institutional advertising and in reports to Congress and the Federal Communications Commission on its record of public-service programming, apparently took a lukewarm attitude toward the program. "After a good show, we would sit and wait for a phone call from upstairs, and for years it never seemed to come," Friendly recalls. The end came in 1958, when the networks were making a killing in the audience-rating books with big-money quiz shows and with dramatic programs purveying sadism and violence as stock commodities. The last "See It Now" program to go on the air, in July, 1958, was called "Watch on the Ruhr;" it was a documentary on Germany's economic and political resurgence, and it included a memorable sequence of closeups of members of a German theatre audience watching the climactic scene in a performance of "The Diary of Anne Frank."

After the demise of "See It Now," Murrow and Friendly attempted to take up some of the slack with "Small World," a program featuring a series of discussions, moderated by Murrow, between people in different parts of the world, who conversed by means of a radio or telephone hookup while cameras recorded each end of the conversation. It was a complicated idea for a program and a far cry from the documentaries that Murrow and Friendly had been doing; "Small World" ended, with hardly a murmur of protest from anybody, at the close of the 1959-60 season.

In the meantime, however, the big quiz shows, on which the networks had come to rely so heavily, were blowing up

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. . ." in every age,
In every clime adored."

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Only white Chardonnay grapes, selected by "épluchage," produce this unbelievably light champagne of extraordinary delicacy and finesse. Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand Corporation, N.Y.

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Give your skin what it yearns for — Velva Moisture Film before make-up day or night. And never again leave it stranded high and dry. What other moisturizer can seep into parched pores as Velva Moisture Film does, to bathe your complexion in a liquid young radiance! Elizabeth Arden has perfected Velva Moisture Film so your skin may always remain smooth and moist, your make-up fresh all day without fade-out. 5.00, 10.00, 15.00. plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

in their faces, and, in the accompanying atmosphere of shock, scandal, and investigation, the C.B.S. management again became aware of the virtues of the television documentary. In 1959, Frank Stanton, the president of C.B.S., revived "See It Now" under the name of "C.B.S. Reports," and installed Friendly, who had managed to keep most of his old staff together, as executive producer of the series. (Murrow, who had been at odds with Stanton over various matters and who had already announced his plans to take a sabbatical leave for a year, was not appointed co-producer, although he later appeared as reporter-narrator on a number of "C.B.S. Reports" programs. Early last year he resigned from C.B.S. to become director of the United States Information Agency.)

"C.B.S. Reports" is a great showpiece for the C.B.S. management. Because the series has no regular sponsor, and attracts comparatively few sponsors for its individual programs in the course of a season, it brings in only about half a million advertising dollars, while its production costs come to about two million dollars, and it occupies air time worth about twice that sum. Such losses are not matters of excessive concern to the network, whose income from the presentation of such shows as "Gunsmoke," "Have Gun, Will Travel," "The Twilight Zone," "The Garry Moore Show," "Perry Mason," "Rawhide," and "The Defenders" has helped to raise the net profits before taxes of C.B.S., Inc., from $9,555,000 in 1950 to $51,335,000 in 1960. Unlike "See It Now," which for much of its existence was relegated to what was then the chronological Siberia of the airwaves, late Sunday afternoon or early Sunday evening, "C.B.S. Reports" is assigned to prime evening time—10 to 11 P.M. on Thursdays, when it is theoretically available to a very large audience. As it happens, though, the program coincides with N.B.C.'s "Sing Along with Mitch," which regularly attracts about twenty-five million viewers, and with A.B.C.'s "The Untouchables," a panorama of gangland slaughter that has a regular audience of about twenty million. According to the C.B.S. statistical people, "C.B.S. Reports" has an average audience of six million.

What with its audience rating, contemptible by the standards of the big commercial programs, and its habit of dealing with controversial subject matter—or, as Friendly has put it, of "saying upstream things"—"C.B.S. Re-

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THE MADRAS STORY

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THE Rock Sound CLUB

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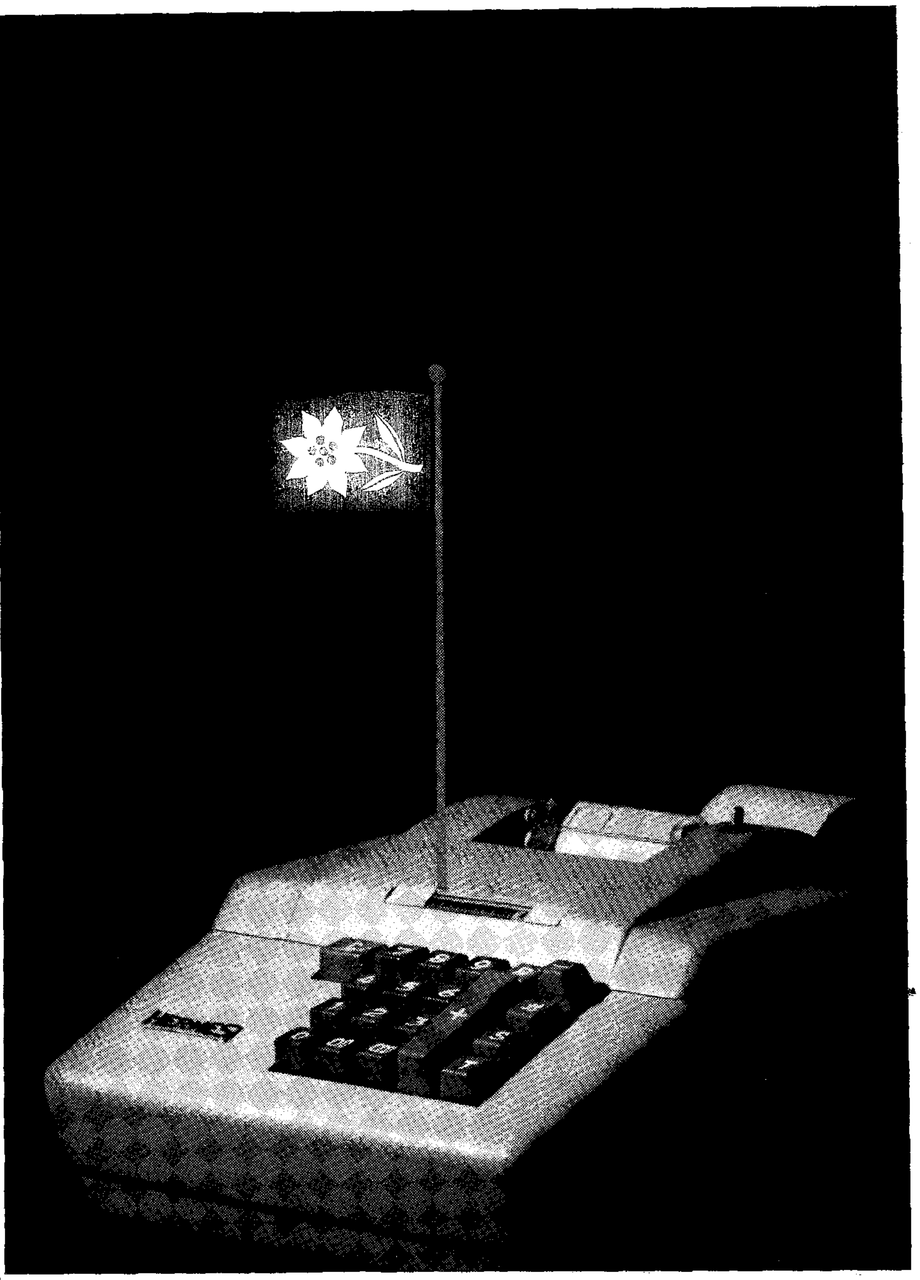
ANTOINE-LOUIS BARYE
Lioness Attacking a Deer Bronze, 15¾" long

THE ALAN GALLERY
766 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

ports" has had chronic sponsor trouble. Friendly doesn't quite understand the attitude of the big corporations toward sponsoring documentaries. "One of these advertisers will come in and say he can't sponsor a show that deals with the problems of segregation, or a show on the crisis in Algeria, or a show on radioactive fallout, because he can't risk having his corporate image hurt by controversial subject matter. Then he'll turn around and sponsor a dramatic series that has nothing but bloodletting and eye-gouging in it," he says with some puzzlement. Because of the paucity of sponsors, Friendly is under considerable pressure to make compromises in dealing with potential ones, the most frequent demand being that he agree to let them see programs before they go on the air. With other, and more marketable, kinds of program, this is, of course, not only a normal procedure but a mandatory one, yet it is one that Friendly stubbornly holds out against, on the ground that it might tempt advertisers to suggest editorial revisions as a condition of their sponsorship. "We've lost some pretty good sponsors because we wouldn't say we'd let them see shows ahead of time," he says. "A magazine editor would probably kick any advertiser right out of his office who wanted an advance look at the articles he was running before he decided to place an ad. The trouble with TV is that there's no tradition of independence. It isn't easy to say no and hear the guy from the sales department say, 'O.K., Fred, but your integrity is going to cost us two hundred thousand.' Just the same, I think we have to say no, until it gets to be a habit that everybody accepts." Such pressures for compromise do not all come from advertisers; they also come from within the network, which has its own commercial position to maintain, and its relations with its affiliated stations to think of, and which, finally, must meet the tricky F.C.C. requirements concerning the provision of equal time for presentation of opposing points of view on the airwaves. It was not a particularly new experience for Friendly when, last spring, before putting "Who Speaks for Birmingham?" on the air, he had to attend a series of angry meetings of network brass and defend the program against the charges of one vice-president that it presented the Birmingham Negroes in a better light than the whites and it might possibly mean the loss of some station affiliations in the Deep South. Friendly even had to defend Howard K. Smith's inclusion at the end



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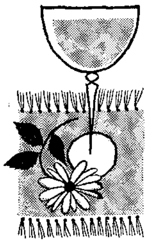

The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

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of the program of a line from Edmund Burke that Smith had felt applied to the majority of whites in Birmingham: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." The C.B.S. brass felt that the line was prejudicial, uncalled for, and presumably anti-good men, and ordered it struck out. As a result of this and other subsequent difficulties, Smith—who has said that he had been unhappy with C.B.S. policy ever since the time of the quiz scandals, when he was forbidden to deliver a strong commentary on the responsibilities of networks—resigned from C.B.S. and went over to A.B.C. as a news commentator.

In spite of these pressures from within and without, Friendly is confident that television will come into its own as a journalistic profession. So far, there seems little doubt that his own biggest contribution toward this end, apart from his talent as a producer, has been his effort to establish some sort of reasonable ethical and artistic standards in a business that has generally managed to get along without them. "This is a whole new tradition we're concerned with," he says.

—Thomas Whiteside

•

A seaplane belonging to the United States Navy has just finished air-lifting some 30,000 baby green turtles from a hatchery in Costa Rica and "sowing" them in various Caribbean islands.

One aim is to increase the food supply of Caribbean islanders. The other aim is more bizarre, since the Navy hopes that the turtles may lead to improvements in "long-range detection devices."

The green turtle is a superb navigator. When three years old, it appears to "home" like a pigeon to the place where it hatched, in order to spawn. The United States Navy would very much like to know how the turtle identifies its "target" and how it navigates to get there.

The experimenters hope that the baby turtles, which are about the size of a half-crown, will accept the place where the Navy has now deposited them as their home, and return there to spawn three years from now. It is possible, of course, when the time comes, that they will all obstinately head for the hatchery in Costa Rica. In either case, the experiment will reveal more about turtle behaviour.—*London Observer.*

To say nothing of man's behavior.

•

LETTERS MISS JACOBUS NEVER FINISHED READING

Editor & Publisher
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The storm warnings are up, Miss Jacobus . . . and you have me worried. Jim Brown, our General Manager . . .

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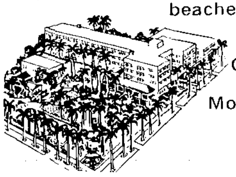

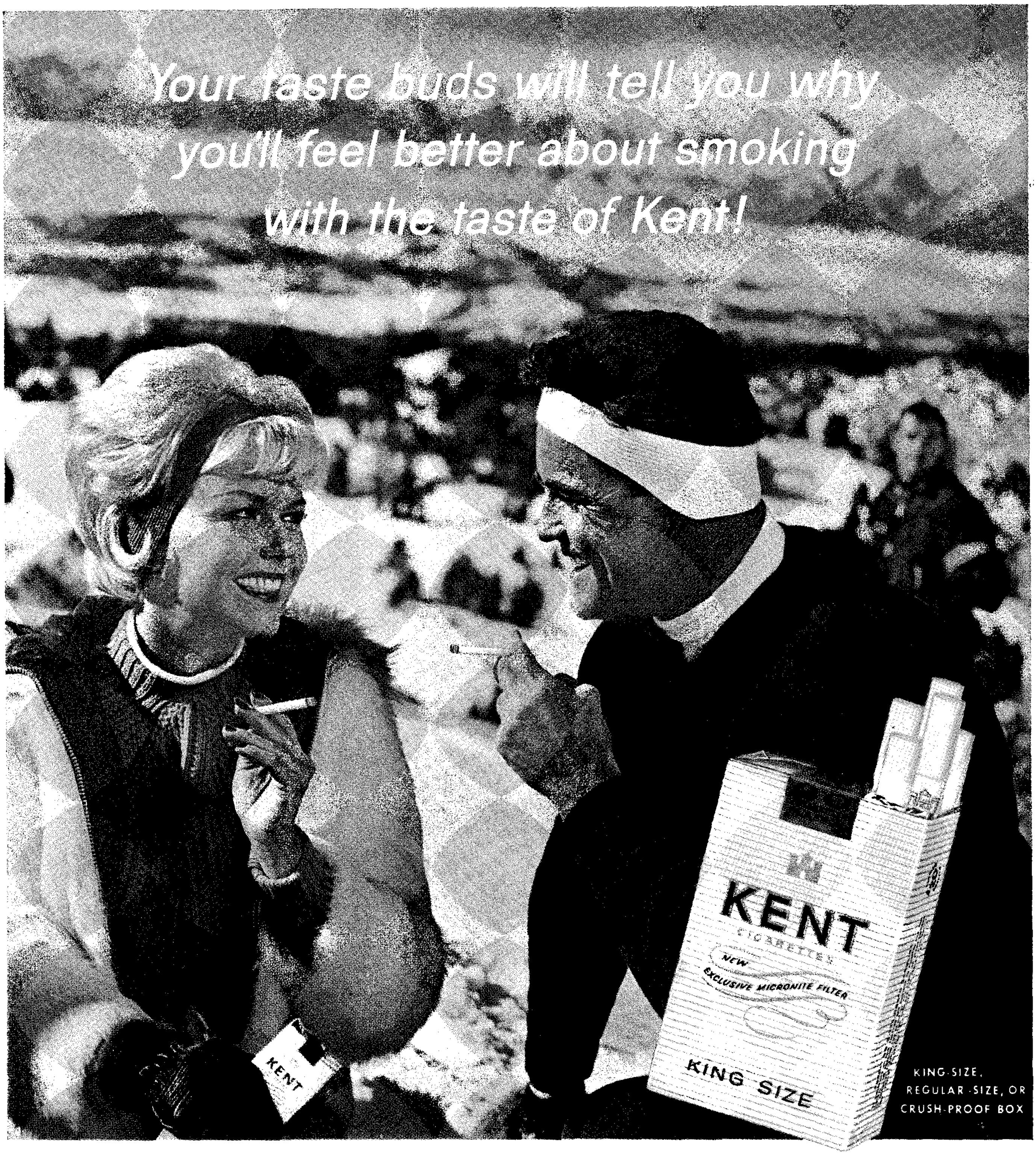
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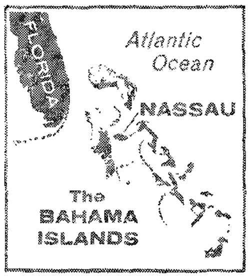

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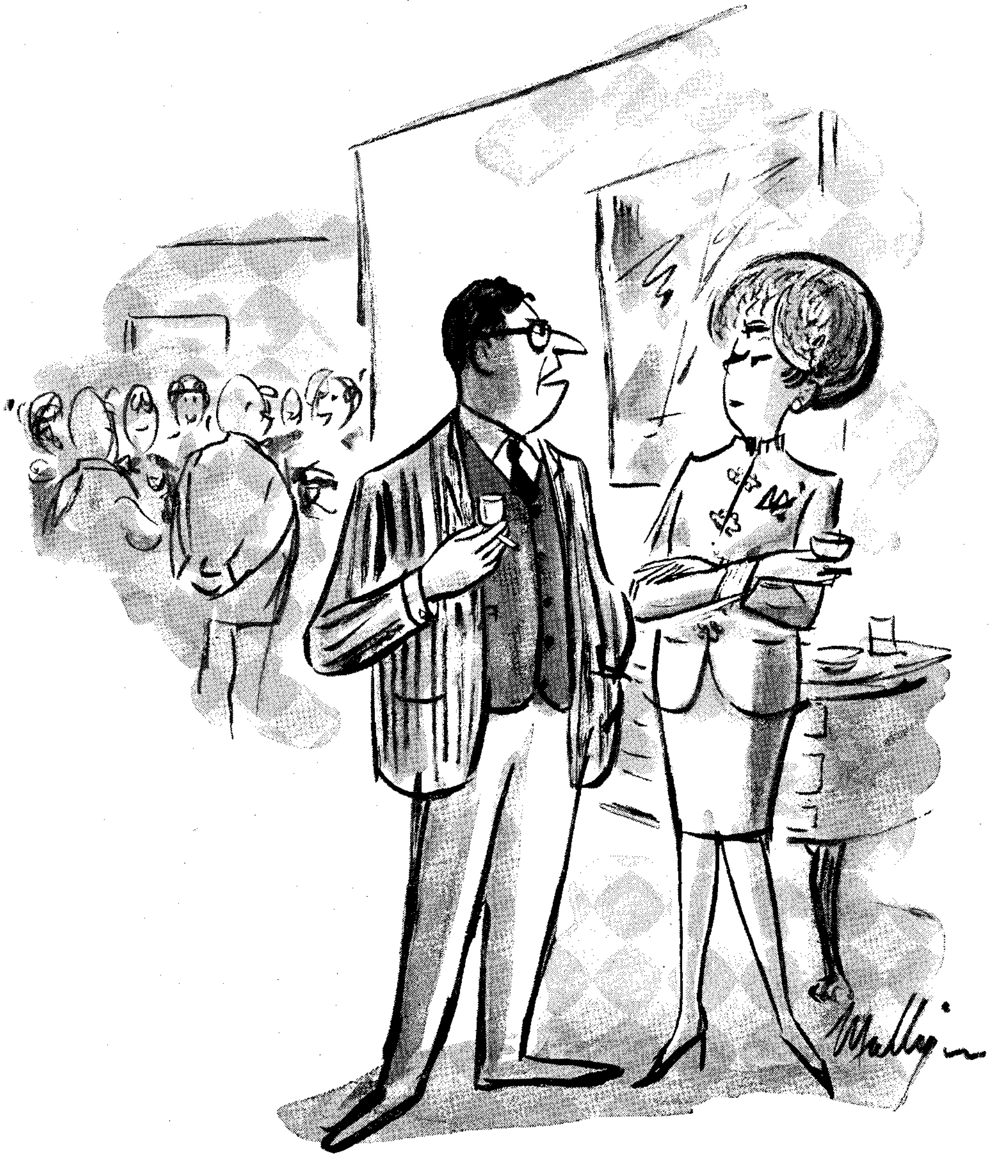
THE THEATRE

LADY MACBETH OF SCARSDALE

England's Old Vic Company, which has afforded us so much pleasure, entertainment, excitement, and enlightenment in the past, is with us once again, at the New York City Center, and it has begun its visit with a presentation of "Macbeth." It is my hope that our guests, who in this instance have reduced a great tragedy to the proportions of a high-school elocution exercise, will get a grip on themselves, forget all about fancy enunciation, and, during the rest of their stay, give us some genuinely visceral drama. Lord knows, the introductory offering afforded them every chance to do this, since the principal characters in "Macbeth" are never sure at the end of day whether the night will bring sleep or slaughter. What the company has done here is to tone down the raging emotional content of the play and reduce the frightening gore to Hollywood ketchup. It was probably an unfortunate accident of makeup that made me think of John Clements, who portrays Macbeth, as a sort of well-barbered Schweppesman, more or less slumming around primitive Scotland, and reading immortal lines with a kind of pedagogical weariness. He has as his consort Barbara Jefford, who is gentle, beautiful, and obviously too kind to encourage her husband to set a trap for a mouse, let alone goad him into annihilating all possible successors to the throne of Scotland. But no matter how softly we approach "Macbeth" we must have a good deal of bloodletting; unhappily, in the present production this is done by murderers got up in clerical black who go for their victims as if they were about to administer the last rites rather than speed the poor souls to their doom. None of the performers on view, with the exception of William Sylvester and Irene Sutcliffe, who depict the Macduffs, seem to be aware that they are supposed to convey to the audience that "their pangs must be extreme who spill life's sacred stream." As for the three witches, they look much too substantial to vanish into the air, and one has a face as round and harmless as an autumn moon. I guess the main difficulty with this "Macbeth" is the direction, by Michael Benthall. What the play demands is alarums and excursions, but Mr. Benthall seems to think that if everybody will just lower his voice and stop getting all worked up, Shakespeare's poetry will have a chance to come through. The only trouble with this notion is that Shakespeare was writing dramatic poetry.



"*Then suppose* you *tell* me *why I wear a red waistcoat.*"

Although "The Aspern Papers," a dramatization by Michael Redgrave of a story by Henry James, doesn't move along with any more alacrity than the Master's own convoluted prose, it is nevertheless a theatrical item that I don't think you should neglect. Admittedly, the plot is thin and is never satisfactorily resolved, but in this case the players are the thing, and I admired them all, for they are a band of skilled and well-drilled performers. Margaret Webster was the drillmaster, and she has done quite a job of making bricks without much straw. James's story, as you probably remember, had to do with the efforts of a Philadelphia publisher to recover some of the papers of an eminent American poet of a past generation, which he believed to be in the possession of the poet's mistress, a centenarian resident in a dilapidated house in Venice. James never satisfactorily established the importance of the poet and the poet's papers, and neither does the play. But just watching Maurice Evans in the role of the acquisitive publisher, Françoise Rosay in the role of the ancient mistress, and, very particularly, Wendy Hiller, who is completely fetching in the role of the old lady's virginal and romantic niece, gave me pleasure. In the process, I managed to

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become a trifle impatient with Mr. Evans, who single-mindedly pursues the Aspern papers instead of Miss Hiller, though she is so obviously taken with him. The others in the cast are Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and Augusta Merighi, and, reading from left to right, they represent a friend of the publisher, the publisher's valet, and a Venetian maid. I found them all laudable.

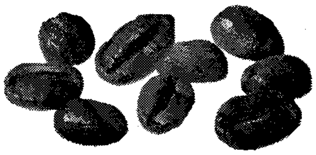
—JOHN McCARTEN

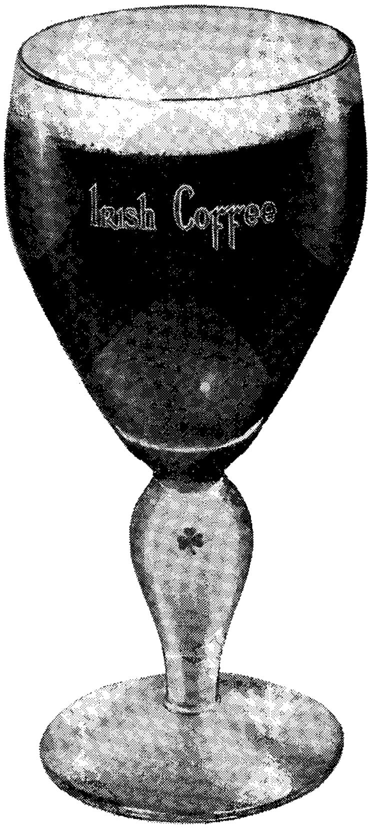
OFF BROADWAY

And Fly It Does

"FLY BLACKBIRD," a new musical at the Mayfair, is about a group of Negro students and some friends of theirs, of assorted shades, who demonstrate cheerfully against the segregation in a public park and are arrested and thrown in jail. At the end of the first act, they are all behind bars for the night, and there is nothing that Avon Long, in the role of a television star and the father of one of them, can do to get them out. Most of the second act is taken up with a dream sequence about a medicine show, in which a white quack peddles an elixir that will tame rebellious Negroes into happy servility. At the end, everyone is back in the park, the kids as determined in their stand as ever.

Even though the story loses its footing somewhat when it slips into fantasy, and some of its ebullience when it threatens to turn into propaganda, it does very well as a kind of catchall for a lot of lively songs and dances, for a collection of breezy wisecracks and parodies, and for some swatches of satire and irony, which occasionally are just too heavy. When everything is working right, the show is a small explosion of talent and imagination—aural, visual, and theatrical. In one scene, Helen Blount, as a red-headed police matron, finds out that she and a Negro policeman not only share a home town down South but a great-grandfather as well, and together they sing the wryly nostalgic "Natchitoches, Louisiana." (Elwood Smith is very good as the policeman.) Glory Van Scott, a Katherine Dunham alumna and a natural comedienne, does a mock-African dance as she mockingly sings "Big Betty's Song," and she and another funny girl, named Thelma Oliver, do a flash imitation of a pair of cleaning women that is a bull's-eye. Michael Kermoyan is amusing as the embodiment of the smarmy, patronizing white man and as the sly quack in the dream sequence. Robert Guillaume, as the ringleader of the students, and Mary Louise, as Mr. Long's daughter—the first Negro girl to be head of





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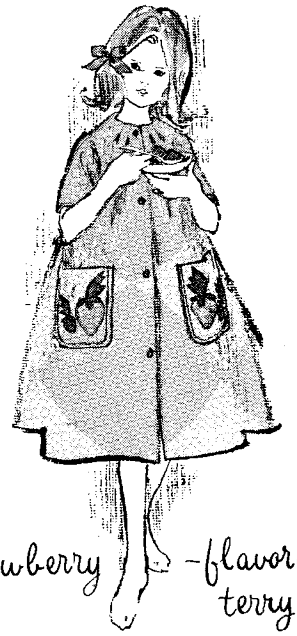

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the Sarah Lawrence student council—make an appealing hero and heroine, particularly when they sing a love duet, "Lilac Tree," backed by a chorus of the students. Mr. Long, gray-haired now but as teasingly sinuous as he ever was as Sportin' Life, plays the sole representative of the old-style Negro role, and in his final number, "Who's the Fool?," sung as he shuffles across the stage ("I shuffled my daughter through the finest college in the country"), he is so persuasively tongue-in-cheek that he almost manages to undermine the students and steal the show. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are agreeable—there isn't a dud in the bunch—and most of their ideas pay off. Jerome Eskow (staging), Talley Beatty (choreography), Gershon Kingsley (musical arrangements), Jules Fisher (lighting), and Robert Soule (sets and costumes) should also be commended. One small beef: The Uncle Tom sobriquet has become as much of a cliché by now as the character it lampoons, and I hope I never have to hear it, or any switches on it, again. All in all, though, "Fly Blackbird" has the energy and attractive impudence of a varsity show, but one staffed by pros. —EDITH OLIVER

◆

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From a booklet issued by the Department of Information, Republic of Indonesia*]

In 1755, the newly installed Sultan of Jogjakarta, H. H. Hamengku Buwono I, ordered a palace built in the middle of a forest, called Beringan. The palace was finished in 1757 which corresponds to the Javanese year 1682. A "Tjandra Sengkala" ornamentation on two of the gateway walls called "Regol Kemagangan" and "Regol Gadung Melati" is a typical Javanese way of marking the year, in which an event occurs. The ornamentation consists essentially of 2 snakes facing in opposite directions, with their tails entwined together, which gives them the feeling of being one entity. In Javanese it reads: Dwi Naga Rasa Tunggal. The value which the Javanese give to the snake (naga) is eight, and that given to "feeling" (rasa) is six, so two snakes (dwi naga) feeling as one (rasa tunggal) make the figure 2861. By reading this backwards, we come to the figure 1682, which is the Javanese year, commemorated by this gateway.

•

Mr. Walker was born in Center Point, Tex., and started his military career as an artillery officer after graduating from West Point in 1931. He was a combat commander during World War II and in the Korean war. He holds the Silver Star and the Bronx Star with Oak Leaf cluster. —*The Times.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Curtain Call

ALTHOUGH I am one of Carry Back's ardent admirers, I was delighted when Intentionally won the Seminole Handicap at Hialeah last weekend. I suppose it was because I'm an old sentimentalist and the race was to have been Intentionally's last before his retirement to the Tartan Farms in Florida. Well, sir, he ran the mile and an eighth in such fine style, beating Carry Back by eight lengths, with everybody else strung out behind them, that Johnny Nerud, his trainer, thought the old fellow might have a go at the Widener Handicap a week from Saturday. So he'll make another farewell appearance. I watched the Seminole on television, and it seemed to me that Carry Back wasn't as sharp as usual; besides, he kept close to the rail most of the way, something he doesn't usually do. I expect he'll go better in the Widener; it's at a mile and a quarter, and the longer distance should be to his liking. By the way, the day before the Seminole, Jack Price, who owns and trains Carry Back, announced that the colt would be syndicated—a popular practice with valuable bloodstock. Thirty-five shares in him will be sold at $35,000 each (it adds up to $1,225,000), and the buyers will split up his winnings on the racecourse as well as the fees he'll earn when he goes to the stud, in 1964. The deal calls to mind the Bally Ache syndication in 1960. A group of horsemen bought him for $1,250,000, and he won the Preakness in their colors, but then terrible things began happening to him, and he died a few months later. Let's hope bad luck passes Carry Back by.

IT begins to look as if Sir Gaylord is a smasher. The other afternoon, he plucked off Hialeah's Bahamas Stakes, at seven furlongs, from Ridan, Crimson Satan, and five other three-year-olds, and he won more easily than he had the week before, when he beat Crimson Satan at six furlongs. Though the pace in the Bahamas was fast, Sir Gaylord went right with it, and when he passed Ridan on the turn for home, that was that. His next test will be in the Everglades Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, on Wednesday, and I feel that he'll come through again. His big one, of course, will be in the Flamingo on March 3rd. Ridan did what I expected

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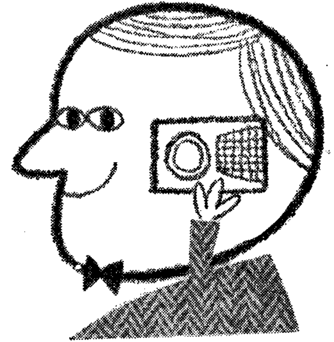

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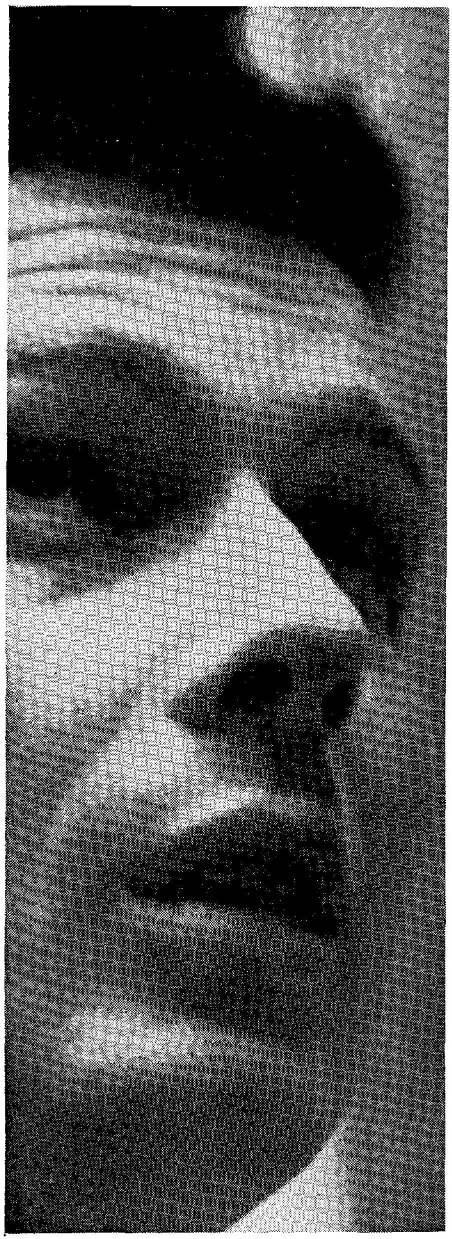

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he'd do—tire after going six furlongs. As for Crimson Satan, he started very slowly, so, naturally, the question asked oftenest by disappointed horseplayers was, Would he have won if he'd got off quicker? Well, I saw a TV tape of the race, and I'd say no. Anyway, Crimson Satan will go in the Everglades, and then we'll see. Altogether, it was a big day for C. T. Chenery, who owns Sir Gaylord, for in the race preceding the Bahamas his Cicada, the best two-year-old filly last season, made ten older runners of her sex look like hacks. One of the also-rans was Little Tumbler, who beat top colts in the 1960 Futurity.

IT has become traditional to have snow for the opening of Bowie and the Maryland season. At least a couple of inches of the white stuff fell Friday afternoon, and the horses in the ninth race could have used tail-lights. The attendance was small and the crowd didn't seem as enthusiastic as the ones that used to turn out when Bowie opened on April 1st. Maybe it was because Charles Town, in West Virginia, had been running ever since Pimlico closed, in December; it's harder to get to than Bowie, but many Baltimore and Washington horseplayers made the trip every day. Long shots enlivened the racing at Bowie on Friday; Hap's Honey (and isn't that a perfect name for a long shot?) topped the list, paying $101.60. Things picked up on Saturday; the weather improved, attendance was close to fifteen thousand, and betting topped the million mark. The best race of the day was the Burch Handicap, in which Vir-Marie, a seasoned Maryland performer, beat War Council, Mr. Egotist, and thirteen others in a sprint at five and a half furlongs. Bowie, as you know, will run on through March 27th.

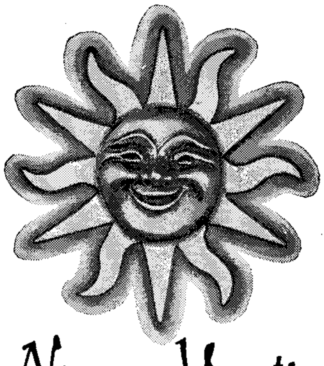
RAINS in California just about washed out the San Antonio Handicap, the customary prep for next Saturday's Santa Anita Handicap. Four-and-Twenty and T. V. Lark were scratched, and Prove It, the favorite, floundered so badly in the mud that he finished out of the money. Olden Times, his stablemate, saved the day, however, winning by eight. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"Little Mary Sunshine," the musical at the Players Theater, will give a special matinee performance on George Washington's Birthday (Thursday, 22) at 3 p.m. There will be no Tuesday (Feb. 30) evening performance.—*The Journal-American.*

It's just as well.



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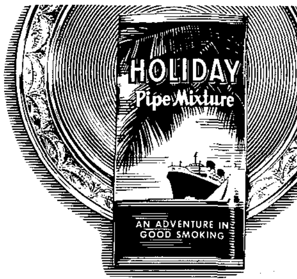

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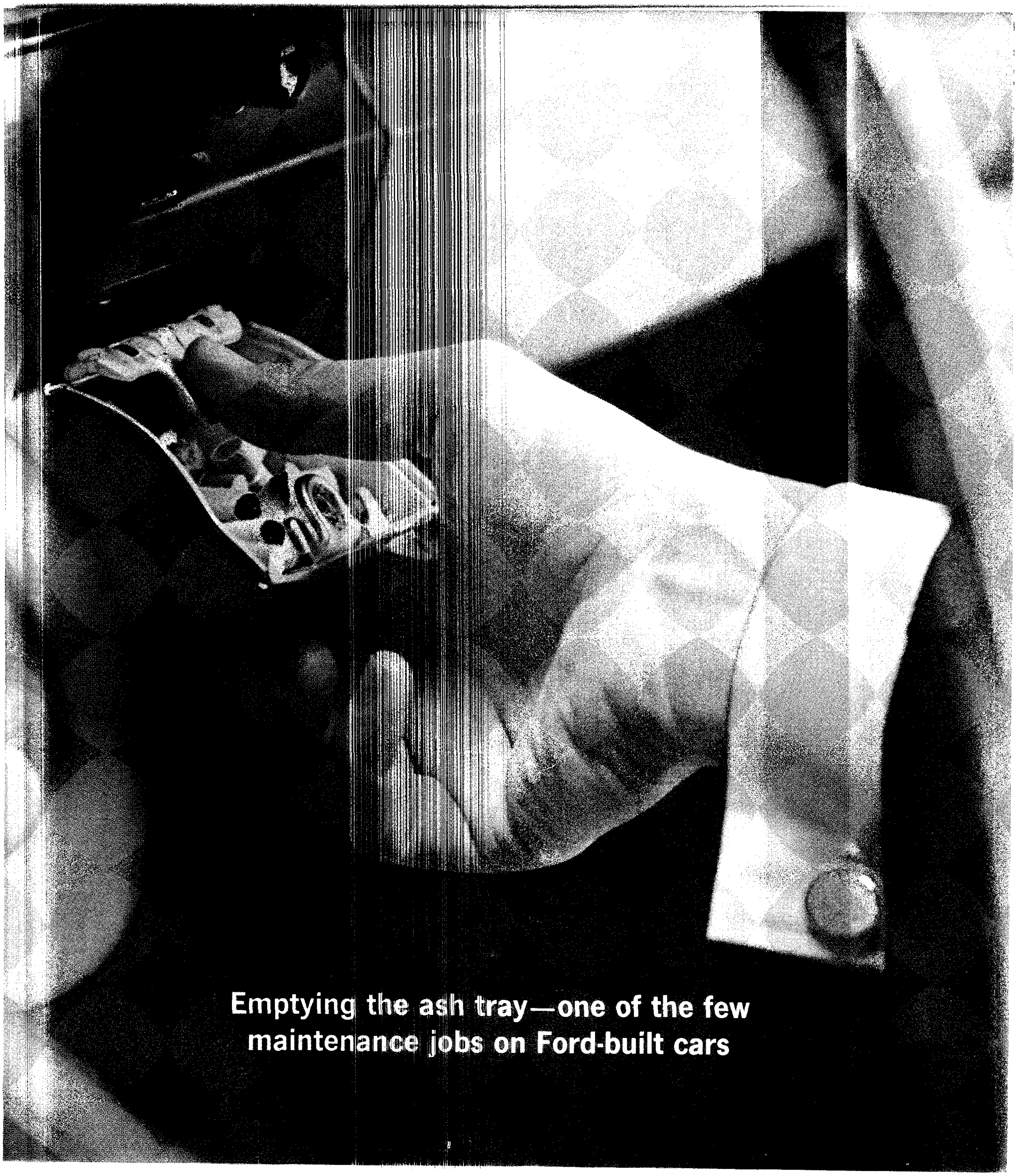
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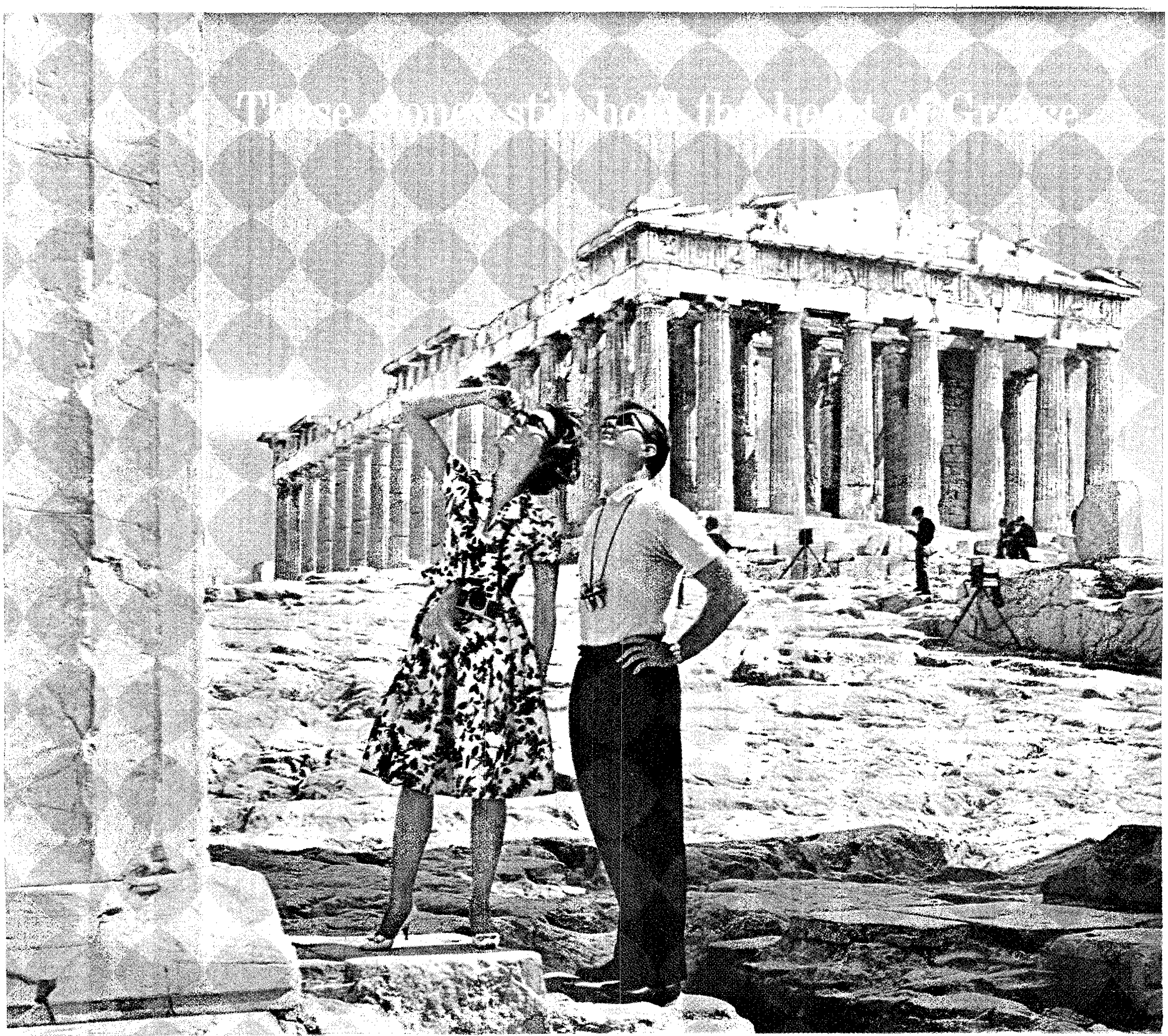

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MUSHROOM WEATHER

Lucy sat in the back seat of the little foreign car, muffled in her thick, scarlet coat, half dozing from the warmth and the monotonous rolling past of the California highway. It was an early afternoon in winter. Beside her sat Mrs. Agouroff, her mother-in-law, massively occupying three-quarters of the seat; directly in front, and driving, sat George, her husband, and next to him her father-in-law, in an old-fashioned gray overcoat that gave him exaggeratedly square shoulders. Lucy barely listened as the three others talked, in a mixture of Russian and English, the latter out of consideration for her. She dreamily scanned the back of her husband's head, noting, delightedly, the short, pale neck rising from the white shirt collar above his sweater, and the dark hair, somewhat overgrown, that grew to two points, like a cat's ears, at the nape of his neck. He raised his hand to emphasize some statement he had made, and for a moment the spread fingers against the windshield were made perfectly translucent by the light pouring in through the car's open sun roof.

"Enough, George, enough!" cried Mrs. Agouroff. "Eyes on the road, please, if you don't mind. Talking, and waving hands, and pretty soon—"

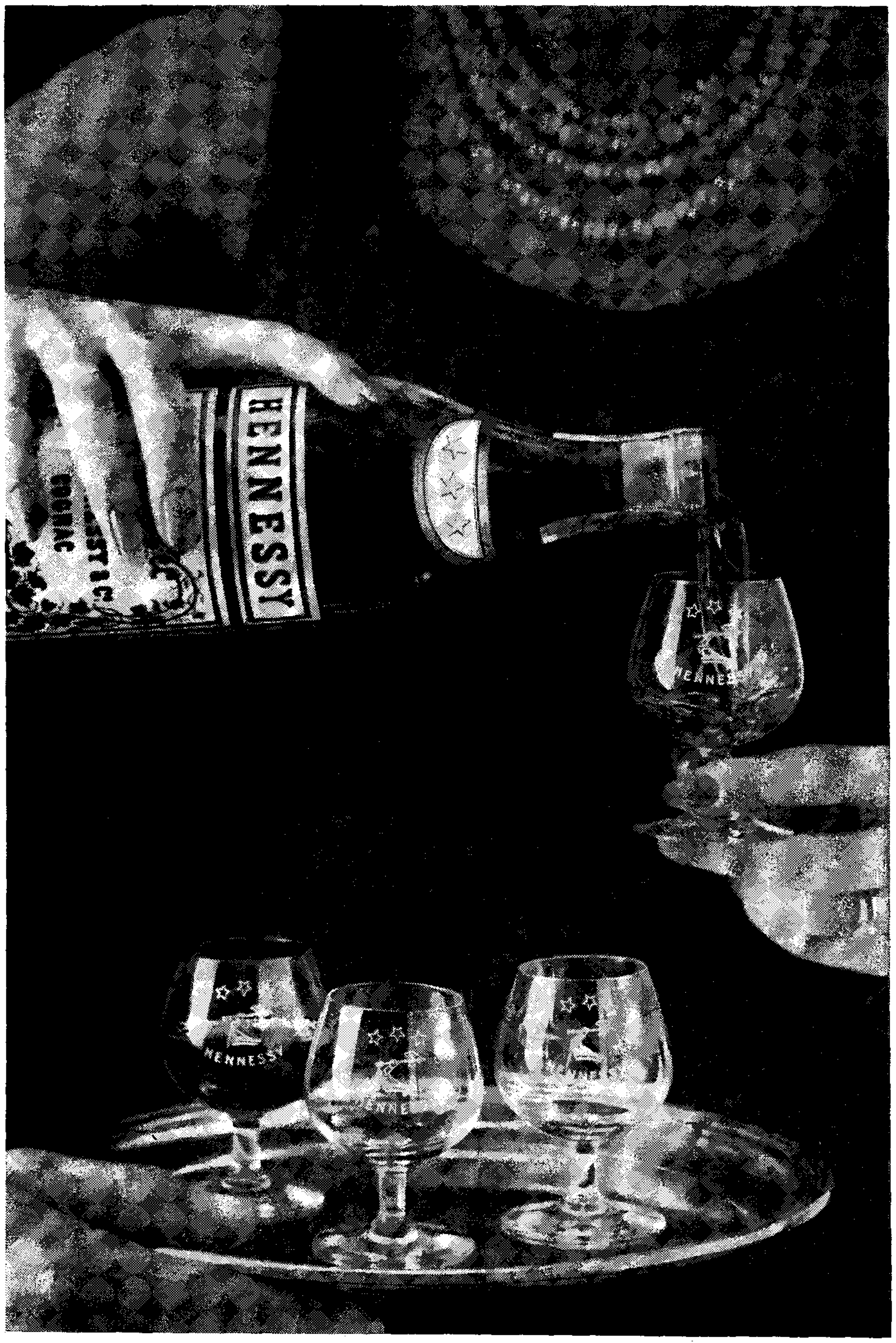
"Shut up, Nadia," said Mr. Agouroff. "You'll break the springs jumping up and down. Who's talking too much? You, I think."

"As I was saying," George began in a loud voice, "that is, if anyone was listening . . ."

Lucy smiled. Sometimes it irritated her, this family bickering, but today her mood was reflective. She bore within herself an agreeable secret: she was pregnant for the first time. She hadn't told George, or any of the others yet, not being sure how he would react; he was so immature at times. She would wait for the proper moment. The doctor's announcement, the day before, had given her a sense of *fait accompli*: she felt her existence justified. Her faculties of observation had also become heightened. She now studied herself and her husband solemnly—a girl baby, she thought, would want her eyes, George's fine bones, and his agility.

Mr. Agouroff turned. "Is it too windy for you, Lucy?"

Lucy could only answer with an amazed "Ah!" For the first time, she really noticed the noble beak of his nose in profile. In George, this imposing shape had been spoiled by his mother's



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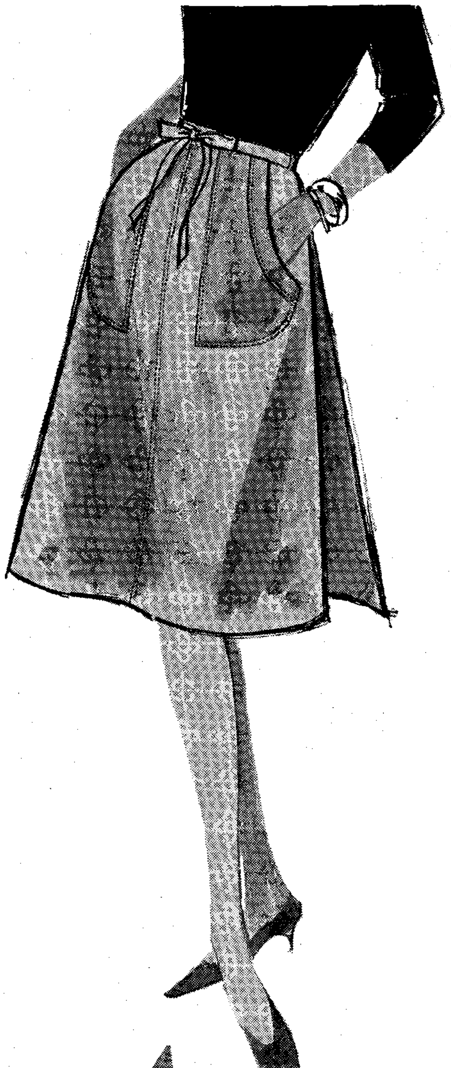

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Ukrainian pug—yet, might not the original nose reassert itself, genes skipping and so on, in a grandson? "You have a wonderful nose, Papa," Lucy said earnestly.

"Well! Well!" The old man laughed.

"Everybody look. We are already at the woods!" Mrs. Agouroff cried.

THEY had left the highway and were approaching the dark, gigantic sequoias of the Muir Woods, a short drive north of San Francisco, where they lived. The air began to change, growing chill, and as the car rolled into a dirt clearing to park, it was shadowed by the redwoods, whose foliage was so far overhead as to seem unreal.

The four of them got out, and as the parents and their son had a snappy argument about George's little car, which the old folks thought far inferior to an American car as far as comfort, luggage space, and the impression it made on other motorists went, Lucy strolled along a path leading into the woods. It was wet from a recent rain and springy, consisting of generations of dead leaves, and yielded under her shoes. The cold was now penetrating. It invigorated and spurred on the group behind, the old couple walking briskly, while George, running ahead, cavorted, throwing out his arms and legs like a schoolboy, even though actually he was a college teacher, who had this afternoon, a Thursday, free of classes.

Suddenly, fingers pointing from his temples in imitation of a bull, George rushed at Lucy. Shrieking "Don't be silly!" she scampered off, dodging behind trees and leaping over clumps of underbrush. They ran, breathing heavily, to the bank of a stream, and, wetting their hands in the icy, crystalline water, began to fling it at each other. Then Lucy, her face rosy and stinging, clumsily mounted the bank and ran on, laughing. A minute later, she crouched silently in the hollow trunk of a gutted tree, but George, following the flag of her scarlet coat, found her immediately and clasped his freezing hands around her neck.

"Look outside," he said, pointing. "What made you come here?"

"I don't know," Lucy said.

They crawled out, and she saw that she had led him into a grove of dead trees, trees burned out in an ancient fire, standing topless, limbless—huge, jagged, blackened shapes, grouped like stern mourners in a Greek tragedy. A diminished life sprang from the bases of

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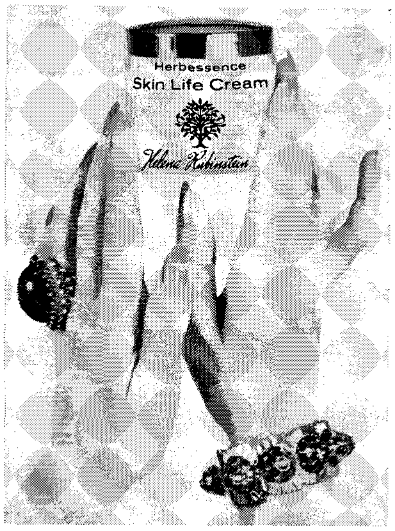

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these tree husks: the ubiquitous ferns, ground-hugging poison oak and feather weeds, and, here and there, patches of dark, misshapen fungi.

"Hoo! Hoo!" George shouted. There was no echo, for the sound was absorbed immediately by the surrounding trees. "Shall we go and find the folks?" he asked gently, for Lucy was staring around her, shivering a little.

They found the path easily, and just around a turning they saw the old pair walking sedately—Mr. Agouroff with his hands clasped behind his back, Mrs. Agouroff, a capacious straw carryall looped over one arm, and holding a blackish object in her hands like a bouquet. Catching sight of the young couple, she said, "Look, a *bieli grib*." She held out the object in her hands. "It's perfect mushroom weather, after last week's rain. You'll see, we are sure to find more."

"Yes!" exclaimed George, stepping forward. He took the mushroom and, putting it to his nose, began to sniff it, turning it round and round.

"That's a toadstool," said Lucy. "Ugh! What a horrible warty thing."

"Oh, it's very good to eat," said Mrs. Agouroff, sagely nodding her head. "It's a wonderful kind of pickling mushroom."

"It's quite beautiful," George said, offering it to Lucy, who recoiled from it. "Look, the top is something like velvet, and its underside is a fat little white sponge. Do you know, the smell brings back my childhood. We used to find just this kind of boletus in the woods near Harbin. We used to spend whole days gathering *gribi*."

"*Gruzdi* and *seroyezhki*, too," Mrs. Agouroff put in. "Those are mushrooms with gills. There was a time, during the Revolution, when there was nothing to eat. Nineteen-eighteen—I was a very young girl then—was a wonderful year for mushrooms. We said that God was taking care of us. The woods were full of people. A whole family would guard a birch grove, waiting for the *berezoviki*, the birch mushrooms, to ripen. We ate mushrooms fried, boiled, and some people were so hungry that they would eat a *grib* raw, the moment they found it."

"Don't, George!" Lucy cried, for he was nibbling at the edges of the mushroom. "It might be poisonous."

"Ah! What are you talking about," said Mrs. Agouroff impatiently. "I've never heard of a Russian dying from eating mushrooms. There are only a few bad ones, and they aren't hard to tell. Now, take 'a pretty lady, with a

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big white hat, and a ruffle around her neck'—that rhymes in Russian, you see."

"She's a bad one, we know her well," said Mr. Agouroff genially.

"She's the white amanita," George explained. "You can recognize her any day, as she sits in her own cup. And don't pick a mushroom with a green cap; it's the same thing."

"Don't worry, I won't," Lucy said.

They had started up a path that curved around a hill. On one side, the ground sloped gently down to the stream; on the other, it rose, bearing the great, shaggy trees in irregular rows. The Agouroffs had not met a single person on their walk, probably because it was a weekday. The silence was profound. Mr. Agouroff hoisted himself up the slope and, pushing aside some undergrowth, bent over the ground.

"Be careful of poison oak," Lucy warned. He returned, skidding down, his dirt-stained hands full of yellow fungi.

"Can that be?" cried Mrs. Agouroff.

"Yes," he said proudly. "These are our buttery beauties."

"Buttery?" said Lucy. "Why, they're covered with slime." She looked at the yellow-capped mushrooms with distaste.

"With mushrooms, 'butter' is our Russian euphemism for 'slime,' dear," George said acidly. "You Americans have such a nasty, antiseptic vocabulary."

Lucy bristled. "I'm very fond of mushrooms, you should know."

"Champignons, from the supermarket?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Impossible to compare those tasteless things to these *maslyonki*."

Mrs. Agouroff was busily emptying the contents of her carryall into her pockets. "In here, in here," she said, opening the carryall wide. It was a new Italian straw bag, lined with striped silk, a gift from her daughter-in-law, and Lucy felt a pang as she saw the slimy mushrooms pouring into it from Mr. Agouroff's hands. George added the mushroom he held.

A wholesale hunt for mushrooms then began. Mr. Agouroff, Mrs. Agouroff, and George struck away from the path, scrambling in the underbrush. Mrs. Agouroff hitched up her skirt, exposing her spindly legs in their serviceable cotton stockings. George caught his sweater at once in a thorny bush.

"Wait, let me unhook you!" Lucy cried. Too late; with a yank, he freed

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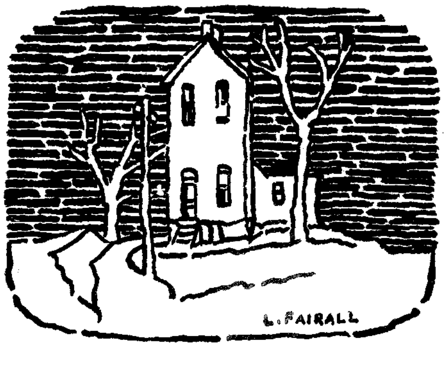
himself, leaving a woolly tuft on a thorn.

STANDING helplessly, Lucy decided to walk on alone. As she walked, she mused on the sequoia. Strange that so gigantic a tree should put out such paltry lancelike leaves, such a meagre little cone. It was as if all its vitality was consumed in the production of its massive trunk and then, as an afterthought, in order to conform to the rules of nature, it grudgingly bore leaves, and the cones necessary for reproduction. Musing thus, she walked quite far, close to the top of the hill. Here some sunlight had broken through, for the trees were smaller and farther apart. She sat on a fallen log, admiring the mirrors of water held in the deep crevasses of the bark. She discovered, to her surprise, that she was tired. She had forgotten all about the baby, and she pressed her hand, alarmed, on her stomach. It did not respond in any way, and she was relieved.

Suddenly, noiselessly, a man appeared, head bent downward, walking slowly with his hands in his pockets. She watched him, startled, noticing his strange walking clothes—dark overcoat and trousers, a bowler hat, and black leather city shoes. She half rose, alarmed, seeing that he was approaching her, and as she did, he raised his head and gave her an unsmiling look.

"George!" she cried loudly. "I see you! Come on, let's go down, I'm tired of walking," and she hurried, heart pounding, past the man, downhill. Where are they? she thought, in panic. I must have left them miles behind. She glanced over her shoulder. The man had stopped not far away, and was standing with his head half turned to her. She could not make out anything from his expression, but he was a big, tall man, and she could imagine him overtaking her easily. Abandoning all pretense, she began to run breathlessly downhill, watching the ground for fear of stumbling over one of the exposed roots that twisted over the path. After running, it seemed, for an eternity, she



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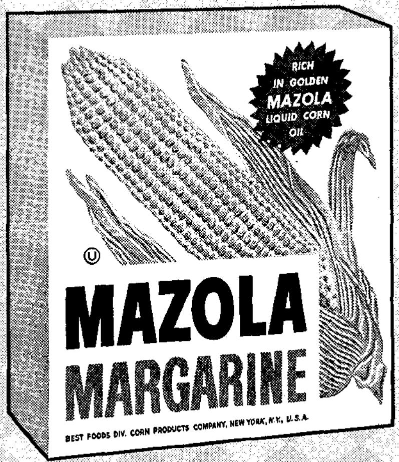
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Try light, golden delicious Mazola Margarine . . . you'll get *full* benefit of pure corn oil in Mazola Margarine.

stopped and looked behind her. She saw no one, yet the path curved so that the man, or anyone else, could be out of sight merely around the turn, loping over the silent, cushiony ground. She began to run again, more slowly, for she had a stitch in her side, and her legs had begun to wobble from fright and exhaustion.

Someone very close to her said quietly, in Russian, "No, that's not a good one, it's . . ." She did not understand the last words, but she stopped, and stood, listening. The conversation continued in low and companionable voices, and she could only pick out meanings here and there. She walked, affecting calmness, among the three Agouroffs; abruptly, she felt hurt by their talking in Russian. They must be glad to get rid of her, she thought, so they could fall into their beloved guttural tongue, so that they could amalgamate with their son and recapture the past. Yes, there was George, who had spent the greater part of his life in *her* California, so that his surname often seemed to her the only Russian part of him, claimed back by his parents and squatting in a noisome ring of toadstools!

"Well, did you miss me?" she asked, her voice quavering slightly.

"Where have you been, Lucy dear?" Mr. Agouroff asked absent-mindedly, in English.

Mrs. Agouroff triumphantly exhibited her basket. "Look, mushrooms for stroganoff—these I'm not sure what they are, we'll have to check up at home—cepes for pickling, *seroyezhki* here for a pie, and some *ryzhiki* for salting . . ."

Lucy saw the beautiful basket, bulging, gaping, overflowing with every grotesque shape imaginable, the yellow straw exterior liberally dabbled with mud and leaf mold. "Oh! Oh!" she wailed in despair.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked George, straightening up. "Tired?"

"Didn't you see that man?" Lucy asked. "Didn't you see him going by? That horrible man in those dark clothes? I don't suppose you gave me a thought, up there alone." She fixed him with brimming eyes.

"We did see a rather cultured person passing by," said Mr. Agouroff reflectively, "a well-dressed gentleman."

"Well-dressed!" Lucy cried. "He was a horribly creepy—oh, I've never seen a hiker like that in my life."

"I was somewhat struck by him," said Mr. Agouroff. "You know, when we visited Germany in '47, we used to see many men like that in the country-

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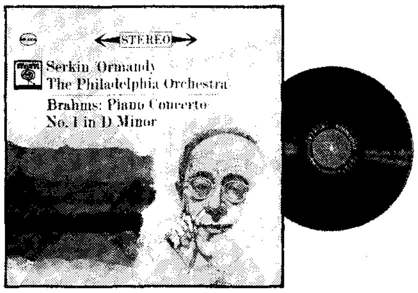
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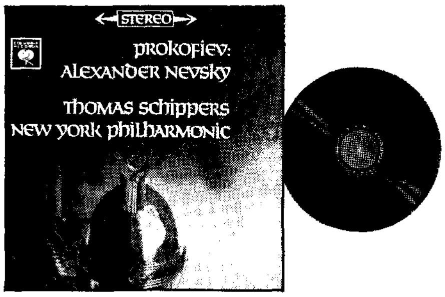
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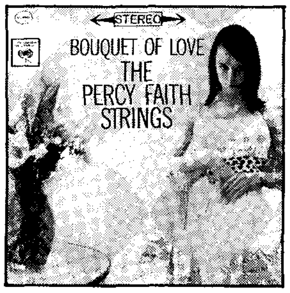
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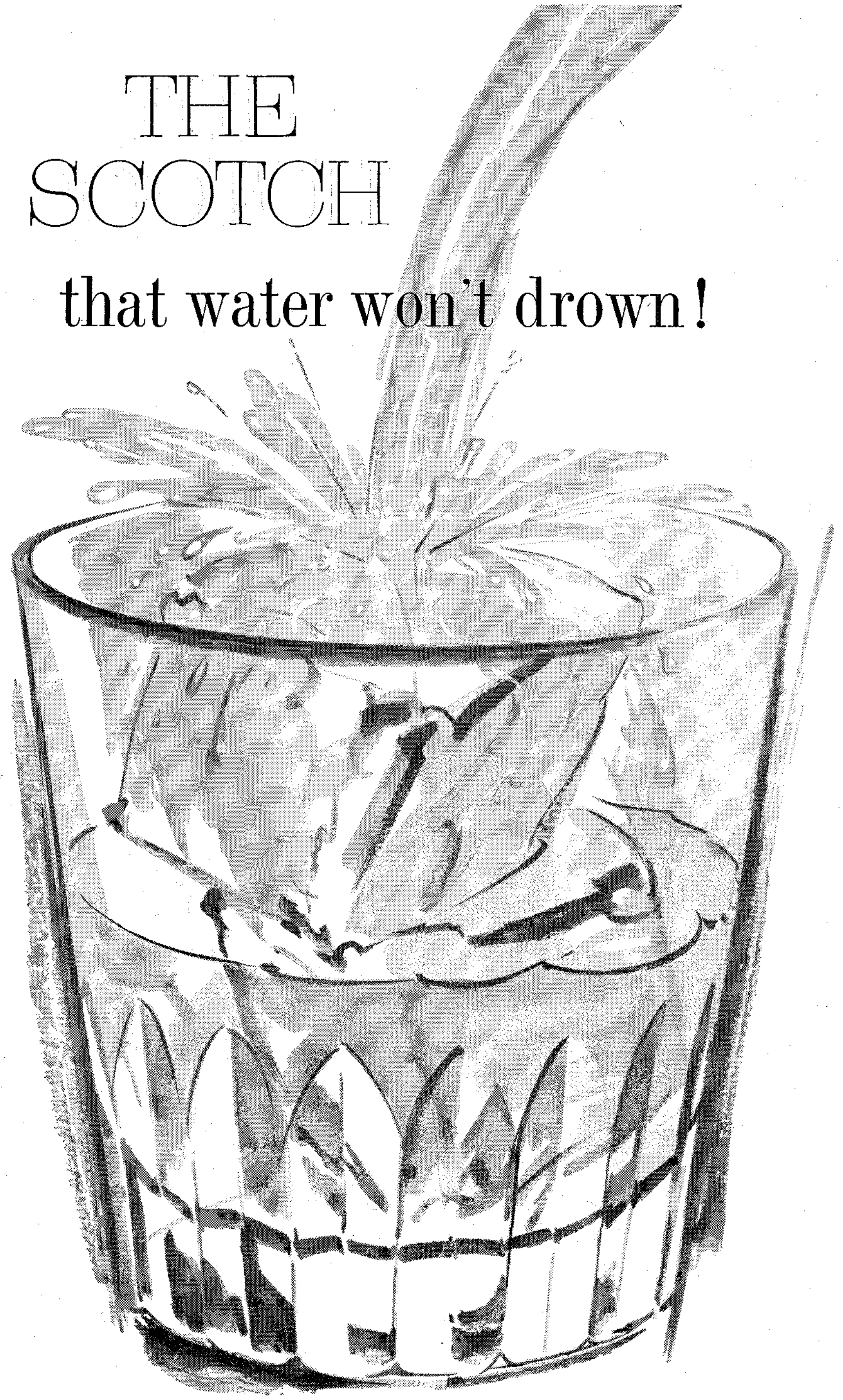

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side. They had lost their sons, and other members of their families, in the war, and they used to walk around, sometimes all in black, businessmen and so on, as if they were looking for something. They had some secret sorrow gnawing at them."

"This isn't Germany, this is the U.S.A.!" Lucy said hysterically. "Over here, we just don't have people going around like that!" And then, realizing the absurdity of the whole thing, she burst into tears.

The old folks ran to her, patting her and putting their arms around her solicitously. "What's the matter, Liulia, darling?" Mrs. Agouroff asked.

"She's tired, she walked too much," said Mr. Agouroff.

"Of course, she's bored, no one paid her any attention," Mrs. Agouroff added. "How selfish we are, with our mushrooms . . ."

Their gentle voices soothed her nerves and made her feel deliciously sorry for herself. She sank onto a stone, and cried and cried, mopping up her tears with a lavender-scented handkerchief pressed on her by Mr. Agouroff. George massaged her cold hands, teasing her as if she were a child in a pet.

"It's my condition," she finally burst out uncontrollably.

"I should have known!" exclaimed Mrs. Agouroff, immediately divining her meaning. "Go away, George. Don't pester her. Ah, the little dove, and we have been tramping her up and down the woods. And it's so cold! A baby. Well, how simple, we should have guessed."

Lucy had a glimpse of George's amazed face, then Mr. Agouroff came between them. "I didn't bring brandy with me," Mr. Agouroff said, clapping his hand to his hip. "Ech, who would have known? What to do now?"

Lucy could not help smiling at his distress. "It's ages away." She sniffed. "I'm not going to have it here and now."

THE old couple would have supported her to the car if she had not protested vigorously, but, one on either side of her, they watched her every step. George walked in front, carrying the straw basket full of mushrooms.

"George didn't have anything to say," Lucy murmured to Mrs. Agouroff. "It didn't seem to make much of an impression on him."

"You already told him about it, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Agouroff.

"Well, no," Lucy said uneasily. "I wanted to think things over for a day or two, then prepare George for it, wait until he was in the right mood."

Mrs. Agouroff was perplexed. "Right mood?" she said.

"You know how—" Lucy started to say "immature" but checked herself—"how George can be sometimes. You ought to know."

"Hah, that's true!" said Mrs. Agouroff. Leaving Lucy's side, she joined her son and began a harangue in Russian.

Lucy walked with her father-in-law, now smiling dreamily and watching the two figures in front. They had the same feet, she noted—flat and planted almost at right angles on the path and their gait was something like a duck's. She began to giggle. Mr. Agouroff looked at her questioningly. "Those two," she tried to explain, laughing helplessly.

"Eh?"

"Well now, just imagine a baby with feet like theirs."

The old man began to chuckle. "It wouldn't fall easily, for sure. But tell me now, Lucy, why did you keep it a secret?"

"You know George," Lucy repeated.

"I should," he said. "Maybe you did the right thing. Let Nadia handle it. You're not worried about George, are you?"

"A little."

"Mood, attitude—that's a lot of nonsense. We'll take care of George. Don't worry about it."

When they reached the car, Lucy compressed her lips and tried to look serious. George was scowling. The old folks clambered into the back seat. Lucy felt a nudge at her elbow; George was urging her into the car. Giving him a haughty look, she bent to get in, but was suddenly propelled by a sharp swat on the rear.

"Hey!" she cried indignantly, tumbling into her seat.

"What happened, eh? What did he do?" Mrs. Agouroff leaned forward anxiously. "What—you hooligan!"

George got in and, turning to his parents, shouted, "Don't spoil her! She's had enough as it is!"

The car started up, leaping forward nervously. The voices of the three Agouroffs rose and fell in argument.

Lucy bent her head so that she could keep her smile to herself. So—George was jealous. They had taken her in, and he resented it. Satisfied, she continued smiling, hiding her face in the collar of her scarlet coat.

—Joan Klyhn

• •

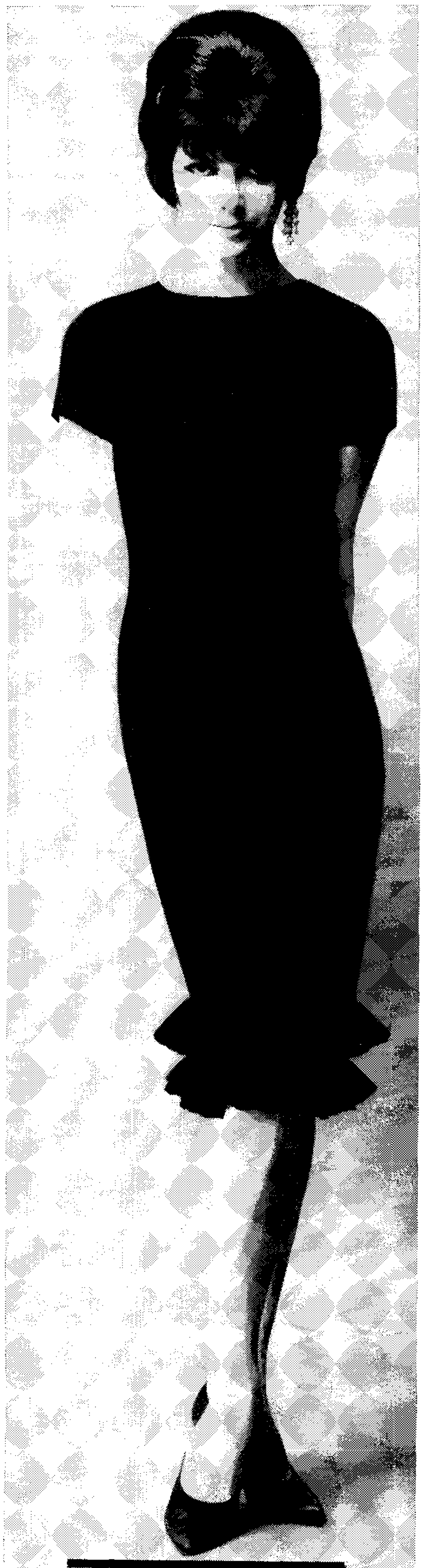
DIVISION

During the winter she began
to notice things coming apart,
dividing with no special plan
into slabs and rounds. At the heart
of the wind that blew in the street,
below the lengths of tan coffee
smell, and river, and oily, sweet
burning chicken bubbled the tree-
sour flavor of wine. In the round,
barking throats of dogs, stone teeth ground.

When she went inside, the heads,
the arms, the eyes rained down on her
in a shower of sound; the reds,
the deep bone grays were a blur
of noise—so loud that the ends
of her fingers became smooth and numb.
She could only speak to her friends,
she found, in a long, narrow hum
of transparent sound.

One evening,
moving quickly, simply trying
to make things whole, she got naked
onto an uptown bus, and would
not be hidden, would not be led;
and when they dragged her off, she could
see the lean tree of their arms spread
out and could hear each color they said.

—John Ratti



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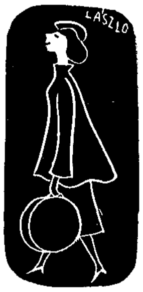
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

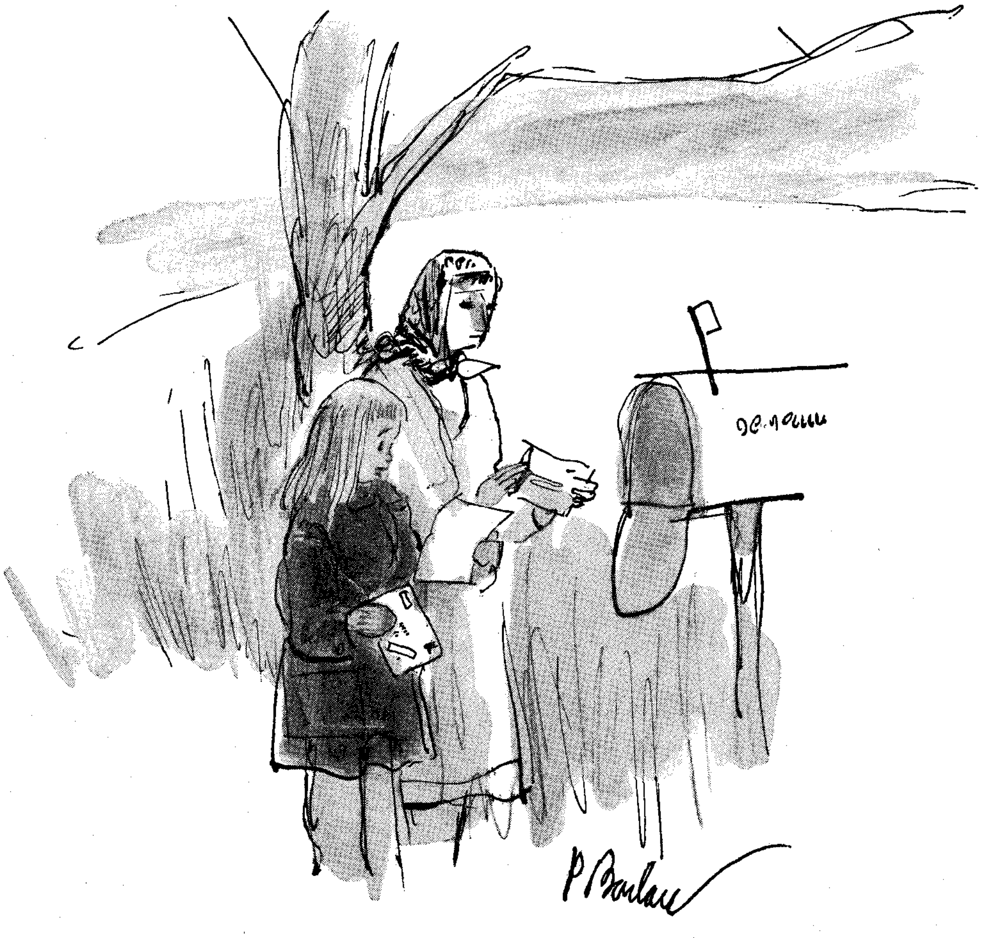


FOR all those marriages made in Heaven, Saks Fifth Avenue's Bridal Salon has acquired a resplendent array of wedding dresses, some of them designed by Sophie. Among them is a white marquisette whose high-necked bodice is embroidered with small teardrops of make-believe pearls and crystal beads that blossom on trailing vines. The slender, three-tiered skirt ends in a short, oval train. A stark column of white peau d'ange, for a stately bride, has an out-to-the-shoulder-tips décolletage, long, slender sleeves, a sleek skirt, and a pleated train. It takes a month to create anything in your own image, and prices begin at $400, from which they wander into infinity.

Saks' ready-to-wear division can supply plenty more bridal clothes, in sizes 5 to 18. For an outdoor wedding, there's a frock of white organza with a bateau neck, brief sleeves, and embroidery of white mimosa and feathery leaves. The skirt, broadly banded by white peau de soie, is split in back, and the gap is filled in with a mist of white organza that billows down into a train. Something in ivory peau de soie has a wide but modest round neck and short sleeves. Its botany derives from calla lilies and roses of ivory Alençon-type lace, and two large bows slant down the vast train. Small bells of white Alençon-type lace and stars of seed pearls trail along the scoop-necked bodice and the peplum of a dress (the stuff is white poult-de-soie) whose sleeves are long and tight. Dresses that are brief and dresses that are lengthy accrue from white organza that's encrusted with flowers of Chantilly-type lace; the curlicue stems are of pseudo pearls. Separate trains of blue taffeta can be attached to narrow cummerbunds. Even Saks' ready-to-wear is *not* practical for the bride who marries in haste; orders require a month or two. Prices require from $150 to $600 in the bank.

THE bridal boudoir of Ruth English, Ltd., which is on the fourth floor of 20 East 56th Street and is part of Rosette Pennington, is interested in build-it-yourself ensembles that will be the life of parties long after the honeymoon is over (if it *has* to be)—short or long strapless sheaths in several white or pastel silks (satin, taffeta, faille, or peau de soie); silk capelets with notched band collars; organdie boleros whose hems and loose, below-the-elbows sleeves are edged by Venetian-type lace in a mimosa pattern; close-fitting jackets of lace that's plentifully supplied with soutache braid (small net buttons and silk loops fasten these down the back, from the high, collarless neck to the hem); hip-length, sleeveless overblouses of silk organza speckled with polka-dot embroidery and banded by satin at the hem; and snap-on trains of silk. Prices range from $75 to $135 for the jackets; overblouses are $115, sheaths are $115 and $125, and sizes run from 5 to 16. Orders come home to you in six weeks. The shop will turn out jackets and blouses in the customer's own lace, and that runs into more money. Bridesmaids can be poured into dresses, sizes 6 to 18, in just three weeks and for from $35 to $50. Some are of white organza with twelve-inch inserts of white cotton lace, in a daisy pattern, above the hem; narrow velvet sashes that match whatever lining nip in the waist. (These could also be really splendid informal wedding dresses.) Others are slender dresses of strawberry-pink linen with matching bows at the shoulders and a waistline of fat pink flowers and green leaves, all of them embroidery. And embroidered flowers in coffee-bean brown spill down the skirts of dresses done in café-au-lait organza.

BONWIT TELLER has prepared to increase spring fever with some simple but subtle ready-to-wear coats, suits, and dresses designed by Pierre Cardin, in sizes 6 to 16. Posh coats of a slippery black silk-and-worsted are concave in front and straight in back, where a vertical seam is stitched down the center. The fastening is two beehive buttons of black braid, one below the standaway collar and the other just above the waist. Among the suits is one with a concave wool jacket in a giant but sprightly green-and-white hound's-tooth check. This dips at the back of the hem, and it also displays a small turnover collar, sloping shoulders, and three bulky green leather buttons at the closing, which is down the left side. Longer, collarless jackets in a spongy mixture of wool, viscose, and Orlon are of lime flecked



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with white. There's a fly front, and the leather button at the waist is only a sham. The skirts are slim. Wraparound Cardin coat-dresses of nubbly black-and-white silk-and-cotton tweed have wide black leather sashes going through slits at one side before they loop in front. Sleeveless and scoop-necked shifts of beige flax-and-silk burst into broad panels in back. Two-piece afternoon dresses appear in coral or navy wool. The below-the-waist tops, which curve under the bosom in front and hang straight behind, fasten to the slender skirts with two plastic buttons that look like knotted twine. The prices of these Cardins begin at $55 and stop at $120.

Bonwit's lingerie department is being lighthearted about the collection of nightgowns and negligees done by Edouard, a good man who has not been hard to find. White Tergal, a French synthetic that needs only a touch of the iron after washing, is his stock in trade. It's as filmy as voile and as crisp and frosty as organdie. His most classic gowns have Grecian bodices and string sashes. His most whimsical are composed of seven pleated tiers suspended from spaghetti shoulder straps, and they could also do for the Charleston or the Twist. The top price is $85. Voluminous shifts into which are woven immense four-leaf clovers are scalloped at the hem; $40, the lowest tab. Choirboy-surplice nightgowns show up in an all-over pattern of entwined white circles and blossoms, and ponchos are ornamented by sprays of white leaves. Some Edwardian peignoirs have fluttery pleated cape collars to cover the bare upper arms, and more pleats wreathe the hem, which shoots up to disclose a bit of ankle. Wraparound negligees that are playgrounds for splashy white daisies are completely ringed by broad pleated flounces.

LEATHERCRAFT, not very far away, at 62 West 56th Street, is ready to get into almost any act. The staff is prepared to shorten the hems of leather coats or the sleeves of shearling jackets, to duplicate missing leather buttons, to convert ancient Paisley shawls into handbags, to work the customer's own fabric into tote bags containing matching envelopes, to convert needlepoint into height-of-fashion bags (mounting, lining, piping, and frames usually add up to around $35), to clean petit-point purses and insert Pellon interlinings, and to redo alligator or calf pocketbooks by cleansing, glazing, applying a water-repellent finish, and either restoring their natural shade or dyeing them black; very lightweight gold-filled or gold-

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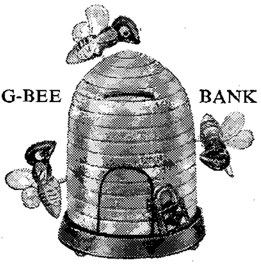

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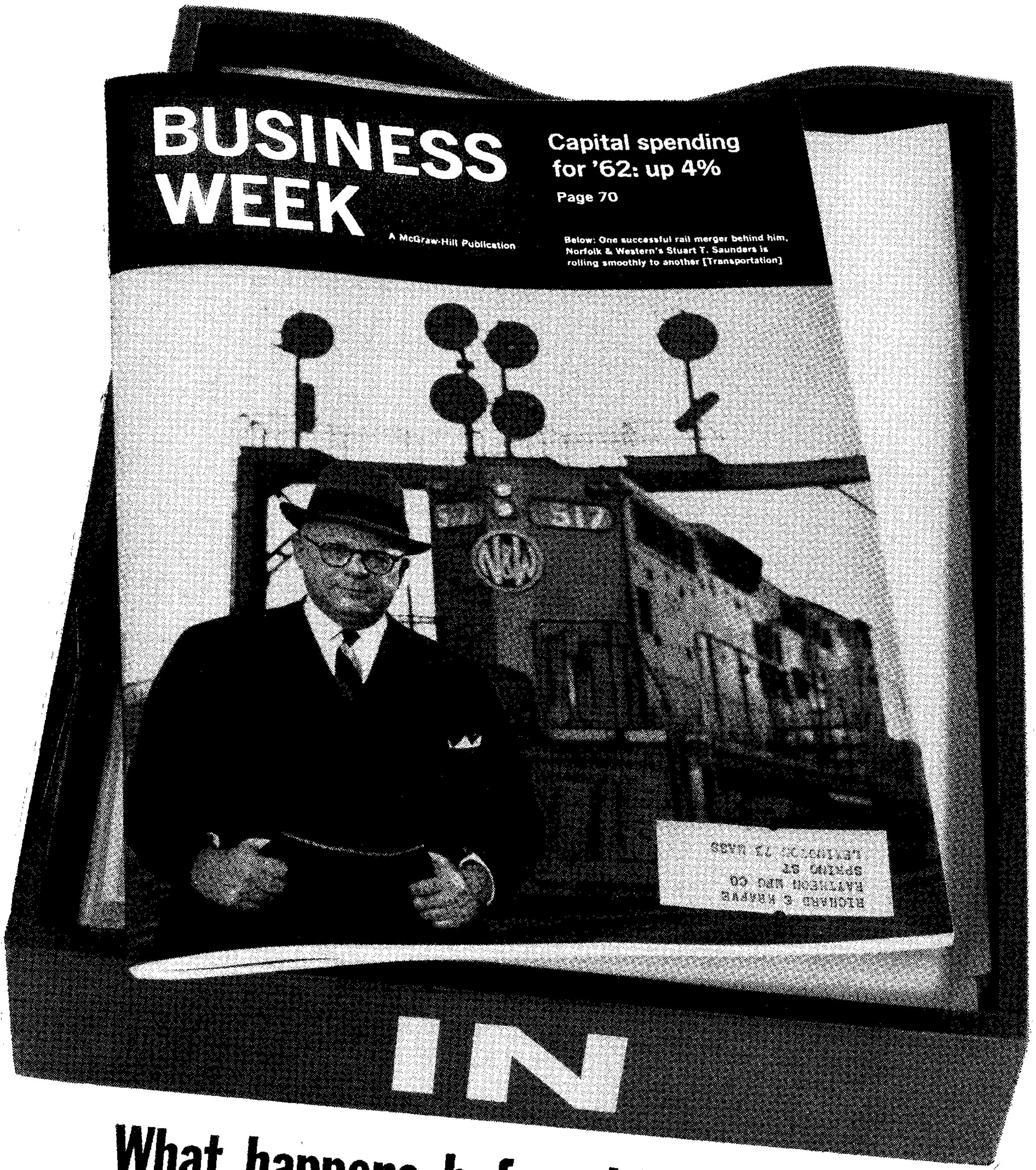
BUSINESS WEEK
A McGraw-Hill Publication
Capital spending for '62: up 4%
Page 70
Below: One successful rail merger behind him, Norfolk & Western's Stuart T. Saunders is rolling smoothly to another [Transportation]
IN

What happens before it's opened?

Something important happens *before* a publication is read.

It's a psychological fact of life called *apperception*. It's the state of mind a reader *brings* to the publication he reads—the *expectation* that influences, colors, and intensifies his reactions to both the editorial pages and the advertisements.

Recently, Daniel Yankelovich Associates made a study to learn what readers of Business Week and of each of five other business and news publications *expected* to find in the publications they read regularly.

More Business Week readers *expected* to find "helpful, practical, problem-solving" advertisements than did the readers of any other publication. More expected to use Business Week as a *buying guide to products and services.*

In addition, they "apperceived" that Business Week was addressed to them in their *management* role . . .

. . . that the advertising would be *meaningful* to them.

. . . that the advertisers would be companies of *stature,* with quality and value in their products.

. . . that there is a "unity of purpose" in Business Week editorial and advertising, and that they would be able to make *practical use of both.*

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Obviously, Business Week has an *image* among its readers, an image of usefulness that is unique among all general, general-business, and news publications.

For an advertiser who wants an audience *looking* for information, shopping for products and services, ready and able to make buying decisions, Business Week may be the most *useful* magazine on any schedule.

If you have not yet seen the apperception study, it's called "As Their Readers See Them," and is available from your Business Week District Manager, or from Business Week, 330 West 42nd Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

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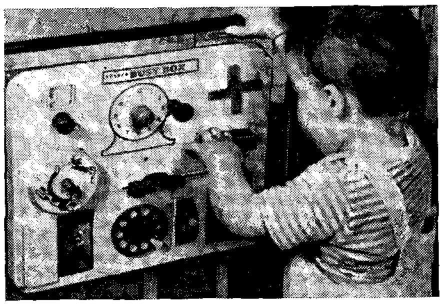

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plated aluminum chain handles are used to update almost any old pet bag; weary suède gloves can be cleaned, renapped, tinted, and reshaped. So far, that's about all they've been able to think of.

SHEER EXTRAVAGANCE is the resolutely explanatory name of some 10-denier seamless nylon stockings (the manufacturer is Hanes) that put cobwebs to shame. Among the colors are nude, suntan, black, and taupe. They're $2.50 a pair at Altman, Bergdorf, and Lord & Taylor.

SERENDIPITY 3, at 225 East 60th Street, has been bringing in from Japan lots of those knee-length cotton aprons with puffed sleeves and white eyelet embroidery at the square necks. Pale blue, chartreuse, yellow, coral, and white is the range of hues; $3.50 is the price.

PAMPERED KITCHENS, in Room 1803 down at 220 Fifth Avenue (26th), is also interested in aprons—carpenters' aprons, that is—as well as smocks, all for children, sizes 3 to 8, and all of a Wamsutta cotton poplin that doesn't need to be ironed and, so they say, will repel grease and other stains. There are brother-and-sister smocks, with deep armholes and deep pockets. The brothers get two pockets and long, tapered sleeves; the sisters get one pocket and pushup sleeves. The color schemes for both aprons and smocks are red with bright-blue stitching, bright blue with red stitching, and green with gold stitching. The aprons are $4, the smocks are $6.

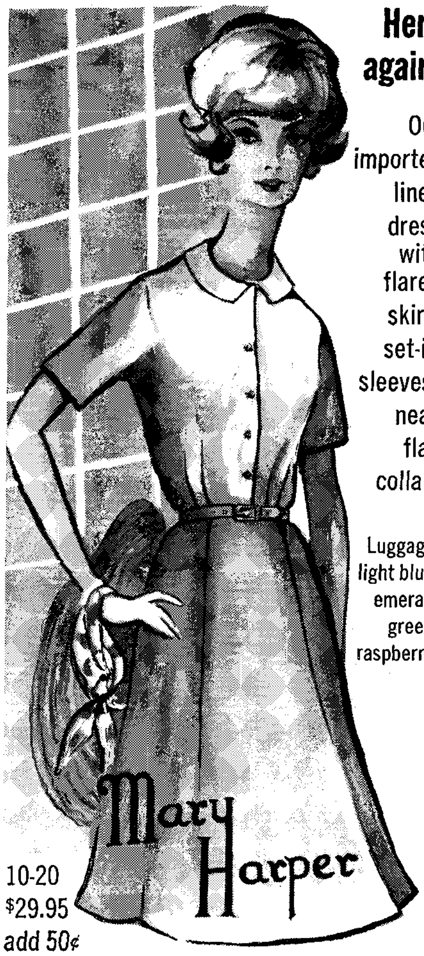
BELGIAN SHOES, at 60 East 56th Street, is now doing its moccasin play shoes in children's sizes 8 to 13½. They come in navy calf piped with red calf, red calf piped with black patent leather, and white buckskin piped with pale-pink or blue calf. The soles are of crêpe rubber, and the price is $14.95.

—M. M.

•

J. Bruce Brackenridge, assistant professor of physics at Lawrence College, will present the fourth lecture in the current season of lectures at All Saints' Parish Center at 10 a.m. Thursday. "Does God Play Dice with the "sitter" service for pre-school Universe?" is his subject. A children will be conducted. This marks the 15th year of the series, sponsored by Women of All Saints.
—*Appleton (Wis.) Post-Crescent.*

Fifteen *years* of this sort of thing?



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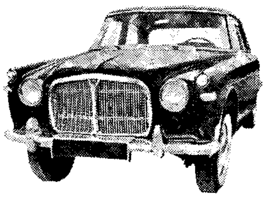

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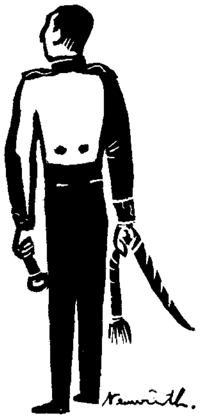

I HAVE no fear of overpraising "The Lower Depths," a Japanese picture from the hand of Akira Kurosawa, who also directed "Rashomon" and "Ikiru." It is a picture as near perfect as makes no matter, and the only word of warning I need utter in respect to it is that it is doubly *de profundis:* the title refers not only to the squalid hovel in which most of the action takes place but to the irremediable misery of its many characters, and though I would like eight million New Yorkers to go and see the picture as quickly as possible, *I hate to think* of anyone's dropping in on it under the misapprehension that it will prove an amusing means of whiling away a couple of idle hours. True, there are moments of comedy in "The Lower Depths," but for much of its length one is shown, and becomes a party to, the lacerating meanness and hopelessness of the human condition, and as much light as breaks in upon the prevailing dark is the gradual revelation that for the outcasts of "The Lower Depths," as for a lot of us, the greatest of beatitudes is "Blessed are the living, because *anything* is better than being dead." If this not especially sunny doctrine offends you, or if you are one of those who say, even of "Hamlet," "Surely there's trouble and sadness enough in the world without having to go to the theatre for it," I advise you to stay away from this masterpiece.

Mr. Kurosawa has taken his picture from the well-known play by Maxim Gorky, and it strikes me as uncanny that a work so thoroughly Western and of its time can be transformed into a work so thoroughly Eastern and of any time. The reason may be that the very poor, no less than the very rich, are alike in all countries and in all epochs, poverty enforcing custom as inexorably as wealth does. As if acting on this premise, Mr. Kurosawa has turned the slums of nineteenth-century Moscow into the slums of an indeterminately early Tokyo, and I must say that the poor inhabitants seem all too shiveringly

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and verminously at home in them. (In one scene, a drunken tinker plucks a morsel of candy from his dying wife and, going out into an alley, crouches on his haunches in the one patch of sunlight he can find, warming himself as he eats. Our hair stands on end at the sight, for we perceive that he would be at home in the Stone Age—and so, his fearful image obliges us to suspect, would we.)

In a rickety, wind-swept shed that is built in a sort of cellar far lower than the street dwells an assortment of penniless wretches: the tinker and his wife; an old actor, who constantly complains that he is a victim of alcohol poisoning and who, having forgotten the lines he used to recite, can recall only the applause they aroused; a prostitute, who keeps up her courage by inventing stories about the young men who wish to marry her; a cowardly, ne'er-do-well son of a samurai family; a withered, monkey-faced priest; a gambler; a peddler; a wrestler; a joyous halfwit; and a handsome, virile thief. In an adjacent house live a miserly landlord, his beautiful wife, and his wife's young sister. Little by little, we trace the sorry tangle of all these lives. As each person tugs at his own thread in order to free it from the others, the knots tighten and draw them together, and we guess that the consequences will be bloody and dreadful. But no dreadfulness can extinguish the feeling in their bones that life is as precious as it is cruel; even the tinker's wife, so feeble and in such pain, is unwilling to surrender it. When the priest tries to console her by saying that she has nothing to fear, since there will be no suffering after death, she groans in dismay, aware that the promised absence of suffering is one more form of deprivation—better another agonizing breath than to undergo that final impoverishment.

"The Lower Depths" bears not the slightest taint of literariness; every moment of its long, complex story is acted, not told. Mr. Kurosawa is reputed to have rehearsed his cast and technical crews for eighty days before starting to shoot the picture, and to have shot its twenty-two scenes in sequence, in very long takes, so as to create, in his words, "the effect of one continuous take." Whatever his methods may have been, this is precisely the effect he has achieved, and though the adjective has been cheapened by use, I'm compelled to describe several of the scenes as unforgettable. The two stars of the picture, Toshiro Mifune and Isuzu Yamada, are full of passion but

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do not tear it to tatters, and notable among the others is Bokuzen Hidari, as the priest.

"THE OUTSIDER" is, for Hollywood, an exceedingly bold picture. For one thing, it is a story in which, from start to finish, things go from bad to not quite so bad to worse to a little better to much worse; for another, it has no girl to provide love interest; and, most remarkable of all, the villains of the piece are various branches of the United States government, including the Marine Corps, the Department of the Interior, and the White House. The picture is supposed to be based on the life of Ira Hamilton Hayes, the young Pima Indian boy who, on the fifth day of the assault on Iwo Jima, joined four other Marines and a Navy corpsman in raising the Stars and Stripes on Mount Suribachi. A picture of the six men raising the flag was taken by an Associated Press photographer and at once became famous. (It is now to be admired, in bronze and about ten times life-size, in the form of a monument in the Arlington National Cemetery, where it greatly outdraws the Unknown Soldier.) According to the movie, Ira and his companions were summoned home by the White House to do publicity for War Bond drives. In answering the summons, one of the Marines was killed by a sniper's bullet. The dead boy was Ira's only friend. Back in this country, Ira felt himself to be an utter phony as a hero, took to the bottle, disgraced his uniform, disgraced his fellow-Indians when he went to Washington to plead a cause of theirs with the Secretary of the Interior, and died of alcoholism on the reservation, almost ten years to the day after his one immortal moment on Mount Suribachi.

A painful account, and, to the credit of the producer, Sy Bartlett, no attempt is made to diminish its painfulness. The role of the pitiful hero is played by Tony Curtis, and to my astonishment he is absolutely first-rate. The picture is entirely his, and he never fails it—I believed in him as Ira Hayes and as the embodiment of all the weak and lonely young men in the world who have been certain they were phonies and have waited with dread, more and more drunkenly, for the world to find them out. Thanks to Mr. Curtis, to a vigorously written screenplay by Stewart Stern, and to excellent direction by Delbert Mann, "The Outsider" is not merely bold but good, and I recommend it highly. —BRENDAN GILL

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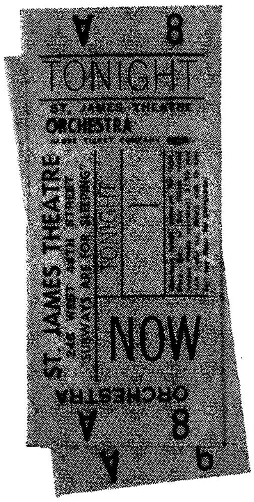
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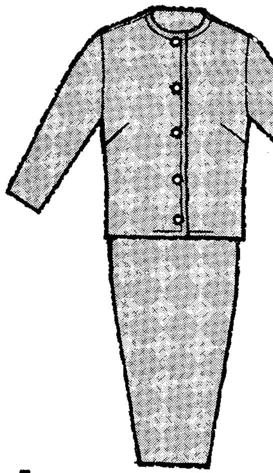
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 7

DURING the weekend, a rumor afloat in high-up circles here declared that the overlong-awaited cease-fire with the Algerian rebel regime, first step toward Algerian independence, had finally been signed, but that President de Gaulle—characteristically, since he is averse to any revelatory public show of emotion or dramaturgy—would not mention the happy fact in his Monday-night speech to the nation. Early Tuesday morning, on Radio Lausanne's seven-twenty "Miroir du Monde" newscast, the rumor took a slightly different form. The Swiss said that the cease-fire was arranged and ready, waiting only for the Algerian Provisional Government chiefs—now meeting in Tunis, with optimistic urgency, ten days earlier than had first been planned—to affix their signatures. In his speech de Gaulle did, however, use several references that seemed to place the war's end near at hand at last—"coming closer to the objective which is ours," "as soon as possible achieving peace," "the time is near when France will make public in detail what she is proposing and offering . . . to Algerian Algeria," and also, of course, his disarming misquotation from Shakespeare. "But why," the General asked (in French, naturally), "at the very moment when our success is in sight, should we lose heart, like the fisherman in Shakespeare who, finding a pearl and frightened by its beauty, throws it back into the sea?" Unable to place the fisherman incident in the Bard's works, this correspondent rang up the press office of the President's Palais de l'Elysée to inquire if perchance it knew from which play the President's fisherman had come, to which the press office said, in surprise, that it had no idea, "not having itself written the speech." Then we found that what the General had mistakenly had in mind was "Othello," Act V, Scene 2, where the unhappy Moor, in his suicide speech, says that he "loved not wisely but too well" and, "like the base Indian, threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe." But no fisherman was included there, which led French friends to suppose that their General had really got mixed up with La Fontaine's fable "The Oyster and Litigants," except that in that



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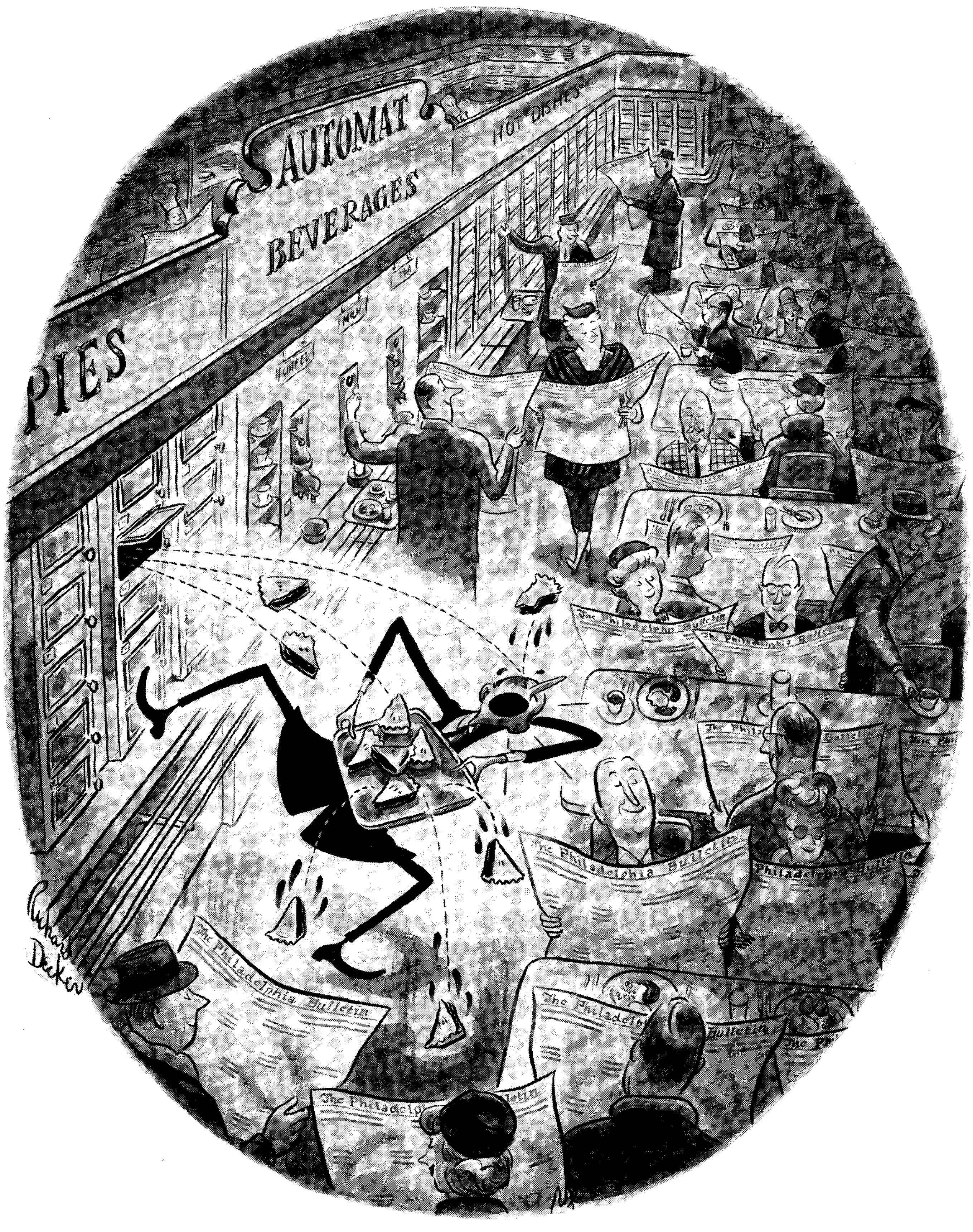
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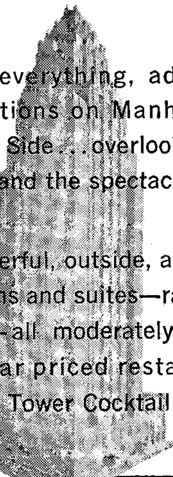

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oyster there was no pearl. On its Tuesday political page, given over to reporting on his speech, *Figaro* further compounded confusion by quoting the Othello speech as it appears in the famous Pléiade French edition of Shakespeare, where the "base Indian" is translated into a "*Juif infâme*," or "infamous Jew." So now everyone is relieved that de Gaulle erroneously turned him into a mere fisherman.

This being so palpably a moment of near-final crisis in France's Algerian ordeal, de Gaulle's Monday-night speech was considered of major importance throughout the Western world as well as here. The London *Times* at once signalled it as "one of his most persuasive discourses." On the whole, the ordinary French people seemed satisfied with it, and with the last part especially, because there, for once, he was speaking factually—an exception they were hungry to hear. The Paris press is distinctly less critical and hostile than after his December 29th address, in which his ill-starred soothing phrase that "all is simple, all is clear," along with a few other paternalisms, combined to give him for the new year what could be fairly called a unanimous opposition press. But since Tuesday it is more pro-de Gaulle than it has been for a very long time indeed. It is through his words—far more than through his deeds—that he rules again. According to *Figaro*, on Monday night "de Gaulle employed the language that one expects from him at such moments." *Le Monde* on Tuesday night said that, politically, "on the extreme Left" it was estimated that as a result of his speech "the chances of peace had never been so great;" that the center Right thought his proposals "realistic;" and that only the Socialists had attacked him, along with the customary diatribes from the extreme Right, that lunatic fringe. For itself, *Le Monde* rallied to him fraternally with its own special gift of language in its front-page editorial, saying, in part, "Yes, for the first time perhaps in seven years, these days we are close to our goal and, before that, to an end of the fighting. There was something moving, tragic, in seeing, in hearing *this lone man*"—without naming him—"intrepid, immovable, sure of himself, seeking to communicate here and elsewhere the certainties at which he has arrived across the eddies that for three years carried him so far in the opposite direction from what he had hoped, planned, declared, and to which events cruelly gave the lie at a time when he believed himself powerful enough to command them. These cer-

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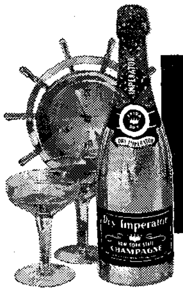

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tainties, which he gained at the cost of his own disavowals, are that there is a determinism to history, that Continental France retains its potential as a great power, with an eminent role to play in the 'union of organized states' that will be Europe, and that no alternative exists to the phenomenon, soon to be universal, of decolonization."

As for the extreme-Right newspaper reaction to de Gaulle's speech, the full folly of it is spread in the news of the Algerian response to the speech as detailed here in Tuesday's *Aurore*, the Paris Rightists' morning paper. It said that, in obedience to O.A.S. orders, the streets of Algiers became deserted just before the broadcast; that when the speech began, a deafening tumult broke out, with the anti-de Gaulle *colons* blowing trumpets or beating drums or saucepans from their windows; that in the harbor the tugboats blew their whistles throughout the twenty minutes of the speech; that, hidden inside their parked cars at the curb, other anti-de Gaulle Europeans played "ta-ta-ta-ti-ti" on their horns, which scans "Al-gé-rie Fran-çaise." In Oran, most violent of the cities, the long-wave radio transmitter had been plastiquéd in the afternoon and its director and technical assistants temporarily kidnapped; that evening, de Gaulle's short-wave speech was jammed by a pirate O.A.S. emission, announcing itself as "Ici Algérie Française" and presenting a speech by an O.A.S. subversive general in the French Army of the Air. In the city of Bône there was a "*concert de casseroles*," plus sixteen plastic bombs, including one that exploded in the police prefecture during the General's address; at Mostaganem, one plastic bomb per minute was set off during the speech's twenty minutes. "And that is how the discourse of the Chief of State was welcomed in the Algerian cities," *Aurore* commented. About twenty people in Oran and a half dozen in Algiers were murdered on Monday.

What some of the more thoughtful, disabused French here fear, and with logic, is that when peace does come to Algeria it will seem to be merely something written and settled on paper, and that in the physical habit of hate the rival populations will go on murdering one another in an insane satisfying bloodletting, and by the hundred (a murder an hour was reported in Oran a week ago)—a collective compulsion to kill that has not been any part of any fragment of French history since the Terror.

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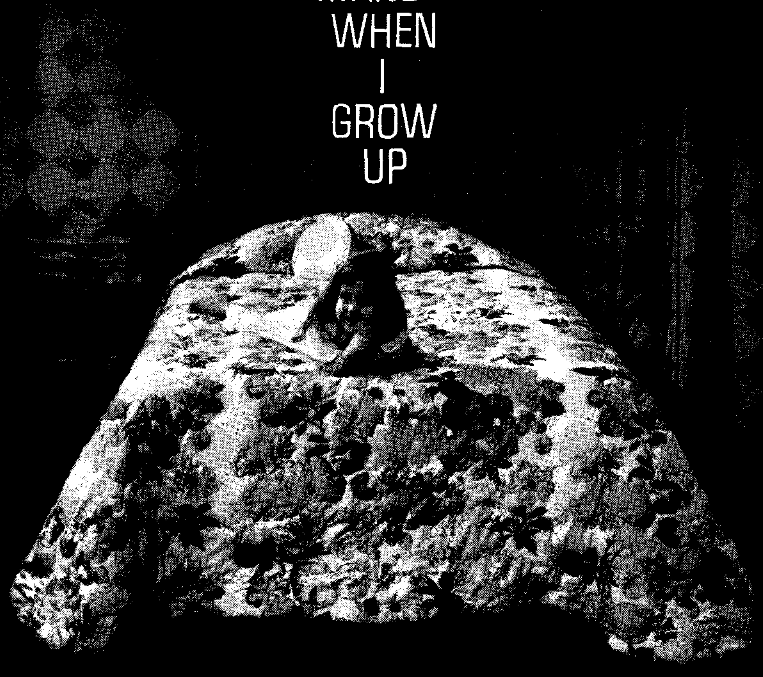

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O.A.S. chiefs, printed in mid-January as an official announcement, that "the departure of any Europeans from Algerian territory without the authorization of the sector commander of the Secret Army Organization will be regarded as desertion and punished as such"—meaning death—about seventy-five thousand of the estimated total of a little more than a million *colons* of European stock there have dared to leave, mostly to settle without enthusiasm in the southern departments of France, since they cannot stand de Gaulle, or the French cold, either. Sixty-five thousand of them, clubbed together in L'Association Nationale des Français Rapatriés d'Afrique du Nord et d'Outre-Mer, sent delegates to a mid-December caucus in Marseille, where the government's Secretary of State for the Repatriated, Robert Boulin, reportedly told them, "We are here to say things face to face. I shall be frank. I shall confess that before I seated myself in this official chair, the repatriates' problem was entirely unknown to me." These embittered émigrés, if they listened to de Gaulle's Monday speech, must have been edified to hear him declare that "those who choose to settle in France will receive the assistance necessary in changing their way of life." Their main complaint is that what was promised—such as indemnities for lost property back home, and government loans here—is not controlled by law but is a handout granted or refused by governmental administrators. The latest news of emigration based on fear has just come from the city of Bône, where another group of Jewish families has set out for Israel. Most of the Jewish emigration has been from eastern Algeria, with only ten thousand Jews now left in the Constantine area out of the forty thousand recorded in a recent census. No matter what the faith—whether Christian, Jewish, or Moslem—the Algerian war has been like a seven-year plague for them all.

At the age of eighty-one, Pablo Picasso is having an exhibition of new pictures in Paris—as he has been having such exhibitions for considerably more than half a century. Once again, it is appropriately held under the wing of the first Cubist art merchant, M. Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, at the gallery of his sister-in-law, Mme. Louise Leiris. The thirty-one canvases were mostly painted, off and on, from the spring of 1959 into the summer of 1961, during his fitful sojourns at his Château de

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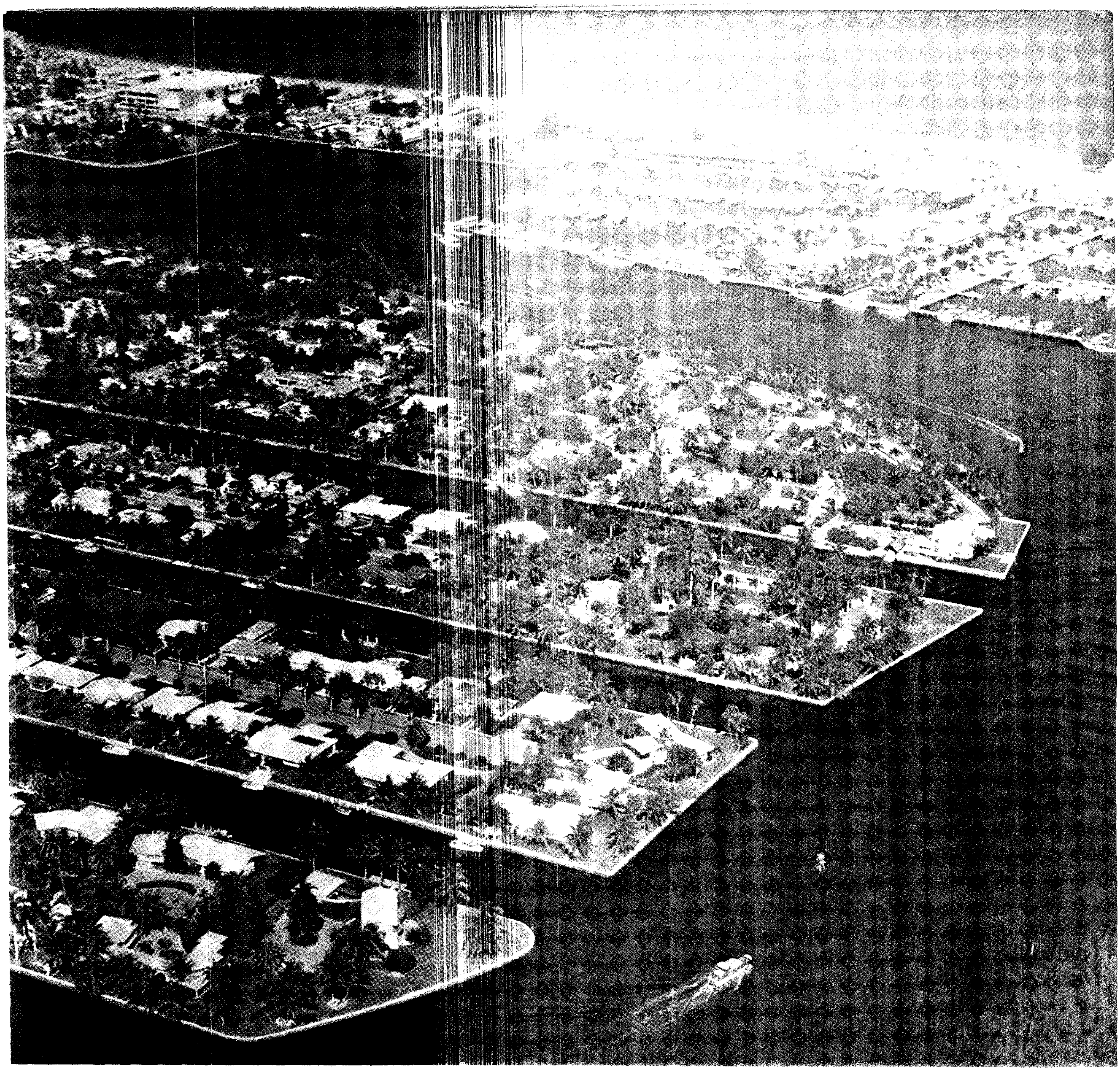

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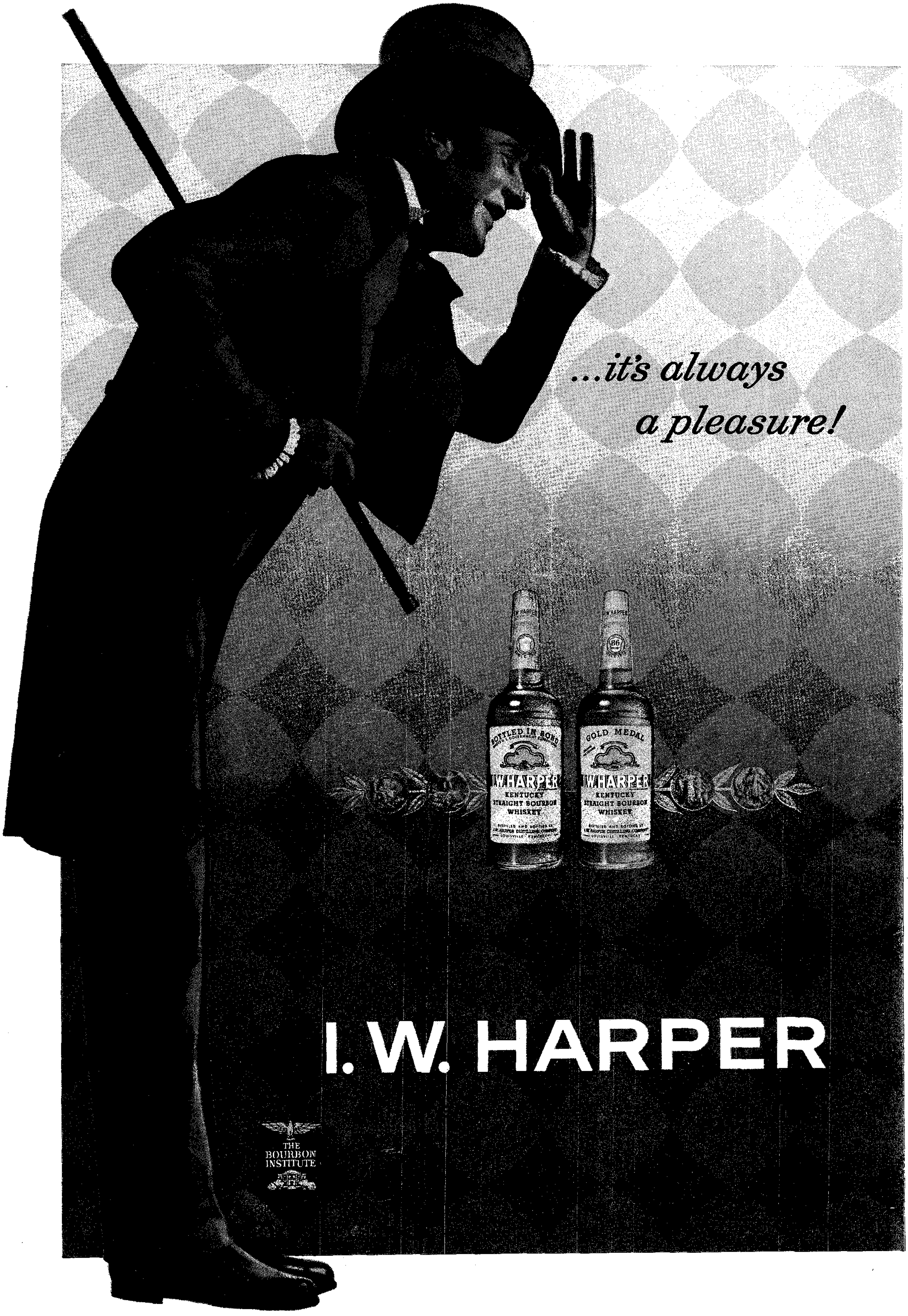
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Vauvenargues, which he had just purchased—a big, square, gamboge country castle amid the austere valleys adjacent to Cézanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire, in Provence. Kahnweiler says he warned Picasso that it was a dour atmosphere. What it did was to revive a certain phase of Picasso's *espagnolisme*, visible in some local landscapes and certain repetitious still-lifes of guitars and of jugs, in red, yellow, and green, ornamented with a little manikin's face with four horns. But it is the Vauvenargues female portraits that seem truly new paintings by him and are what people are talking about—are what, as Picasso work, they can enjoy with outright pleasure, maybe for the first time in years. Most of them show the straight meridional features of his handsome wife, Mme. Jacqueline, but in a loving style of voluptuous Iberian grace of line, in which female beauty has a certain shelter of romanticism, decked in new colors, for him—pale blue against dark blue, purple patches and lavender shadows, verdant greens and massive blacks, and backgrounds that are red on one side of the figure and darkened green on the other, like colored shawls hung in space. Last summer, his two daughters came to the château on a visit, and five canvases, all entitled "La Femme et les Fillettes," couple the two generations in odd, inventive relationships. In some cases, the girls' faces are left blank, perhaps because not yet mature; in one, a young face is sketched in profile, like an opening line that might have been tentatively drawn by Goya. Between the graceful *espagnolisme* of some of these portraits and the neoclassic female loveliness of his early blue and rose periods lie all those years of Picasso's genius for monstrosities, for explosive and deforming violences, which affected the whole course of modern art.

At the Galerie Lacloche has been hung an exhibition of eleven tapestries by the sculptor Zadkine, his first venture into this medium—remarkable transformations, into wool and to hang upon walls, of his rich, three-dimensional imagination. The tapestries, which are from Aubusson, in the Creuse, and were woven by the Pinton brothers on their family looms, all have lamb-white backgrounds. Many have mythological subjects, such as "Daphné," whose translation into tree form makes an arboreal construction of lifted branches, like lost arms, of lovely sadness. On the white backgrounds, the designs of the tapestries assume a new dimension, especially in the one called "La Vie des Formes,"

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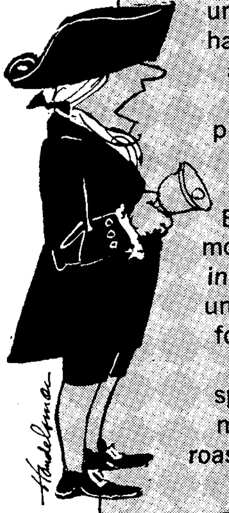

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a creation woven in gray-shaded browns with black outlines, which emerges like a magnificent earth pattern, such as can be found in cracking rich spring soil, or even in winter rocks. "Laocoon" is, naturally, the most dramatic of them all, with an appropriate great green serpent. In "Le Compositeur," a seated figure of a muse, the composer's cello has become welded to his torso, and its curling scroll constitutes the muse's head, in an antique fusion of early man and his instrument. Our personal favorite was the smallish "Le Nœud Gordien," the Gordian knot symbolically consisting of multicolored angles, like red, green, and blue corners of picture frames, all powerfully, neatly caught together in a pattern (and, indeed, in a puzzle) that is delighting to the eye—a fresh geometric formation that could be as old as the hills and yet is something utterly new again in our time as a creation.

FOR the first time, Frau Elisabeth Schwarzkopf has sung at the Paris Opéra, in two performances of "Die Rosenkavalier," in which, also for the first time, the Paris supporting cast, for homogeneity's sake, sang in German (all except the chorus of lackeys in the boudoir scene, who stuck to French). As Lotte Lehmann was formerly the greatest Marschallin to be seen and heard in the *echt*-Viennese tradition, especially in the last act, so today is Schwarzkopf, especially in the first act. In the opening amorous scene with Octavian, Schwarzkopf's richness of gifts, professional and natural, made her dazzling to the eye, enticing to the ear, resonant to the senses—a voice of tireless virtuosity and private nuances, an actress born and matured, with a face still as pretty and perfect as unchipped Meissen porcelain, and, behind its smooth surface, a redoubtable musical intelligence and a phenomenal memory. Never once did she have to glance toward the conductor's baton, for Strauss's complicated score was fully in her possession. The farewell scene with Octavian she played in the mannered eighteenth-century interpretation that Strauss had written of in his correspondence with von Hofmannsthal—indicating that she is aged thirty-two and the ambiguous youth seventeen, and that he is "her first lover but will not be her last lover." In her introspections on the passage of time, beginning with "*Die Zeit, die ist ein sonderbar Ding*," quite often—perhaps too often—she spoke, rather than sang, certain words. In the mirror scene, she had

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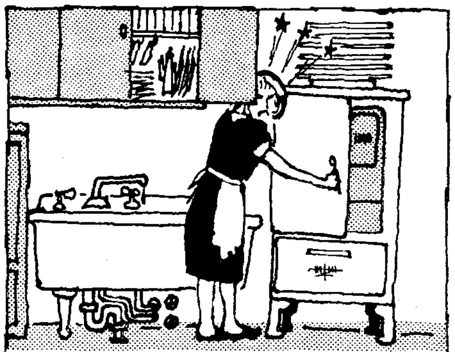

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the grace of sadness, not the reflection of tragedy. It was in the last act that her one defect showed—her failure to be *la grande dame*, her lack of supreme social authority as the Marschallin. She even wore the wrong-colored gown, a *gemütlich* pale pink, rather than aristocratic scarlet. She was adequately supported by a cast assembled to provide her with a background. Over it Schwarzkopf dominated, and was unforgettable. —GENÊT

•

PROSE PASSAGES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From a story by Ursule Molinaro in Cosmopolitan*]

Ten, clear, balmy summer nights she had lain in the wide, rented, double bed. Missing him. But nine of those nights waiting, eyes open in the dark, for a car-washer's pebbles to hit her—not her maid's—window screen.

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Closing her eyes to project the car-washer's mouth onto the double darkness. The way he let his cigarette droop. Which moved her, it looked so hopeless.

Storing up his mouth for when her husband would be there.

As she had stored up butchers' mouths, and grocers' eyes, and doormen's hips. The neck of a Chinese waiter, once. From the back. A soft bluish-black crew-cut carpet above a white, white collar. A stare from one of the other wives' husbands, occasionally. A word one of them had said to her, low from behind the shield of a cocktail glass.

And sometimes she would project a dress onto the closed-eyed darkness. Her wedding gown, or one of the other wives' new furs, with herself desirable inside, and that would work, too.

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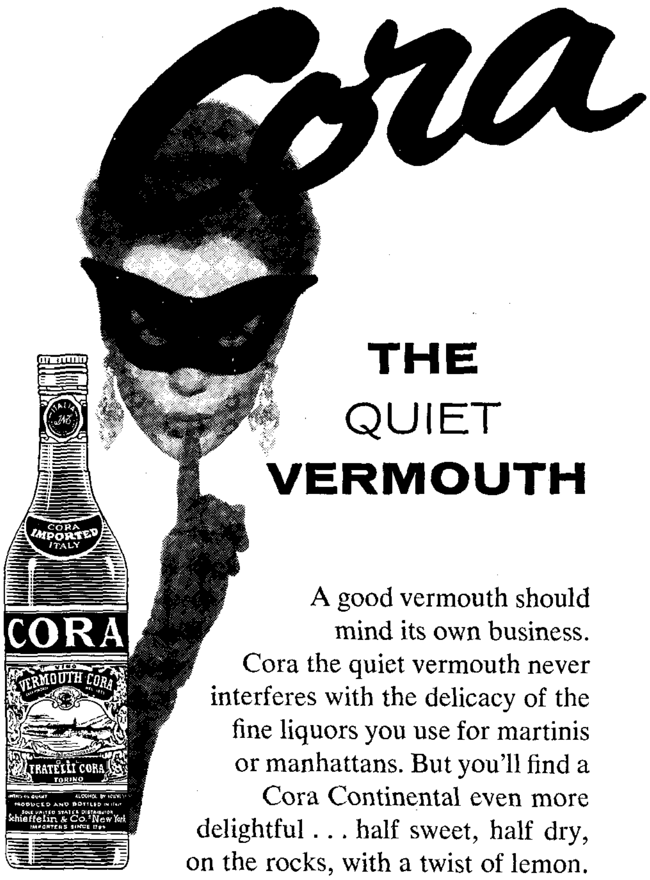

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Human Side

I CONFESS that ever since childhood I have had a tendency to think of George Frederick Handel as a sort of monumental Holy Joe of music, or, to put it in more sedate terms, as something like music's John Milton—noble, formal, deliberate, humorless, even pompous, and unconcerned with the humbly human facets of life. I know that this is a false picture, because time and again its falsity has been made manifest to me in a very striking way by encounters with perfectly delightful Handelian compositions. Still, I almost never approach a performance of something like "The Messiah" without a vague feeling of dread, as if I were faced with a stately and rather churchy ceremony that was apt to prove boring rather than musically exciting. I think that my feeling in this respect is due to my identification of Handel with the puritan tradition, which has always tended to divide music into the sacred and the comic, ignoring the vast territory of purely human drama that lies between these two extremes. There is no doubt about this peculiar musical aspect of the puritan tradition. It has—until very recently, at least—made Italian opera a slightly suspect art in Anglo-Saxon countries, and has overlaid their musical taste with a strange prejudice; namely, that oratorios, symphonies, and so on are somehow "spiritual," while opera is slightly vulgar, and that if you seek simple theatrical entertainment instead of religious uplift in the musical field, the place to go is the music hall, where you can find profane delight in satire, like that of Gilbert and Sullivan, or in innocent merriment such as is provided by the American musical show. The prejudice, I think, goes a long way toward explaining why neither England nor America has been noted for the production of serious operas. But it is a mistake to believe that it was shared by Handel—a Lutheran of fairly worldly habits and a puritan, if at all, only by osmosis, through spending most of his life in England. He composed a great number of serious operas, as well as some "dramatic oratorios" (the distinction seems to be that the dramatic oratorios have Biblical subjects and are generally sung to English texts instead of Italian ones),

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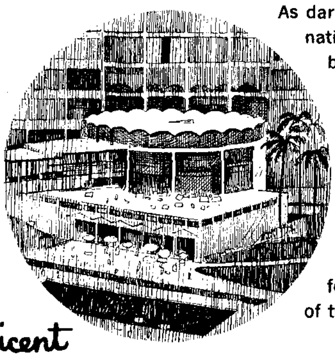
that show a keen and lively instinct for the theatre. Regrettably, in America, at least, these operas and dramatic oratorios are seldom performed, and are almost never done with complete operatic staging, which, even in the case of the oratorios, would be both appropriate and highly effective.

On Tuesday evening of last week, the American Opera Society rendered a public service by resuscitating Handel's "Samson," which, though technically a dramatic oratorio, is filled with expert theatrical craft and with descriptive music of the most eloquent sort. It was, of course, presented in concert form, but its fast-moving drama cried out for staging, and one could hardly believe that Handel did not have an operatic stage in mind while writing it. The work, I am told, is based on Milton's "Samson Agonistes," which I have never read, and it is possible that I have done Milton as well as Handel an injustice. At any rate, it portrays the climactic moments of Samson's life, when he appears, blind and in chains, to be taunted by the Philistines, to spurn angrily an attempted re-seduction by Delilah, and, finally, to pull down the temple. The musical characterizations—the rip-roaring passion of Samson's utterances, the insinuating sensuality of Delilah's arias, the harsh, bullying lines of Harapha, the Philistine captain—are as telling as any in nineteenth-century opera, and the second and third acts, in particular, reach a degree of tension and suspense that is almost hair-raising.

Unfortunately, the performance did not do entire justice to the work's magnificent musical values. Nicola Rescigno's conducting lacked the weight and authority that are necessary to give it proper outline; Jon Vickers, as Samson, was very fine in the more aggressive moments of the role but had neither the vocal elasticity nor the expressiveness in *mezza voce* to manage its subtler passages; and the contribution of the countertenor Russell Oberlin merely made one wish that the role of Micah had been sung, as it sometimes is, by a woman. The only really admirable singing of the evening was done by the chorus (prepared, as usual, by Margaret Hillis), and by Judith Raskin (Delilah) and Norman Treigle (Harapha), two excellent artists, whose vocal technique and polished style I have recently had quite a number of occasions to praise.

ON Monday night, George Szell brought the Cleveland Orchestra to Carnegie Hall and presented some



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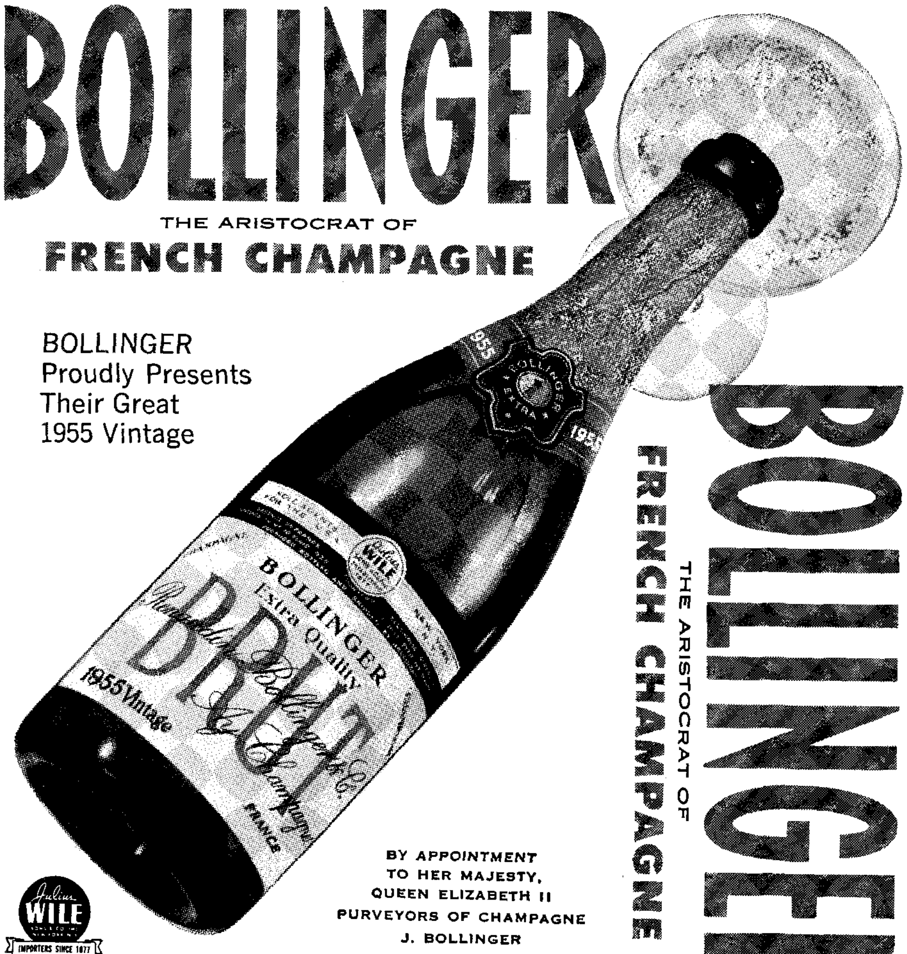

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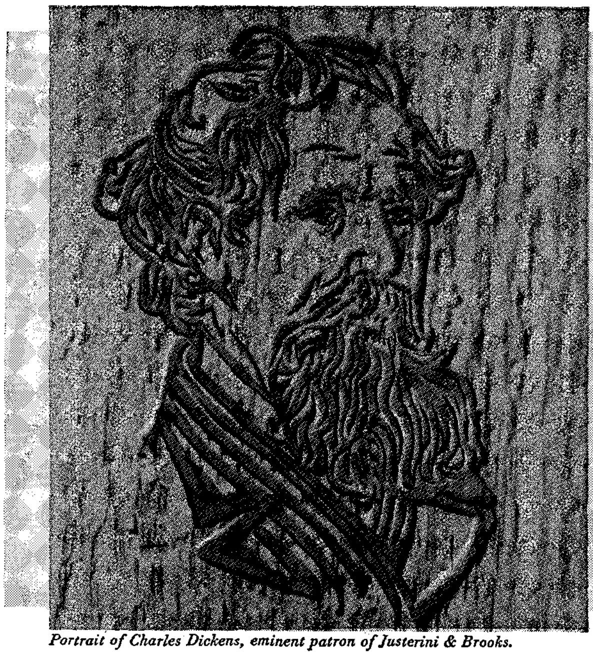

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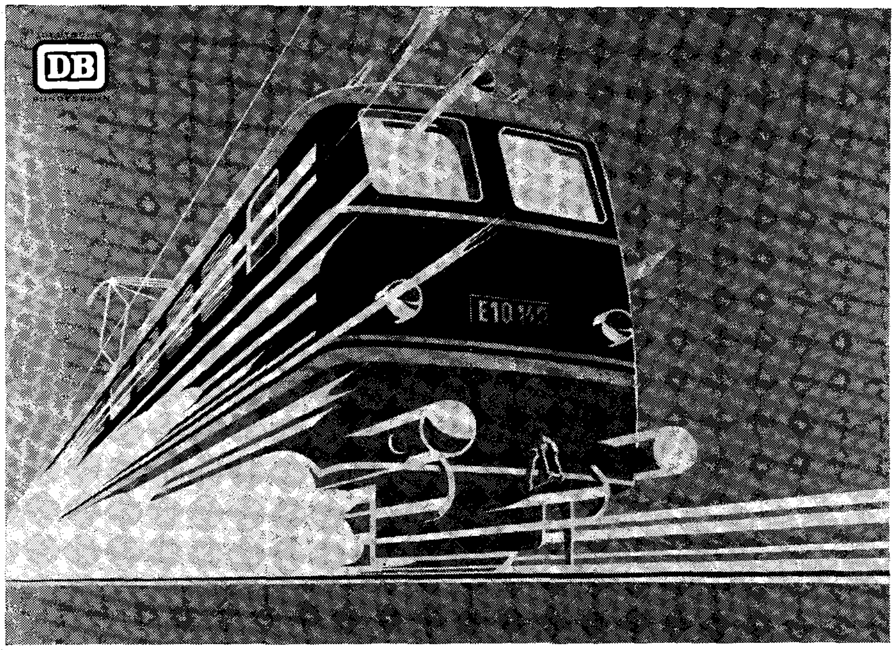

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widely contrasting compositions, all of which were played with that organization's customary brilliance and with Mr. Szell's customary combination of dash and profound understanding. Mozart's G-Minor Symphony (K. 550) received a comparatively rugged and masculine (but not on that account less sensitive) reading. The evening's soloist, Clifford Curzon, played the piano part of Brahms' First Concerto for Piano and Orchestra with a really thundering display of virtuosity and with an unusual comprehension of its massive architectural scale—though he did smudge some passages with the pedal and hit a wrong note here and there. The remaining item on the program, the New York première of a recently composed First (and only) Symphony by the seventy-nine-year-old Hungarian Zoltán Kodály, seemed to me a little disappointing, though its color and rhythmic vitality may perhaps make it popular. To my ears, it sounded too rhapsodic, too eclectic in the use of folk-song material, and too much indebted to the mannerisms of Tchaikovsky and Rimski-Korsakov to be of any great permanent interest.

THE night before, Carnegie Hall was occupied by the Symphony of the Air, under Alfred Wallenstein, which continued its Beethoven cycle with the Leonore Overture No. 1, the Second Symphony, and the Violin Concerto. The symphony was performed very well indeed, and with a great deal more subtlety and smoothness than had previously been evident in the orchestra's playing. The soloist in the Violin Concerto was Igor Oistrakh, thirty-one-year-old son of the great Soviet violinist David Oistrakh, and, this being his New York début, curiosity brought out a large and expectant audience. Mr. Oistrakh, to my mind, turned out to be a respectable but not overwhelmingly impressive performer. He has an unusually facile and accurate left hand, which shone to advantage in the cadenzas, and he would probably make a big hit in lighter bravura pieces. His bow, however, is not a very sensitive instrument, and his feeling for classic musical style is not above average.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

In another development, Senator Pat McNamara, (D) of Michigan, introduced an amendment to expand the bill to include $325 million over two years to assist carrying placards. He pushed through the crowd but the front door was closed.

—*Sacramento Bee.*

So much for *that* amendment.

BOOKS

The Varying Shore

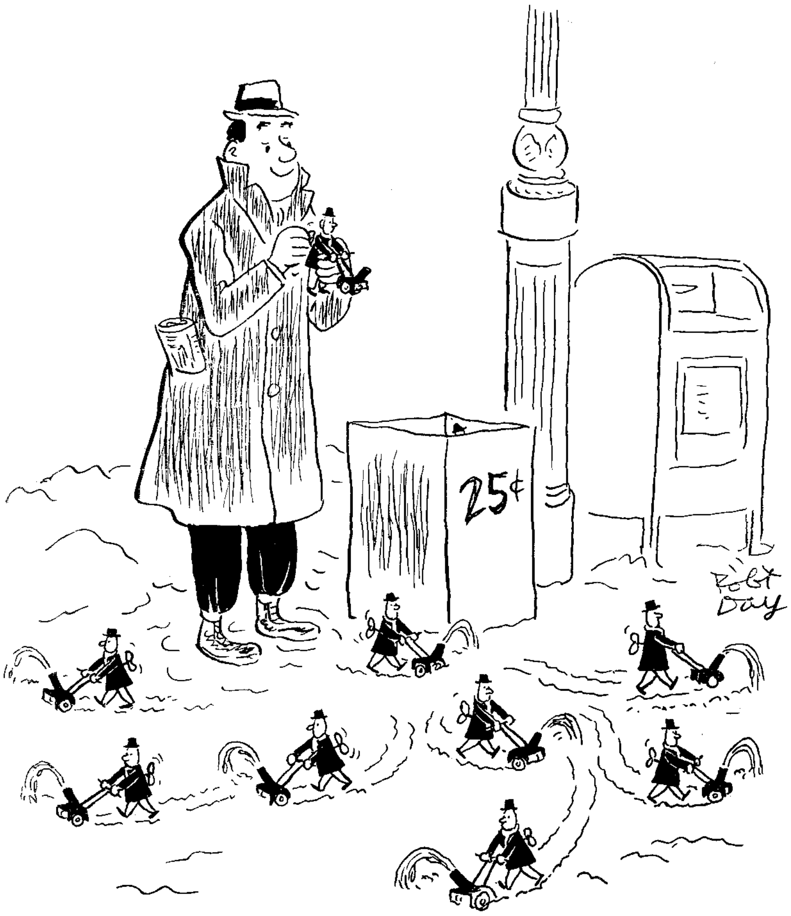
"The Last Summer," by Elizabeth Gunn (Norton), is a beautifully constructed short novel that tells a moving story. Melissa, an Englishwoman of thirty-five, who is the narrator and heroine, recalls the summer of 1939, when she was thirteen. It began as an idyllic vacation with her parents on the Côte d'Azur and ended with her father's sudden death. Melissa's memories are no mere exercise in melancholy; they have a point. She is contemplating the wreck of her marriage, and she realizes that the roots of its failure reach back to that summer: people she met then shaped her life, and her father's death determined the kind of adult she became. More exactly, she did not become an adult at all but merely a child bride.

Melissa threads her way to the past in the briefest of preludes. The scene is set (a luxury hotel on the beach), and so is the pattern of the days (a morning swim, an afternoon jaunt). Melissa's playmate is a boy her own age, Mark, who, out of loyalty to his sister Tessa, and out of innocence, too, involves Melissa in a squalid intrigue. Tessa, an engaging slut of eighteen, is having an affair with a penniless boy, and she takes Mark and Melissa along on her trysts to conceal her romance from her parents. Melissa is not corrupted (or even sophisticated) by her minor role in Tessa's love life; it's not clear that she realizes exactly what is going on. She feels she is sharing an adventure that is more exciting than the family vacation projects her father has planned. Self-absorbed, and absorbed in Mark and Tessa, Melissa evades her adoring father, snubs him, ignores his not feeling well—in short, she is something of a brat. His unexpected death leaves her to bear an appalling load of remorse. Melissa has not been exceptionally wicked—thirteen-year-old girls are neither angels nor seers—but she doesn't know that, and the reader suffers with her. Here Miss Gunn may be drawing some of her power from her readers' experiences, for nobody, I suppose, has escaped remorse at somebody's graveside, but the creation of literature involves just such judo tricks—moving the reader with his own feelings. Miss Gunn shows her skill as she sets up the little string of incidents that will haunt Melissa and makes real her irrational but not implausible anguish.

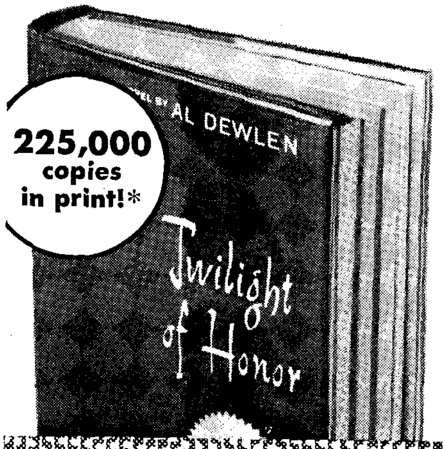
Now Melissa's life is told more concisely, moving across the years like a stone skipped on water. It is a delight to follow this narrative, which has the aesthetic charm of filled space properly related to empty space. Melissa makes a last discovery, and that closes the novel. What she learns is a surprise, but not a trick ending—the reader, and Melissa, too, ought to have guessed it. It enables Melissa to understand her past, and this understanding, she believes, will free her from it.

Miss Gunn's book is technically accomplished, and in some ways almost perfect. But it has one limitation—it is a woman's book even more markedly than "Little Women" is a girl's book. What makes a woman's book? Characterization by dress, for one thing. Melissa worships her mother and adores her mother's dresses, beach suits, handkerchiefs, shoes. She gives us an inventory of her mother's wardrobe and of what she herself wears, and remembers that Tessa's mother revealed herself to be something less than the right sort by a defect in her costume. And after Melissa is married, she defines her mother-in-law by discussing her style of dress. Besides, a woman's book is likely to deal with people who are not just rich but well bred. Melissa is so well bred that she never comes right out and tells you how rich she is; instead, she permeates the book with a light scent of money—"Good, it's Saturday, hunting," or "After lunch Mademoiselle came up in the Rolls with Gordon, the chauffeur, and took me home." It might have been easier all around if Melissa could have boasted, "My father, dear reader, makes more money than your father."

Miss Gunn's style is beautiful. She has written poetry, and her marvellous prose has the poetic virtue of compression. It does not flourish figures of speech, but it connects things quickly and tightly. It also has an odd kink I've noticed in the writing of other Englishwomen—the use of a comma to mark a full stop. ("The Reckitts' house was *bijou* but rather tawdry, all that pink chiffon needed a good wash.") Defying Fowler may not be a crime. Still, punctuation helps give form to prose, and whenever Miss Gunn employs the comma above its capacity, she imparts a shapeless breathlessness to language that is otherwise lovely and exact. Her prose temporarily lapses from womanliness to girlishness.



I call "The Last Summer" a woman's book to describe it, not belittle it. It occurs in a



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ladies' fantasy world of high incomes, low voices, and tender sensibilities, but it manages to combine this escape from reality with an immense dose of reality. Indeed, its theme is the importance of facing reality, including the harsh truth of one's inadequacies.

Tom Fisher, an unpublished writer of forty-four who survives professional failure on inherited money, is the narrator of Gerald Brenan's "A Holiday by the Sea" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Tom understands his inadequacies—he's a keen student of himself—but can't do anything about them. (That reality—insight married to ineffectuality—might be too harsh for Miss Gunn.) The book purports to be Tom's diary for the summer of 1932. Tom is spending it with his half sister, Dora, and her husband, Hubert, in an ugly cottage by the English shore. If Miss Gunn's characters set an impossibly high standard of family manners, Mr. Brenan's are well below average. They have a reason, if not an excuse, for their rudeness: the brothers-in-law hate each other. Hubert has had what his wife, with conjugal understatement, calls "a sort of nervous breakdown" (he's practically certifiable), and she has asked Tom to leave his tidy home and his custom-tailored, "civilized" bachelor's life to provide her with moral support. Tom, writing with imaginatively bitter fluency, quickly lets us know what a mistake this invitation was. He should try to soothe Hubert, but he can't help baiting him. Their quarrels often masquerade as arguments about ideology (Tom is Right and Hubert is Left), and Mr. Brenan's re-creation of some intellectual views of 1932 is most entertaining. He doesn't spend very much time on his characters' clothes; he dates them by their ideas.

Tom seems to enjoy telling us the worst about himself, but he is shocked when, in the course of the novel, he discovers he has never had an inkling of the worst about Hubert and Dora. They aren't the only characters whose façade of virtue or decency or respectability is demolished; all Mr. Brenan's swans turn out to be geese. Still, the revelation of ugly depths beneath an unappealing surface is not the novel's primary subject. That is Tom's attempt to break out of his arid, self-centered life by loving a woman. The fundamental nastiness around him is important to the plot because it helps defeat him. But Tom has practically insured his defeat by his choice of a romantic partner, a *belle dame sans merci* named Eleanor. She claims that she destroys her lovers, and

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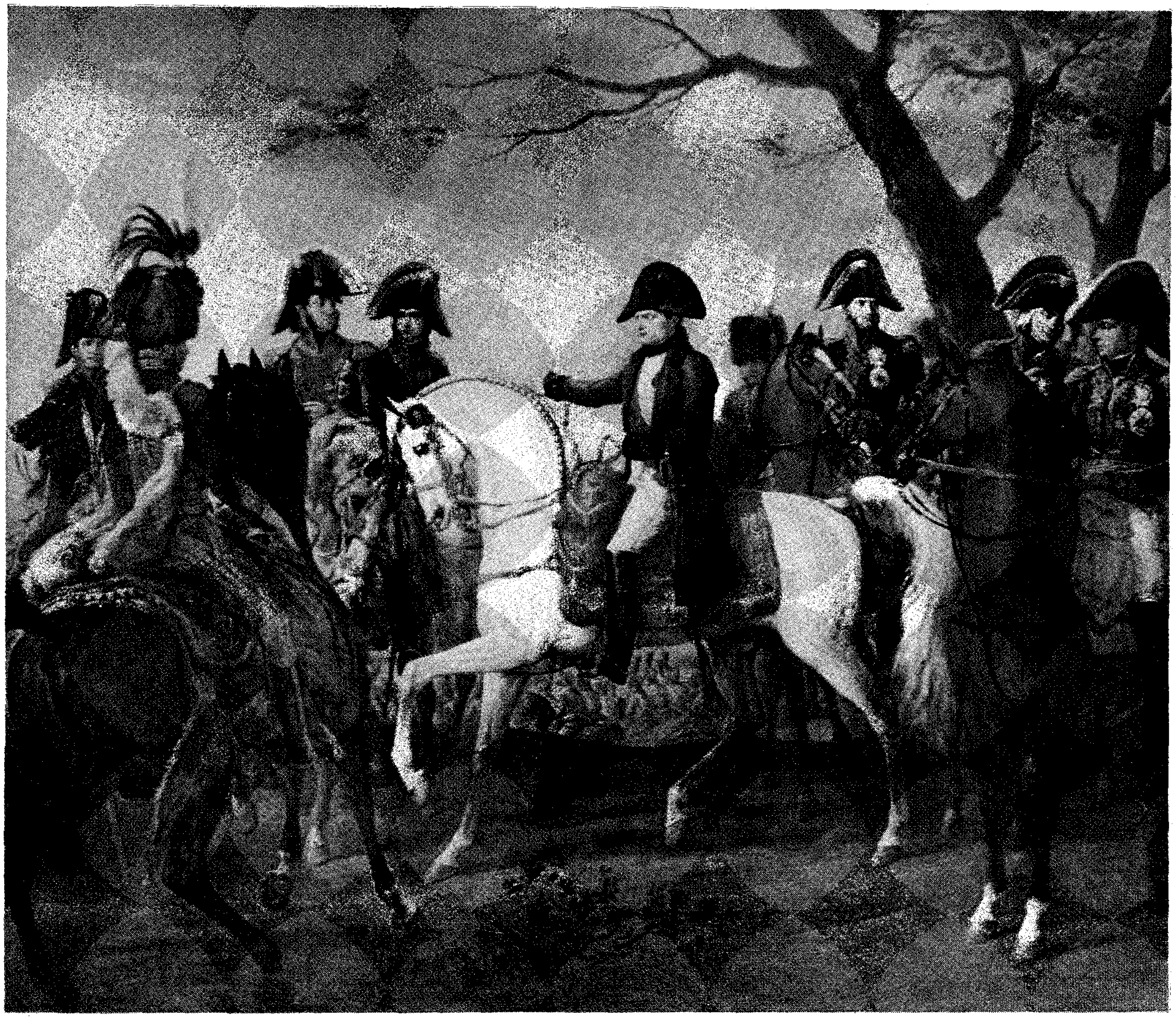

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Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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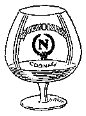

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proves it by driving Hubert to suicide. She also bewitches Tom, who feels "the full destructiveness of her instincts" and yet thinks that it may be his salvation to save her. By the time the summer ends, Tom is constantly surprising himself. His façade—a pose of superiority and indifference to the rest of the human race—is crumbling. He finds himself more feeling, more loving, and more in need of love than he has let himself realize. He is astonished that he misses Hubert. He recognizes with dismay that "a presence, a harmony existed from which in my daily life I was shut out and excluded." He knows that he ought to change, and he means to until, at the last moment, he fails to keep a rendezvous with Eleanor. His decision may be wise; it is indubitably cowardly.

Tom has a sharp sense of irony, but it is nothing to his creator's. Mr. Brenan shows us his characters' illusions being shredded before their eyes, and then shows us how they try to refabricate them. There is a slight incredibility in Tom's brilliance as the writer of this journal and his unpublishability as a novelist. Mr. Brenan has endowed him with a quicksilvery language that evokes a scene and a character's consciousness of it without a perceptible hitch. The style is faster and lighter than Miss Gunn's; her language is almost heavy with the weight of things remembered, while Brenan's, as suits his glib hero, lacks deliberation. It never gives the impression of looking for the exact word; it simply produces it. Perhaps this virtuoso prose is responsible for the book's effect—not of misery but of truth. This, it persuades us, is how these people were. Tom, by a lucky accident, has become the troubadour of a clutch of lives of quiet desperation, including his own.

Miss Gunn and Mr. Brenan shouldn't be strongly contrasted. Their novels are dissimilar, but not when they are compared with "Pigtails and Pernod," a memoir by Simona Pakenham (St. Martin's). Miss Pakenham's charming book also concerns English people who are related to each other and who, before the Second World War, had leisure and some money to spend beside the sea—in this case, at Dieppe, where her grandparents lived and where she spent her vacations from her English boarding school. Miss Gunn's and Mr. Brenan's books are visions in which the sea acts as a character; the Mediterranean casts up a corpse, and the North Sea, howling and snuffling, encroaches on the land. Miss Pakenham's sea slaps in and out, predictably and invitingly, along Dieppe's bathing

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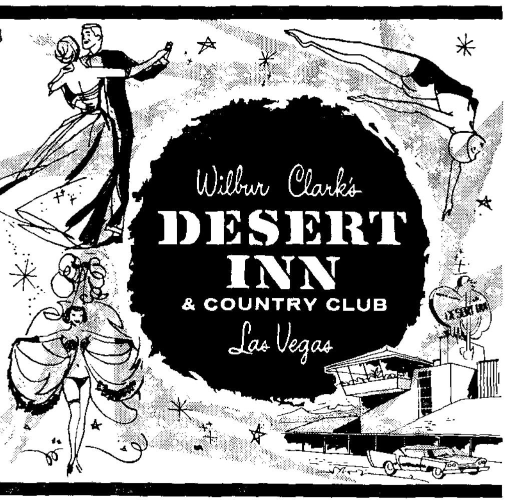

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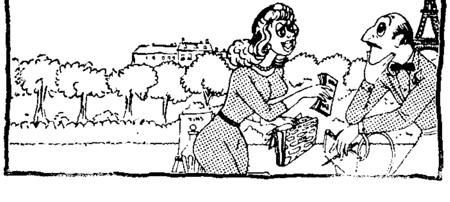

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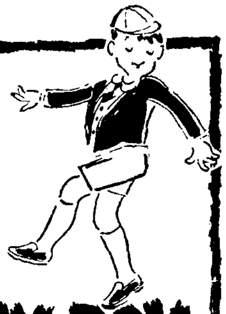

beach. Where it penetrates the town in stagnant little harbors, it just as predictably reeks. The novelists, who are chronicling not wars or matters of state but only domestic incidents, enlarge them, by intensity, into great events. The memoirist, telling about homely matters as she observed and lived them between the ages of twelve and eighteen, writes as if nothing much happened. A lot did, of course: she grew up while her elders aged; taxes, both French and English, multiplied, and the English colony at Dieppe declined in numbers and in chic. Miss Pakenham has no drive, as do the two novelists, to make a dream come true. She is impelled by the pleasures of memory and the wish to revive happy recollections—the Christmas vacation she was twelve, the Easter vacation she was fourteen, the summer she was eighteen.

The English colony in Dieppe, Miss Pakenham explains, took shape in the nineteenth century, when the middle-class English discovered that it cost only half as much to be middle-class abroad. The natives of Dieppe were small tradesmen, artisans, and fishermen, and over the years the English settlers served some of the functions of an aristocracy—they spent money, they were conspicuous, providing amusement and gossip for the rest of the population, and they did some tiresome things (like going to church) out of respect for their position. Lady Blanche Hozier, Winston Churchill's mother-in-law and the *doyenne* of the English community, supposedly insured the choice of an atheist as vicar of the English church, and Miss Pakenham's grandmother regarded the Bible with indifferent incredulity, but neither lady would have considered missing divine service.

Miss Pakenham is good with town vistas as well as landscapes. She guides us through Dieppe's narrow streets, looks over the barrows, the shops, the churches, and the houses, and takes us into the plump Norman countryside. Dieppe itself seemed instantly to fade bright new paint into a soft Impressionist wash; to absorb the most hideous *Art Nouveau* building into the general background of ancient dilapidation; to eat away sharp edges and blur harsh outlines. The luminous quality of the light attracted artists to this place and made them forever unwilling to leave. On children the air had an unfortunate effect. Dieppe was famous for producing the naughtiest in Europe.

Her cousin Johnny lives up to this billing, but she doesn't. She was not superlatively naughty or superlatively good. Neither were her kin. In the very simple genealogical table she includes,

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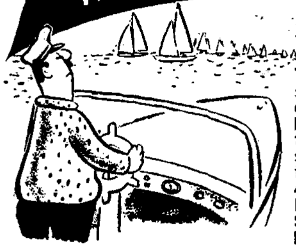

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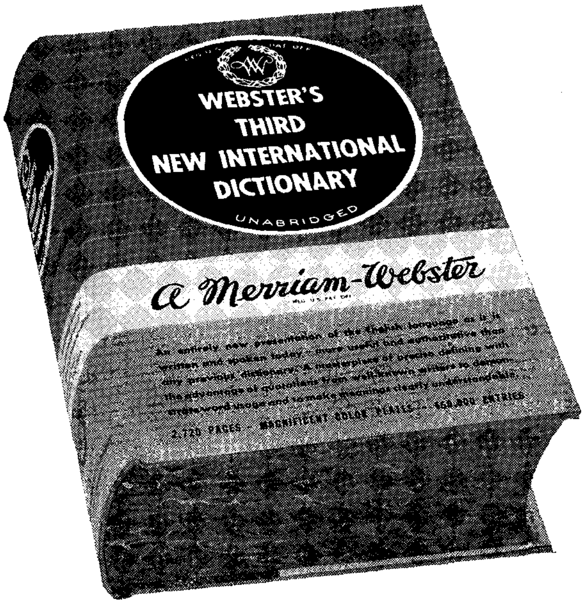
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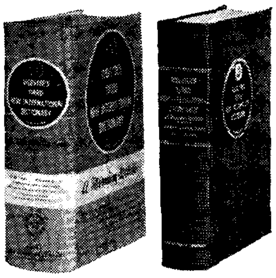

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she notes that her great-grandfather died of drink. We can forgive a bit of showing off, because it isn't typical, either of the family or of the author. Miss Pakenham is unpretentious. She has a good supply of names to drop—the painters Sickert and Orpen were friends of the family—but she writes about them as people, not as celebrities. And Lady Blanche's grandsons, the Romilly boys, were celebrities of a sort; their radical escapades were making headlines in the nineteen-thirties. Miss Pakenham knew them, but had no idea what they were up to. She was not interested in politics and not teachable on the subject, either by the Romillys or by a couple of nice French youngsters named Blum whose uncle was in politics.

Absence of pretentiousness sounds like negative praise, but absence can make the reader's heart grow fonder. In Miss Pakenham's book there is also an absence of folksiness and of that archness that turns the characters of one's family into "characters." And there is precision, good temper, honesty. Sometimes her book is funny, sometimes it's not. Life is like that. Her book is never sentimental. Life isn't. When her grandfather must sell his house and return to England, because he is growing old and his estate couldn't survive two sets of inheritance taxes, he faces the change with equanimity, and her grandmother is delighted at the glorious prospect of decorating a new house from cellar to attic.

Miss Pakenham has the rare faculty of enjoying what was without regretting its disappearance. Her book records vacations, and it has, for the reader, vacation virtues: brightness, freshness, a change of pace, a change of scene, and, in the person of the author, an attractive new acquaintance.

ALMOST all the characters in these three books are citizens of the same small, homogeneous nation, and members of the *rentier* class—a small group in any nation. They all live during the same short stretch of time. Yet nobody is like anybody else. The individuality of writers is wonderful.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DUST ON THE PAW, by Robin Jenkins (Putnam). This story of present-day Afghanistan is set in the capital, Kabul, among the members of the British colony there. A letter is received at the Embassy from a well-educated Englishwoman of thirty-

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three, who writes from Manchester to say that she is coming to Kabul to marry an Afghan schoolteacher and wants to know what employment will be open to her. Her letter arouses a storm of anxiety and irritation in the British circle, which is constantly aware of the problems and occasional disasters attending interracial marriage, especially in this country, where the position of women has not advanced very far from what it was a thousand years ago. Mr. Jenkins produces many examples of marriage—some happy, some unhappy, some interracial, some not—and it soon becomes clear that what he is examining is not interracial marriage but marriage itself. He shows us the woods of marriage and then insists that we pay attention to the two or three trees that represent the possibilities and impossibilities of interracial relationships. The trees are impressive in their way, but they dwindle into nothing against the immensity of the background. Mr. Jenkins' book is consistently interesting, and his talent for a variety of characterizations seems unlimited, but if his novel were less crowded we might be able to see more of what he can do. The writing is uneven. There are many fine passages, and then again, when the plot has to be maneuvered or when several of the subplots must somehow be tied together, the work shows strain and becomes contrived, and even pedestrian.

TURN OF THE WHEEL, by Roger Vailland, translated from the French by Peter Wiles (Knopf). A novel about love and alcoholism, or about love as it appears when the lovers spend most of their time in an alcoholic condition. Milan and Roberte are in their very early forties and have been married for fifteen years. They both drink an enormous amount, and they have both been unfaithful at various times, but they have stayed together. Now they are spending a year—a kind of sabbatical year of idleness and recreation—in a small village a good

she makes no protest

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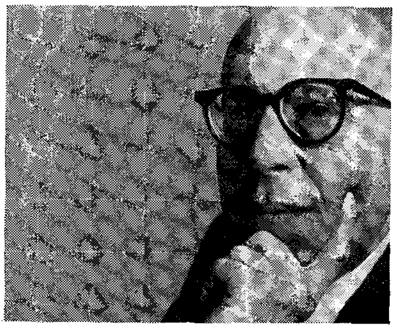

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distance from Paris, where they have always made their home. They keep busy shooting and drinking and amusing themselves with the local people, but they are bored. A nineteen-year-old schoolteacher, recently arrived from Paris, interests them, and they proceed to entertain her with intimate conversations about themselves and about their past lives. The teacher, Hélène, is fascinated, but one night Roberte drinks too much and the game is over, and none too soon. This is a silly account of life among the nuisances. It is written in the tight-lipped, threatening tone that some writers find suitable for a discussion of sex.

THE LISA BASTIAN, by James Wood (Vanguard). This solidly romantic tale of adventure at sea begins in the Norwegian port of Bergen, where the Shetland Star, a British trawler, is tied up while her skipper, an extraordinary Scotsman named James Fraser, attempts to get salvage rights to the Lisa Bastian, a ship that was sunk during the war and is now lying at the bottom of a huge Arctic fjord with her cargo of copper still intact. Among the other characters are an elderly Hungarian scientist, who is being hunted by the Russian secret police, and two frolicsome English girls in search of love, which they call adventure. Mr. Wood writes with authority about the sea and with respect and wonder about his human beings.

GENERAL

LETTERS TO A FRIEND, 1950-1952, by Rose Macaulay, edited by Constance Babington-Smith (Atheneum). The late Miss Macaulay's half of a correspondence with the Reverend John Hamilton Cowper Johnson, an Anglican priest who helped her back into the Church. In the first few letters, the novelist appears balky or shy—not surprisingly, for she was then sixty-nine and had been what she calls an "Anglo-agnostic" for about thirty years—but she soon overcame her hesitations and concentrated her scholarship, wit, and curiosity on the business of becoming a practicing Christian. Not all the letters are edifying; many discuss fairly esoteric minutiae—for instance, the exact altitude of High Church at which Miss Macaulay feels comfortable—and a few express an unchristian competitiveness with other forms of Christianity. Yet Miss Macaulay's charm outweighs these flaws, and her prose

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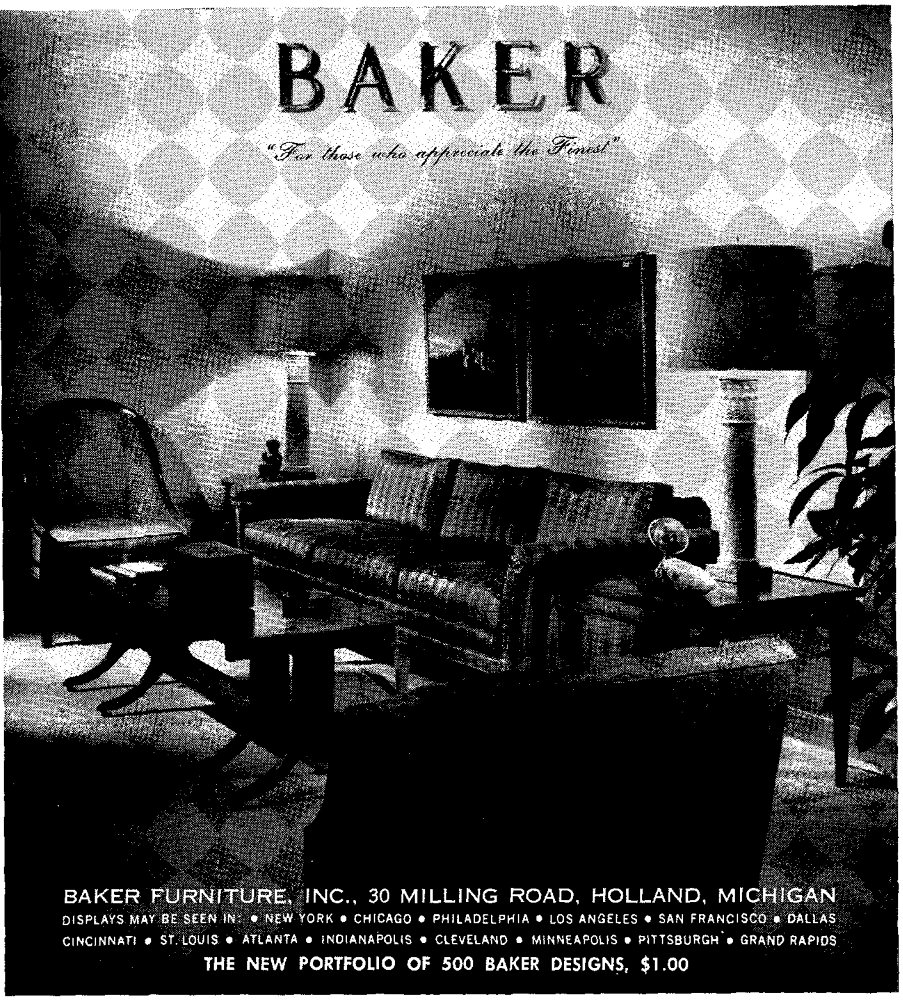
Headlines All My Life, by Arthur Christiansen (Harper). The author was for nearly twenty-five years the editor of Lord Beaverbrook's mighty London *Daily Express* (he retired, following a heart attack, in 1957), and it was largely his genius that made it mighty. His genius had two sides. One was a total willingness to always see eye-to-eye with "the Beaver." The other was the revolutionary notion, in England in the thirties, that "you cannot beat news in a newspaper," and he interpreted it thus: "The *Express* must aim at lively make-up, at good, controversial ideas, at the vigorous talking-point, the picture with sunshine in it, the viewpoint that is optimistic and provocative—for the sake of the millions who live in Britain's dreary cities." In this book, he recalls, with an abundance of entertaining anecdote, the combination of stories, headlines, and "ideas" that in a few short years won for his paper a stunning four million sunny subscribers. He also tells us of the many drinks, the endless hours, and the tonic ("a preparation of strychnine, iron, and arsenic") that were essential to the full flowering of his genius.

Battles of the English Civil War, by Austin Woolrych (Macmillan). This volume in the British Battles series, unlike most of its companions, which deal with a single decisive engagement, tells the story of three engagements, each of which contributed to the outcome of the English Civil War. Marston Moor denied Charles I the North of England; Naseby demonstrated the success of the rebels' New Model Army; and Preston was Charles' final defeat. Mr. Woolrych has interpreted his publishers' commission liberally. He has produced spirited accounts of the battles, has related them, strategically, to lesser encounters and to each other, and has clarified the shifting politics of the period. Almost incidentally, it seems, he has written an able, nonpartisan, short history of the whole war. Maps.

Capital Punishment, by James Avery Joyce (Nelson). A thorough and broad-minded survey of the entire subject of judicial killing, by an English-born international lawyer who works with various United Nations committees. Mr. Joyce begins with a fairly exhaustive review of the Chessman case, which, he says, has done more for the abolition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of the death penalty than any other case in modern history (as Chessman himself ruefully predicted), branches out into the history of legalized execution, and winds up in the arena of a much larger argument—"the myth of deterrence and nuclear weapons." Although this leads him a good distance afield, he has nevertheless written a thought-provoking, disturbing book.

Camonica Valley, by Emmanuel Anati, translated from the French by Linda Asher (Knopf). The presence of one or two rocks with prehistoric carvings in the Camonica Valley of the Italian Alps has been known for almost half a century. Starting in 1956, Mr. Anati and some friends made a systematic exploration, and now six hundred rocks with twenty thousand pictures have been recorded and studied. Mr. Anati's account of the techniques used, including a primitive punch-card system of classification, is of the greatest interest, as are his moderate and sensible conclusions about the evolving civilization that produced the art. Hundreds of the delightful Klee-like pictures are reproduced in the book.

Note: "Drowning with Others," a collection of thirty-six poems by James Dickey, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by the Wesleyan University Press.

•

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[*Movie-theatre adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

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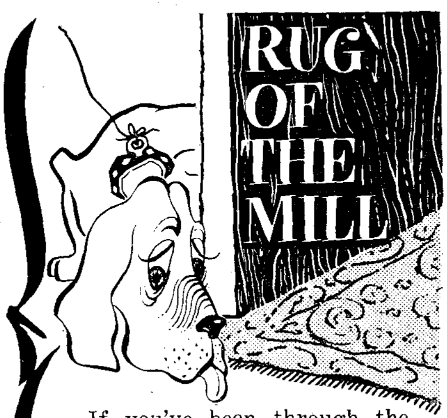

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